

THE SECOND MASSACHUSETTS

AND

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.



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# HISTORY

OF THE

## Second Mass. Regiment of Infantry:

### THIRD PAPER.

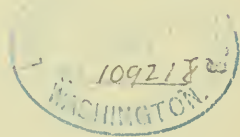
DELIVERED BY

GEORGE H. GORDON,

MAJOR-GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS AND COLONEL SECOND MASS. REGIMENT OF  
INFANTRY IN THE LATE WAR,

AT THE

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SECOND MASS. INFANTRY  
ASSOCIATION, ON MAY 11, 1875.



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1875.

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### CHAPTER III.

I CLOSED my last paper with the President's order for a movement of the army against the enemy on Washington's Birthday. It has been urged that this seeming interference with the plans of McClellan was due to the fact that that officer did not seem to appreciate the value of time in its relation to national finances, and to a Democratic form of Government; also that further delay involved national despondency, — a tax levied upon the people for an immense debt which had borne no fruit in victories; distrust; a great fall in national stocks; and a possible if not probable foreign intervention. Therefore the President's Order, No. 1, issued against McClellan's protest, peremptorily commanded an advance at all points on the 23d of February. McClellan was placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac, and soon ceased to be commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States.

It was very early in the morning of the 27th of February, 1862, when I marched our regiment through the streets of Frederick, in Maryland, to take the cars for Harper's Ferry. As our band aroused the town, young ladies, hurriedly dressed, waved handkerchiefs from windows, and, in some cases with tears ill repressed, uttered a trembling good-by. Though their hearts were full of anticipations, hopeful and fearful, their heroism was magnificent. While there was solicitude for suffering that must come, there was no flinching. I saw a sister, sending a brother to fight against her husband; I saw a father, armed to fight against his sons. All were heroes, and all seemed proud

that they could do something to crush the "accursed Rebellion." A Maryland regiment, raised principally in Frederick, as a home guard, choosing its own duty, volunteered to go with us to the field. Its colonel was one of the most prominent men in the city.

When we arrived at Harper's Ferry, we found the place more wrecked and ruined than when we last saw it in July of 1861. Blackened walls met the eye at every turn; there was no life in the town. Now and then we saw a prowling inhabitant stealing around,—the ghost of a former life. Our passage in the cars had been so tedious, through interminable delays, that we were glad enough to cross the pontoon bridge, laid down by the engineers for this invasion, even into that town of desolation. A good old negro woman, frightened to death at first, aided the commanding officer of our regiment in getting supper in one of the few houses left. Here, while a bright fire, made from the palings of an adjoining fence, burned in an open fire-place, the good old aunty, keeper of the house, turned out bedding for the night, and made herself generally useful, as well as amusing in her talk of the "seceshers," as she called them, who were here only last Sunday, praying that the river might rise "to keep the Yankees out." How she laughed as she told us that she saw our men, whom she called Indians, lying down on their backs on the other side of the river, to load and fire at the "secesh" here. And "she is glad of it," she says; she wants the Yankees to whip the secesh, and will laugh long and loud again, "if you 'se able to do it." We found Gen. McClellan here, with a large staff, giving personal supervision to this, the first movement of his army on its momentous mission.

Before nightfall, an armed reconnoissance, to consist of the Second Massachusetts and the Third Wisconsin Regiments, two sections of the First New York Battery, and four

squadrons of the First Michigan Cavalry, the whole to be commanded by the colonel of our regiment, was ordered "to move as soon after daylight as possible" in the direction of Charlestown, and explore the roads diverging south and west from the town. When the sergeant-major of the Second came around and notified company commanders to be ready, it was four o'clock in the morning. Without a struggle, officers and men threw themselves from hard board floors into the open air, washed their faces in a brook, snatched some kind of a breakfast, which they were an hour in getting, and took their places at daylight in good style, in advance with rifles loaded. In advance of the infantry went the cavalry, and following them, supported by a rear-guard, came the artillery, "all ready to talk the right kind of music," as one of our officers said. With skirmishers thrown out on the flanks, the column made its eight miles to Charlestown, taking the town by surprise.

Some few negroes gazed at us from the by-ways, and a few poor whites looked listlessly on, but none hailed our coming. Leaving the infantry to follow as we approached the town, I charged through at the head of three squadrons of cavalry, only to drive a pitiful twenty of the enemy's cavalry out. We arrived at twelve o'clock at noon. While making, with a company of cavalry, an examination of the roads, I came upon Gen. McClellan, and his whole staff, native and foreign. It appeared that my advance had been to clear the way for his military examination of the country, and the disposal of his forces for the grand oncoming movement. Gen. McClellan having been my classmate at West Point, we had a pleasant and familiar conversation for an hour or more.

After returning to the town it was determined to occupy and hold Charlestown; so I was ordered to send back for my knapsacks, wagons, and the company property. Regarding our regiment approvingly as he passed (so some of our young officers thought), Gen. McClellan rode rapidly to Harper's Ferry

and thence by special train to Washington. From some words dropped at this interview, while looking over his maps, I was persuaded that I was right, and that this was the beginning of the movement of the Army of the Potomac. Hardly had the order to remain in town become known, when the men began to forage, somewhat. Several pigs that were running around loose, as it was termed, were shot, while many a duck and chicken went into the men's haversacks for supper. Some of you will remember that it was at Charlestown, and at this time, when Major Dwight ordered a stop put to foraging in the Second,—after he had seen all the men of his regiment thoroughly provided for. There was great exhilaration among the young officers of our regiment over the novelty of being followed around by trusty men to knock down anybody who objected to their *taking* ways, and there was much enjoyment and good feeding with us for a time. A portion of two wagon-loads of flour, captured on our march, fell to the Second, and was cooked, too, with some of their own roosters, by nice old ladies, who were violent secessionists when they were not scared out of their wits.

Until the 9th of March, while troops were being collected for an onward movement upon Winchester, we had many stampedes, and can recall pleasant campaign experiences. Our regiment had rejoined Gen. Abercrombie's Brigade, from which, as I have said, we were detached for this movement, and we again occupied the ground that we encamped on in July of the preceding year, when under Patterson. In this place, always a hot-bed of sedition, it must have seemed strange to see many thousand loyal soldiers quartered, and the National colors waving over the town. Here was the field where John Brown's eyes fell for the last time upon the "fine country" around him; the old fence, and stump where it was believed he was executed. The stump had been freely chipped for mementoes. On Sunday, for the first time in many months, we had religious services under a roof. The bell on the old



court-house, which called the people to arms to resist John Brown, now tolled the call to church. Our chaplain preached a moving sermon. Quite different scenes had that old court-house witnessed the past week, from those of two years ago, when the walls, that listened to John Brown's death-sentence, now echoed back, "Glory hallelujah, his soul is marching on."

Secrecy was to characterize our movements. An associated press reporter would have laid himself out on the occupation of Charlestown, and the presence of Gen. McClellan, but that he was not allowed to send a single word that had not been supervised by the commanding general.

Here in Charlestown we stumbled across a good Union citizen, whom we had met in July of 1861. It is amusing, now, to note how eagerly then we hung on such stuff as this: "He predicts that the rebels will fall back from Winchester, and he doubts very much whether they will attempt to hold Manassas. He thinks they will go South and make their last stand there, if indeed they 'stand anywhere'; that they are getting no recruits, and can get none; that they are poorly armed, have poor ammunition. Only assure the country," said he, "of your ability to protect the people in the expression of their opinions, and they will immediately declare for the Union." In this I doubt not there was a grain of truth, and possibly a grain in the following: "Since your entrance into Charlestown, now only three days, I have heard great change in the sentiments of some, that formerly made use of strong secession language, and I have been much surprised at it."

This was so cheerful that I thought I might venture to test the strength of Union feeling by sending Major Dwight to find rooms for Gen. Abercrombie, our brigade commander. Knocking at a promising-looking house, he was greeted by a sharp-visaged woman, who called out to him from an upper window, —

"Go away, I won't have anything to do with you."

"Won't you come to the door, and let me talk with you?" urged the major, blandly smiling.

The door was opened just a crack.

"Couldn't you open the door wider," inquired the major, "and so avoid a draft?"

"I'm a lone woman. I am a lady, and I am a secessionist; and I hope you will lose the next battle you fight, and I just as lief tell you so as not. I hope I am a Christian, but I hope you will get whipped."

Through the crack of the door came this impetuous torrent of words, until the flow was checked in a downright cry.

Major Dwight was embarrassed, but overcame it by proceeding to business.

"I want a room," said he, "for Gen. Abercrombie, and he will protect you."

Still the woman refused.

Then the major, with soothing words, mollified the good woman, and soon received the assurance that she would take the general, but she would tell him she "hoped he would be whipped in the next battle he fought," which seemed to afford her so much relief that she at last agreed to board the general; and later, so we learned from one of the staff, began to deliver herself of sentiments favorable to the Union.

Thus we crowded in upon the people, taking their houses, horses, furniture, and live stock. Of many feathered bipeds, confiding pigs, and stately geese that were seen upon our entrance, alas! not one survived. The efforts of the people to bear these woes with Christian resignation were sometimes ludicrous. "I hope I'm a Christian, and if my enemy hungers I'll feed him," furnished wonderful consolation to a good woman, who hurled it at me, because I gave her no encouragement for her losses. We found the females here much more violent than the males, but perhaps this was only from the female habit of not suppressing their feelings. The women took malicious pleasure in expressing to our officers their senti-



ments of hatred to "*your*" president and to "*your*" government, and no amount of swearing induced them to believe in our recent victories at Henry, Mill Springs, and Donelson. We found some difficulty, too, in trading with our treasury notes, especially with the lower classes; but when they found it was that or nothing, they took them eagerly. The thin, flimsy-looking currency, issued by the Confederate States, as well as by their municipal corporations, was exchanged among the people with confidence in its value, although I observed that the knowing ones used it, to buy lands of the foolish.

Many of our regiment can recall the guard duty, on picket or with the batteries, performed during our occupancy of Charlestown; can recall the huts, thatched with alternate layers of corn-stalks and rails, which afforded shelter from storms of snow and rain; the fenceless fields, where hungry cattle homeless wandered, treading down the stalks with corn unplucked and wheat unthreshed; the pigs, hauled out from burrows under wheat-stacks, and then despatched by swords in unpractised hands, and so untimely cut off in their prime, to satisfy a craving for pork-chops; the excitement and glorious fun of the enemy being near, to startle from the warmth of huge fires, and give perhaps a skirmish before morning. On all these memories I but touch, that I may recall to mind that the citizens of Charlestown were quite willing if not anxious to appeal to the officers for protection against the swarms of foragers who invaded their spring houses and their cellars for food. As the army increased in numbers, our camps were pitched on the outskirts of the town, where I selected as my headquarters the yard or park which enclosed a gentleman's house.

The man's name was Kennedy, and he was supposed to have some Union proclivities, as well as a house full of females and slaves. The inmates were so much surprised to see a regiment of infantry file into their yard, and locate tents and baggage in front of the old family mansion, that there was

an immediate appeal to Gen. Banks, who "thought I better move," which I did, first however calling upon the family to assure them, that I thought my protection was more valuable, than my presence was annoying.

The old lady of the house was full of apologies for her conduct in locking the door, and flying to the bedroom in the upper story, as I entered with the regiment. Notwithstanding she "had heard" that I had "the best regiment in the United States service, and the best disciplined," she was alarmed, she said; but she would be gratified if I would take a bed in her house, which I declined, and slept in camp where water froze, and where breakfast in the open air was cool and invigorating.

Again, I met here one of my old friends of the Patterson campaign, a Mr. James L. Ranson (I strongly suspect it was his slave that I was ordered in 1861 to catch and return from Harper's Ferry), who, in a polite note, begged the favor of my protection for his family, consisting of Mrs. Ranson in delicate health, his daughter and her child, and himself their sole protector. "Recalling" (the note continued) "our brief interview last summer, at Harper's Ferry, I congratulate myself in appealing to one who so favorably impressed me upon that occasion."

Hovering over a stove in my tent on the night of the 6th of March, — it was bitter cold, — I wore away the evening until late, in a vain effort to read by a wretched candle stuck in a splinter of wood for a stand; and then, with a sense of uneasiness, a presage that some disagreeable duty was impending, I invoked slumber, though in vain, for hardly had I lost myself, when an orderly, galloping through my camp, halted at my tent, with "despatches for Col. Gordon."

With matches ready, I struck a light and read as follows:—

Gen. Abercrombie will put his brigade immediately under arms, and will order the Second Massachusetts and Sixteenth Indiana Volunteers to move cautiously down the Berryville road to such a point as may be indicated by an aide-de-camp

who will be sent out from these headquarters. Two squadrons of cavalry and two sections of artillery will report to Col. George H. Gordon, who will command the entire force, subject to further orders from these headquarters. Let not a moment be lost.

By command of

MAJ.-GENL. BANKS.

R. MORRIS COPELAND,

*Maj. Vols., A. A. G.*

Col. Gordon will comply with the above order.

By command of

GENL. ABERCROMBIE.

GEO. B. DRAKE,

*A. A. G.*

In a moment, I had shivered into my shoes, ordered my horse, aroused our regiment, met the staff-officer, received the report that artillery and cavalry were ready; and off I started by the uncertain light of the stars. Soon the long column unwound itself in the road, and we proceeded on at a rapid pace. Now it was, for the first time, that I learned our destination. Our friends, the Maryland regiment, Col. Maulsby commanding, had been stationed as a guard at a ferry on the Shenandoah, between four and five miles from Charlestown to the southeast. During the day, Col. Maulsby had been threatened by the enemy's cavalry, and had asked for reinforcements, which were not furnished. Between twelve and one o'clock, A. M., of the 7th, a frightened teamster came flying from their camp to Banks's headquarters, crying out that the loyal Maryland regiment had been cut to pieces. Twelve hundred cavalry, he said, had attacked them.

My route for a short distance was along a good paved road; but soon turning to the left, upon a dirt road, the mud and obstructions rendered it impossible to proceed farther by night. Halting by the roadside, I threw out pickets to the front, and directing the men to make themselves comfortable, fires soon blazed along our line from fuel furnished by adjoining fence-rails. While awaiting daylight, I extracted from

the frightened teamster, whom I had brought along as guide, the following story of the disaster that had overtaken Col. Maulsby:—

“When the twelve hundred cavalry of the enemy made the attack on us, I heard the first shots fired, and then heard the officers say, ‘Turn out, boys, the enemy is upon you.’” Throwing himself down in a hollow, this frightened teamster remained concealed, until he thought all the enemy had passed, when he arose to find, “that all his mules had broken away.” As fast as his legs could carry him, he ran through fields, trembling with fear, spreading the report to our own pickets; who, many of them, with the fugitive teamster, came crowding into Charlestown.

“Did you see the enemy’s cavalry?” I asked.

“I saw the Maryland men run, and heard the firing; and then I thought it time to take care of myself,” he replied.

“But did *you* see any of the enemy?” I urged.

“No; but I was told there were twelve hundred.”

“Did you see any one killed?”

“No, sir. I laid low until they passed me, and then I ran here through the fields.”

“Can it be possible that this story is all of your own imagining?” I inquired.

“No, indeed, sir; I’m sure the camp is taken,” he answered.

The duty I was to perform, was to capture, if possible, the captors, and, if not, to bring back reliable information.

At daylight I resumed the march. We were but four miles from our destination. As we approached the river, I came suddenly upon five or six men of the Maryland regiment, as they were crawling out of a hole that led from a barn-loft. These men confirmed the story of the teamster, saying that their regiment had been cut to pieces. Sweeping them in with my encircling line of skirmishers, I moved rapidly for the belt of woods in front of the ferry, where had been the encampment of the regiment. Near by was a small village, in which I

saw the gleaming of bayonets, and troops apparently falling back, but with my glass I could not make out their colors nor their uniforms, so I threw out an entire company of skirmishers, and ordered up the artillery; but hardly had I made preparations for a fight, when one of my cavalry scouts came galloping back, saying, "Those are men of the Maryland regiment." Passing them, therefore, I directed my column for the camp, and soon came upon sentinels, whom recognizing by their uniform as of the Maryland regiment, I inquired if there had been a fight, and was promptly answered that there had not. Turning to my frightened teamster, who stood near, I asked him what this meant. "Have you not had firing?" he asked a sentinel, without directly addressing himself to me. "Yes: we made a mistake last night, and our men just fired into our cavalry pickets, but didn't hurt anybody. Only a horse — perhaps a man — was wounded," he replied.

"Is this all?" I asked.

"That is all!" replied the sentinel.

"I ought to tie you to the tail of my horse, and drag you, as a coward, back to Charlestown!" I said to the now pallid teamster by my side.

"Well, there was firing!" he stammered out.

"And as soon as you heard it, you ran, like a great lout, five miles to Charlestown, and with your false reports have caused three thousand infantry, two sections of artillery, and two squadrons of cavalry, to be trailed out on this useless march!"

After breakfasting with the officers, I returned again to my camp, which I reached at ten A. M., having been absent about twelve hours.

Information having been received that the enemy had abandoned his batteries on the lower Potomac, and was preparing to abandon Manassas, our corps, "pursuant to directions received from Washington," was ordered to move at seven o'clock, A. M., of the 10th of March.

While Congress had been sitting in judgment upon McClellan, condemning his policy and his plans, discussing his movements and misapprehending his motives, as if it had become a body of misrepresentatives with the single purpose of decrying the commander of the Army of the Potomac, Gen. McClellan had been carefully and methodically preparing his vast army for the field.

I have referred to the onward movement ordered by the President on the 22d of February last, with Gen. McClellan in command of the grand army of the Potomac, organized into its several divisionary corps, under McDowell, Sumner, Heintzleman, Keyes, and Banks. Halleck was in charge of a department at the West, and Fremont in charge of the mountain department. It is with Banks's corps that our interest lies. While the others were to move on their devious way up the Peninsula to Yorktown, Williamsburg, the Chickahominy, and the James, we were to move up the valley of the Shenandoah, closing this gateway to the enemy. Our force was as follows: We had the brigades that wintered with us at Frederick, commanded by Generals Hamilton, Williams, and Abercrombie. This force was increased by the division formerly commanded by Gen. Charles P. Stone, at Poolsville, and consisted of three brigades, commanded by Generals Gorman, Burns, and Dana. Only the first two were with us, and these were commanded by Gen. Sedgwick, to whom, after Stone's removal and incarceration, the division was assigned. We had also a force of some six thousand men, commanded by Gen. Shields, formerly Lander's force, which was ordered to report to Banks. Then there were about fourteen hundred men, commanded by Col. Geary, not serving with any brigade. This made up the whole of Banks's command. The use to be made of it, was primarily the capture of Winchester. It was reported, and we believed, that Gen. (Stonewall) Jackson, with from seven to eleven thousand men, awaited us behind those fortified walls. Whatever may have been Jackson's force, we knew he could increase



it from Manassas, or farther south. The disposition of our command was as follows. While our brigade moved on and to Charlestown from Harper's Ferry, Gen. Williams with my old Darnstown brigade moved from Hancock through Martinsburg to Bunker Hill (our old position under Patterson). Gen. Hamilton passing through Charlestown stopped at Smithfield, midway between Charlestown and Bunker Hill. Gen. Shields halted at Martinsburg and Gen. Sedgwick at Charlestown.

Our route was first south from Charlestown to Berryville, fourteen and one half miles, then due west to Winchester, about ten and one half miles. Gen. Williams was only fourteen miles away, and Hamilton about the same. On the morning of the 10th of March, Gen. — at 7 o'clock started with his brigade to make a reconnoissance to Berryville: we were to follow, and were ready. At 12 M. a mounted messenger from Gen. — came tearing into camp, asking for reinforcements. Our brigade was instantly put in motion. Without adventure we encamped about sundown within one mile of Berryville; Gen. — was there before us, and without opposition, although not without a *fight*. While riding in advance, the commanding general saw, as he thought, preparations to oppose his march. On a distant hill, surrounded with horsemen, a devilish invention met his gaze. "What is it?" he asked in vain. "Are these three men on horseback the advance of legions? Bring up the field-batteries!" he cried aloud. Pointing, like Napoleon to the British squares at Waterloo, he shouted, "Our pathway lies there." So Gen. — hurled his shot and shell at this obstacle to his progress. Off scampered the three horsemen; down from his perch scrambled and scud the driver of a threshing-machine, for this was the harmless implement that filled the soul of Gen. — with direful purpose. To camp that afternoon there came an old farmer to inquire why they fired at him. "According to the proclamation," said he, "you did n't come to

destroy property or interfere with citizens peaceably following their avocations; and certainly there was nothing rebellious in threshing wheat.\*

There were no signs of Union feeling on our route, save in a single house in a mean, poverty-stricken little collection of houses, by which our road ran, and here we found three or four young women and children lustily waving handkerchiefs, while a small boy held up conspicuously a Union flag, whose diminutive proportions could be embraced in two inches by three. The inmates of this house seemed reckless in their determination to brave all danger; indeed, had they been Northern men they could not have expressed more joy, although the judgment hereafter, if we did not sustain ourselves, no doubt caused some repression of feeling. The Second Regiment, with the rest of our brigade, bivouacked on Monday night, the 10th of March, in the woods near Berryville. With straw from farmers' stacks, we added to the warmth of our single blanket; with rails from farmers' fences we managed to moderate an atmosphere that was near the freezing-point. Bright and early in the morning of the 11th, our cavalry, moving forward for Winchester, encountered the enemy's cavalry, made prisoners of three, and chased the rest to within three or four miles of the town itself.

Gen. Gorman now began to make arrangements for an armed reconnoissance, in force, towards Winchester. This, he wished me to command, but somehow or other the day passed and nothing was done. We were awaiting the arrival of Gen. Banks. I rode around the town, out on the Winchester road, and saw that ample arrangements for guards and a defence had been made. There were no alarms and no change during the day. The next morning, the 12th of March, just after a long interview with a clergyman of Berryville, a Union man, who had been giving me a plan of the works around

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\* This is no fiction : the story was common talk, when we reached Berryville.



Winchester, which I had committed to paper, news came that last night (Tuesday) the enemy fled from the town, and that our force from Bunker Hill (Gen. Williams) had entered. It was true. The Winchester that we had looked at in July of 1861, from this same Bunker Hill, had now been entered from Bunker Hill. The Winchester we had hoped to gain by Berryville, in 1861, when Patterson implored his militia to march to its attack, we were now about entering from Berryville. I galloped to the town with a staff-officer in anticipation of our march there on the morrow; found everything quiet and peaceable; and fancied perhaps there was some Union feeling. Some Northern men were there, said to be from Milford, Mass., who told me of the flight of the enemy. When I returned to Berryville, it was dark: the ride had been wearisome. I was indulging in thoughts of a good supper and sleep; but my reverie was rudely broken, by the sight of batteries and brigades *en route* to Winchester. Berryville had been plunged into commotion by the report that a fierce battle was raging in that town. In vain I urged that I had just come from there, had found and left no enemy in sight or sound; that marriage bells were not more peaceful than was Winchester. It was all in vain. On streamed the columns of infantry. On rolled the batteries and the caissons, while the wheels jarred and cracked against the axles, and on lumbered the baggage-wagons and the camp-followers. Still onward, tramp, tramp, for the severe fight at Winchester, though not a sound of fighting we heard. In the darkness all was quiet, save the subdued noise of our own senseless march. At about twelve o'clock, at night, two or three miles from the peaceable town, I laid down in the woods again, to bivouac in cold and in hunger, with a disgust, deep and undefinable, to awake, however, on the morning of the 13th, with all discomforts vanished, and our fatigues forgotten.

The feelings that agitated Gen. Jackson, as our columns approached the town from the north and east, have, since his

death, been given to the world. This noted commander was moved with doubts and perplexities. Now he was ready to hazard everything to make good his promise to the people of Winchester that the "Yankees" should not enter their town; and then, more prudent considerations prevailing, he would resolve to retire, only again to reconsider, with renewed agitation.\*

On the night of the 11th of March, Jackson entered the house of a Rev. Mr. Graham, of Winchester, with whose family he was intimate. Here he called for a Bible, read aloud, and prayed with the family. Then suddenly rising, he said, "I will never leave Winchester without a fight, never, never!" He stood looking at his astonished auditors a moment, and then, his excitement disappearing, his sword was driven back with a ringing clash into its scabbard,† and in tones of profound discouragement he said, "No, I cannot sacrifice my men. I intended to attack the enemy on the Martinsburg road, but they are approaching on the flanks, too, and would surround me. I cannot sacrifice my men, I must fall back;" and so he fell back to Mount Jackson, forty-five miles from Winchester.

About two miles from town, the camp of our regiment was located. Then came days of cold, with huge fires in front of tents; and days of sunshine and heat, when the blue-birds and the robins sang, and days when the air was filled

\* *Life of Gen. (Stonewall) Jackson*, by Esten Cooke, p. 106.

† Oliver Cromwell! Farmer Cromwell! Lord of the fens! The slovenly, ungainly member for Huntingdon! the man of massive forehead, swift, glancing eye, and firm-set lips, who had a habit of suddenly grasping the hilt of his sword with firmness, as if there in his mind lay the true argument, or, at all events, which would, all others failing, assuredly prevail! Oliver Cromwell, who, at Naseby Field, passed the words, "Peace and Hope," along his line as the triumphant psalm pealed forth, when the swords of the Ironsides flashed in the sun! Oliver Cromwell, who in piercing tones, bade his Ironsides charge home "in the name of the Most High God"! This Cromwell has had through near one hundred and fifty years no better or truer prototype than "Stonewall" Jackson.

with flocks of unsightly ravens hovering over fields, noisome with the carcasses of dead horses. Here, too, were felt such cravings for poultry, that the feathered tribe became almost extinct. The peacock was caught by his magnificent tail, by vandal hands, and roasted like any common bird. The officers shut their eyes whenever a rooster crowed; for Gen. Abercrombie, commanding the brigade, had given strict orders to punish all *detected* foragers. This was hard, for Abercrombie ate secession chickens; but he paid for them, it was said. So did the forager of a line officer's mess pay for a calf, he coveted, or attempted to pay for it, but the farmer would not sell. Federal money was offered; then Confederate, but the owner still refused.

"The officers have nothing to eat," said the man.

"Let them starve, then," replied the farmer.

"Not so," said the man, as he levelled his musket, and shot the calf.

A General Staff-Officer — an unhallowed quarter-master — did not shut his eyes; and thus it was that the whole force of the North was employed to punish the destroyer of calves, to the satisfaction of the destroyers of country; for the former was punished by imprisonment, and the latter encouraged to deny food to his enemy. Still, I doubt not, our men survived; for I find, upon referring to that period, that our regiment arrived in camp at Winchester at two P. M., and at five P. M. some of the companies had built brick ovens, from which there came forth fresh bread, to make more palatable the baked beans and mutton-chops which graced the line officers' mess tables. Such were *sometimes* rations.

The great fortifications, of which we had heard, surrounding Winchester, proved to be of no moment. One could have jumped over them as easily as Remus over the walls of Rome. Much dissatisfaction was expressed in our regiment that Jackson was permitted to get away from Winchester without a fight, and but little heed paid to my assurances that this chieftain

would be apt, before the war closed, to give us an entertainment up to the utmost of our aspirations.

It was about this time that the appearance of our first "Monitor" off James River, so providential as it seemed, moved the fears of some of us that the end was about coming, and that, with the flight of Jackson, our last chance for a fight was gone. Though the country might not be restored in July of 1862, there was no doubt the war would be over then, said those whom neither reason or reproach could reach.

When Gen. McClellan's order of movement and strong appeal to his army appeared, we learned of the disposition to be made of our corps. Again the destiny of the Second Regiment gave it a new brigade commander; one that shared with it all the eventful scenes, with the attendant joys and sorrows, that so largely entered into the year of 1862. We were to be no more to Gen. Abercrombie. Gen. Hamilton was, by order of Gen. McClellan, transferred to another corps in his army, and our regiment transferred to the brigade lately commanded by Hamilton. As senior colonel, I thus became the commander of a brigade which, then for the first time united, remained unbroken during the remainder of the war,—a brigade with a common history and a common glory.

When the achievements of any portion of that organization are spoken, deeds are declared in whose fame all share. The Second Massachusetts, the Third Wisconsin, and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana Regiments, made up, substantially, the brigade that fell to my command.

From Winchester, Gen. Sedgwick, with his Division, was transferred to another corps in the Army of the Potomac.

We now enter upon our second movement, of which the advance upon Winchester was the first in McClellan's plans. Williams's Division of the Fifth Corps was ordered to proceed, *via* Berryville, through Snicker's Gap to Centreville, while

Shields, with his division of about six thousand men, was to remain at Winchester. Our division of three brigades moved very early in the morning of the 22d for its destination. At night my brigade encamped at Berryville, and the next night we were at Snicker's Gap. Ignorant of the events transpiring in our rear, I was awakened on the morning of the 24th of March by despatches coming thick and fast, calling me back to Winchester. "We have heard cannon at intervals, hear them now," wrote Major Crane, of the Third Wisconsin, at half-past six of the day before; and so, as I read the orders sent me at ten minutes past six P. M. from Gen. Williams to return at once to Berryville, I exclaimed, "There are Major Crane's cannon." "Push on to Winchester," continued the orders, "if on your arrival at Berryville you hear the sound of large guns, giving an indication of an action in progress at the former place." Rapidly we retraced our steps. Six companies of our regiment had encamped for the night at the ferry across the Shenandoah. The bridge had broken down and delayed them. These were turned back to Berryville by orders from Gen. Williams. "Leave two regiments, with one section of artillery, at Berryville, and move the remainder of your command from three to five miles from there unless you hear firing at Winchester, in which event leave but one regiment and one section of artillery, and push on for Winchester," came to me through a flying orderly at eight o'clock; and still following upon the heels of the former came another, to say that Gen. Banks had returned (from Harper's Ferry), that my brigade would proceed immediately to Winchester. Scarcely had I digested this, when out of the thick dust loomed up another orderly, galloping as if for life, and I read, from the headquarters of the Fifth Army Corps to Col. George H. Gordon: "Send forward your battery with all possible despatch." And still the cry was, "On they come"; as yet again the orders came, "Send back the ordnance train with all possible despatch"; and "Send forward to Gen. Abercrombie

to return with all his trains to Winchester"; and "Gen. Williams expects you to leave one regiment at Berryville, with one section of artillery; and Col. Andrews "hopes I will leave some other force to guard the bridge and ordnance train, and send Capt. Abbott's company to report" to him.

From the multitude of despatches and orders that poured fast and furious upon me, it was evident that a battle was imminent; and that I was expected to push on to be in time to take a hand. It was late in the evening when I reached Winchester: I had done two days' work in one, — had marched twenty-six miles. Banks was at Middletown. There had been a fight; Shields's Division had whipped Jackson, who was now being pursued by Banks, and the urgent calls upon me were to aid in the pursuit. I sent a messenger to Banks (twelve miles) to announce my arrival, and he, on the morning of the 25th, ordered me to report to him at Strasburg. It was apparent the fight with Jackson was not to be renewed at once. There was still a little daylight left, as, with my staff, I rode into Winchester in the evening of the 24th; and I improved it, to ride with my aid over the field, on which we had gained a decided victory. The wounded of both sides had been removed; but the dead still lay where they fell. Along the enemy's lines the ground was covered with them. The coming shades of twilight in the thick woods rendered everything obscure. To a novice the scene was awful. As they were when stricken, so in death the dead remained: the clenched hand, the uplifted arm, the effort to stanch a bleeding limb, the solitude, the dreary light — it was a picture I cannot forget, and yet to add to its horror, amidst this deathly silence, I heard a voice invoking curses on the dead.

Peering into the darkness, I saw a man on horseback, slowly moving towards me, with head bowed low, gazing sternly into the upturned ghastly faces, while angry denunciations fell from his lips, as without pity in his heart he rejoiced in this carnival of death.



The bitterness of his cries filled me with horror. Who was he that had no sorrow for a scene like that? Nearer came the rider, near enough for recognition. It was a son of Virginia, here upon the soil of his native State, cursing with all the bitterness of his heart his dead kinsman at his feet: a loyal Virginian, who had been driven from home, wife, and children; who had seen his aged father driven out of his house to die, — driven out by those who had plunged the nation into war, a man maddened by outrages and gloating over this terrible retribution, and plunging yet deeper in that gloom of horrors as if his vengeance could not be repaid.

The history of the preceding two days began on the very day that we left Winchester for our march to Centreville, when the enemy, under command of “Stonewall” Jackson, showed themselves in the edge of the woods that skirt the town on the southern side. From here shells were thrown at our pickets, and our artillery replied, but Gen. Shields paid but little attention to this demonstration, though he gave personal attention to directing his artillery, until his arm was fractured by a fragment of a shell. Sunday the 23d the artillery firing was recommenced about noon; but so little was thought of it that Gen. Banks, between one and two P. M., left to go to Harper’s Ferry on public business. At four P. M., the enemy’s infantry made their appearance, and formed in line of battle, about three miles from the town. This pounding of artillery was what Major Crane heard when he sent me his note. Now the scene changed. The troops of Shields’s Division, under their respective colonels, turned eagerly to greet Jackson, who had marched swiftly upon the town. Brigadier-General (so acting) Kimball was in command.

The battle of Kernstown, as the enemy named it, was fought near the eastern declivity of the little North Mountain, not far from the spot where the Opecquan takes its rise. The enemy’s line followed the crest of the hills that lie south of the town, and on the west of the pike leading to Strasburg. On the

eastern side of this road, crowning a wooded knoll, the enemy had posted a battery. Jackson's centre was covered by a stone wall; his left flank was covered by a growth of thick small timber, into which it extended; his right, by the battery and by timber. The action commenced, as usual, with interchanges of shots from opposing artillery. Then our men moved to turn the enemy on his left flank. Behind a growth of timber, in front of the enemy's stone wall, our infantry gained a vantage-ground unperceived. From there, by the right, our troops were obliged to march across an open field to turn the line hidden in the undergrowth. But it was done. Bravely did some Ohio regiments charge up to, and into, this cover; unmoved by the rebel fire, unterrified by the rebel yell. In vain did Jackson implore his men to stand; in vain address them as "my brave boys," and in vain cry out "give them one more round." He saw his left flank forced back upon his centre, and our troops sweeping over the stone wall, driving his left farther into the woods, capturing his cannon, and many prisoners. So while his force was retreating in disorder, Jackson turned, thoroughly beaten, towards Strasburg.\*

Jackson had promised the people of Winchester that he would return to them. This time he failed to keep his word. His dead, dying, and wounded were left to our care. Too much praise cannot be awarded the men for their courage, especially the Ohio troops. It was pluck, more than leadership, in this action. The thickets were cut up into slivers by the storm of bullets poured in by them from the open field over which they passed to the assault.

That Jackson was deceived in the number of our troops

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\* Jackson blamed Gen. R. B. Garnett, of whom he says in his official report: "Though our troops were fighting under great disadvantage, I regret that Gen. Garnett gave orders to fall back, as otherwise the enemy's advance would have been retarded, and other regiments brought up. Col. John Campbell was rapidly advancing with his regiment, but night, and an indisposition of the enemy to press further, had terminated the battle, which commenced at four o'clock, P. M."



in front of Winchester, is admitted by Southern writers,\* and that he intended to deceive him, was always claimed by Gen. Shields. It was part of his feint to move forward to Strasburg on the 19th of March, and retreat rapidly again, passing through Winchester, after three brigades of Banks's Corps had marched for Centreville.† And this was his movement.

Gen. Shields dwelt with unfeigned delight upon his "stratagem" in placing his force in a secluded position two miles from Winchester upon the Martinsburg road, to give the inhabitants an impression that the main part of his army had left, and that nothing remained but a few regiments to garrison the place. He knew that the people would convey false information to Jackson at New Market, as indeed they did — Jackson turned instantly in pursuit. On the 22d, when Ashby drove in Shields's pickets, he discovered only what he supposed to be a single brigade. On the 23d, when Jackson attacked, he soon found he had caught a "tartar." His force of 4,000 was opposed, not to 2,000 less than his own, but to the whole of Shields's Division of 6,750 infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and no more.‡ There is no evidence that Jackson contemplated the result that followed, although some writers claim unforeseen consequences, when favorable, as results of well-laid plans. Southern writers, while speaking openly of Jackson's not doubting that he could crush the four regiments at Win-

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\* "I heard that the enemy's infantry force at Winchester did not exceed four regiments. A large Federal force was leaving the valley, and had already reached Castleton's Ferry on the Shenandoah." — *Jackson's Official Report, Battle of Kernstown.*

† "On the preceding Friday evening, despatches from Col. Turner Ashby were received, stating that the enemy had evacuated Strasburg." — *Jackson's Report.*

‡ If Shields had remained at Strasburg, the history of Banks's retreat would never have been written. My brigade would have followed the others of the division, and all would have reported to McDowell in front of Fredericksburg. As it was, only Abercrombie got away, and him we saw no more. In this event Lee would probably have found enough to engage his attention, without sending Jackson on the rampage through the valley.

chester,\* further affirm that this battle brought upon him a great deal of censure ; for it was a fierce and frightful engagement, in which he lost nearly twenty per cent of his force in a very few hours of conflict. One of his officers at this time said of him that he was "cussed by every one" ; "and it must be confessed," says Pollard,† "in this instance, at least, the great commander had been entrapped by the enemy."‡ Again, on the other side, it is claimed, that "this was not a blind, heedless assault ; that it was not a blunder or an acci-

\* Life of Stonewall Jackson, by John Esten Cooke, page 109.

† Pollard's "Lost Cause," pp. 264, 265.

‡ The recent narrative of Gen. Johnston, of the Confederate service, confirms these views. He says : "After it became evident that the valley was to be invaded by an army too strong to be encountered by Jackson's Division, that officer was instructed to endeavor to employ the invaders in the valley, but without exposing himself to the danger of defeat, by keeping so near the enemy as to prevent him from making any considerable detachment to support McClellan, but not so near that he might be compelled to fight. Under these instructions, when Banks, approaching with a Federal force greatly superior to his own, was within four miles of Winchester, Jackson, on March 12, fell slowly back to Strasburg, eighteen miles in two days, remaining there undisturbed until the sixteenth, when, finding that the Federal army was again advancing, he fell back to Mount Jackson, twenty-four miles, his adversary halting at Strasburg. I received these reports on the nineteenth, and suggested that his distance was too great from the Federal army for objects in view. On the twenty-first he acknowledged this, and said that he was about to move his headquarters to Woodstock, twelve miles from the enemy's camp. At about half-past six A. M., on the twenty-third, at Strasburg, he expressed a hope that he should be near Winchester that afternoon ; and at ten o'clock that night he wrote in his brief manner that he attacked the Federal army at four P. M., and was repulsed by it at dark. He gave his force as three thousand and eighty-seven infantry, two hundred and ninety cavalry, and twenty-seven pieces of artillery ; and his loss at eighty killed, three hundred and forty-two wounded, and two hundred and thirty prisoners." — *Narrative of Military Operations directed during the Late War between the States. By Joseph E. Johnston, General C. S. A., 1874, pp. 106, 107.*

[NOTE. — It would seem that not only was Jackson deceived by Shields, but that a gentle reminder from Johnston that the former was too far from his enemy may have irritated Jackson to make his ill-judged movement. We find, too, that Johnston instructed Jackson to keep the Federals in the valley, all of which has been claimed for Jackson. — AUTHOR.]

dent, but the result of calculation and design: to wit, the retention of the Federal forces in the valley."\*

"It was not until he was actually engaged with the enemy that he found their force numbered 11,000 men,"† is a Southern statement, falsely made, to excuse a defeat, and yet containing an undeniable admission that, if Jackson had known our force was superior in numbers to his own, he would not have attacked us.‡

When the enemy fled, their flight was rapid, and, as described by the fugitives, fatiguing, — Jackson forcing his men along the valley pike all night, pushed on through Strasburg,§ and did not rest until far enough towards Charlottesville to be secured against a rapid pursuit.

As narrated, I proceeded on the morning of the 25th to unite my forces with the advance, under Banks. Everywhere, there were signs of a hasty retreat. To hinder pursuit, bridges had been destroyed by the fugitives; whether over pike or railroad, they were doomed. We found some dead and wounded in houses along the road, and in a miserable hut there laid a poor fellow, a wounded rebel, hit so hard by a shell, that his arm had been amputated, his right leg badly lacerated in twelve places, and his left badly torn. Before deserting him, a surgeon had amputated the arm, but the leg, having received no attention, when we arrived mortification

\* "I feel justified in saying that, though the field is in possession of the enemy, the most essential fruits of the battle are ours." — *Jackson's Official Report, Battle of Kernstown.*

† Cooke's Life of Jackson.

‡ The number of troops present in the field, available for the fight, in Jackson's army, was: "Infantry, 3,087; Artillery, 27 guns; and Ashby's Cavalry." — *Jackson's Official Report.*

From the same source we find Jackson admitted a loss of killed, wounded, and missing, of 701; of which 46 were officers. In addition to this, Shields claims to have captured 2 guns, 4 caissons, and 1,000 small arms.

Ou loss was (from Shields's official report), in killed and wounded, 504.

§ Battle-fields of the South, vol. 1, Ashton's letter, page 324.

had set in. All we could do was to make him as comfortable as possible, and leave him to die.

Though the reality of this retreat was bad enough, the papers of the day indulged in flights of fancy that if possible put to shame a rebel pen. No one ever saw the "nine wagon-loads of the enemy's dead upon the road," nor did they exist, although our papers so reported. A German aid to Gen. Shields performed marvels of gallantry—so he said; three rebel horsemen, if not six, being in turn killed by sword and pistol by his single hand. A bullet-hole through his cap he showed me in proof of his escape in this deadly encounter, a satirical sketch of which was made for "Harper's Weekly," representing this ferocious German in the act of transfixing two rebel cavalymen, while a third in rear, with jaws agape at such wonders, received the point in his mouth. The tables of our laughter were turned when this sketch appeared, solemnly representing a swordsman transfixing two only. The sword had been rubbed out beyond the second, and thus the sketch was sent and published as a true delineation.\*

On the evening of the 26th of March, my tired brigade laid down their knapsacks in the town of Strasburg. The effect of our victory we perceived in strong professions of love for the Union, expressed by men of intelligence, in the towns along our route. We heard many confessions of regret and accusations of deception against Southern leaders by people here who affirmed their belief, that upon our coming, their property would be taken, their houses destroyed, and themselves made prisoners. I slept the first night of my arrival in Strasburg in the house of a fine-looking and cheery old gentleman, who said to me, that, when he first saw our troops coming down the hill into town, he was firmly convinced that he would be killed or made prisoner, and that he could not express his astonishment and delight at our treatment of the people;

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\* The German had borrowed it of the artist, and sent it, stripped of its ludicrous elements, to the publisher.

adding that such information as he could now impart would cause hundreds of men to return to their allegiance.

These confessions, coming on the heels of our decisive victory, filled us with enthusiasm, gave tone to our feelings, and made our hearts bound with delight at the thought of carrying onward the old flag, though our marches might be in days and nights of travel, in hunger, privation, and death. As the superb scenery of the valley opened before us in the sparkling waters of the Shenandoah, winding between the Blue Ridge and its parallel ranges; in the trees of cedar and pine that lined its banks; in the rolling surfaces of the valley, peacefully resting by the mountain-side, and occupied by rich fields and quiet farms, there was no foreshadowing of the terror, the desolation and death, that were to follow.

On the day after our arrival, we were thrown forward through the town towards Woodstock to a camp back from the road concealed behind Round Hill, in front of which was Col. Sullivan, of Shields's brigade, and, for some purpose of offence, beyond Col. Sullivan was Jackson. Now Jackson was constantly stirring up Sullivan, and Sullivan was as constantly stirring up my brigade at Round Hill. The enemy seemed to be always advancing. Bits of paper announcing it in hurried though laconic style floated through camp, until *How is Sullivan?* became a popular inquiry. The enemy were constantly in readiness to move, said our spies, but in which direction was the conundrum of the hour. When we pursued towards Strasburg, Ashby made a display of his artillery, fired a few shots, and retreated; and in this manner we had chased him about four miles beyond the town. When we halted, Jackson halted. Our pickets were about a mile beyond our camp: they were up to Tom's Brook, as it was called. About a mile beyond the brook I could see the enemy's cavalry. Sometimes the enemy amused himself by throwing shells at our pickets, when they were a little too venturesome; but beyond a feeble show of strength

and ugliness, nothing transpired to disturb the dulness of camp.

It was on the first of April that Banks received from Gen. McClellan a new plan of operations. Up to this point Jackson had planned our campaign. Now we were to plan Jackson's.

From the steamer "Commodore" as his headquarters, on the 1st of April Gen. McClellan addressed to Gen. Banks, commanding the Fifth Corps, a communication, in which he affirmed that the change in affairs in the valley of the Shenandoah rendered necessary a departure "from the plan we some days since agreed upon." Assuming that Banks had a force sufficiently ample to drive Jackson before him, provided the latter was not largely reinforced, and that the former might find it impossible to detach anything towards Manassas for some days, probably not until the operations of the main army had drawn all the rebels towards Richmond, Banks was ordered, as the most important thing he could do at present, to throw Jackson well back, and then to assume such a position as to prevent his return. When railway communications were re-established, McClellan thought it would be advisable to move on Staunton; "which would require a force of twenty-five or thirty thousand men, and should be mainly coincident with my own movement on Richmond, at all events not so long before as to enable the rebels to combine against you, perhaps with smaller force after the main battle near Richmond."

Thus began our second campaign. Up and along the North Fork of the Shenandoah we moved out on the 2d of April, in pursuit of Gen. Jackson's army. My brigade with cavalry and artillery was ordered to take the advance.

As our sturdy columns, with bayonets glistening in the sunlight, moved out upon the main road to form on that bright April morning for an eventful campaign, I was never more impressed with the march of a column of troops, moving forward for the accomplishment of a determined purpose. As the long lines conform in graceful curves to the undulations



of the earth, they seem, with their solid tread, like a symbol of irresistible force centred in the immovable rocks beneath. I know of nothing like it in nature. The columns pass, leaving scarce a trace of motion; and lo! what changes are wrought. Forms and customs, laws and religions, property and possessions, all give way before this mysterious power. In view of such scenes I have often felt the sternness of this reality. Here indeed is the inevitable. It is born of destiny.

Hardly had we passed Tom's Brook, where our advance guard had been stationed, when we came in sight of the enemy's cavalry pickets. Saluting them with a shot or two from my battery ("Cothran's Parrots"), I moved rapidly towards Woodstock. As we were descending the hill which brought us into this picturesque little town, bang went a gun, and a shell whizzed about ten feet over our heads (I won't be accurate about the feet), grazing the neck of Col. Brodhead's horse,\* and striking the road a few feet in front of a company of the Second Massachusetts Regiment. Fortunately the shell did not explode. Perhaps a minute passed, when there arose a puff of smoke, then a report, and a shell screamed along the road; but this, like its predecessor, did not burst. Cothran's battery was close behind. At a spanking gallop his horses came up, his guns were unlimbered, and we gave them a dozen to their four; which not liking they retired with their artillery, and threw forward some of their skirmishers (probably dismounted cavalry).

To meet them I ordered Lieut.-Col. Andrews to deploy the Second Massachusetts, and move over them; which was done rapidly, with but few casualties. Without a halt we pushed on for Edenburg, which is about five miles from Woodstock. At every hill we got some shells, but paid them back with interest. These jagged pieces of iron whirring around one's ears gave a new sensation to our men. "If there is anything

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\* The colonel commanded the cavalry force attached to my column.



that can scare a man," said one of the best of the officers of the Second, "it is a shell ; and I've seen precious few who are not scared." As we approached Edenburg, the scenes at Woodstock were repeated ; but here the enemy's infantry snarled at us. Deploying the Second Massachusetts as skirmishers, they advanced handsomely towards the town. Bullets fell thick around them ; but they moved forward without hesitation. At Edenburg, Stony Creek, a deep and rapid stream running easterly across the pike and railroad, empties into the North Fork of the Shenandoah. The place was favorable for a stand, and it looked for a time as if the enemy were determined to make one there. Retreating, however, across the creek, Jackson burned both the pike and railroad bridges in his flight, and then placed his cavalry and artillery on a commanding ridge on the south side of the creek, confronting us on the northern side. The enemy's batteries, posted about three fourths of a mile from us, exchanged continual shots with our Parrott's. Our guns, cleverly concealed just over the brow of a hill, did good execution without loss of men or horses. Beneath the hill, resting from their fatiguing march of a good sixteen miles, were my infantry. The enemy's guns, answering our fire, sent shells merrily around our heads : but the men had got somewhat used to the sound, and munched their cold rations with indifference, and kept on too ; all but one poor fellow, a private of my Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, who would have continued to masticate his hard bread, but, alas ! a ragged piece of iron severed the back of his head from the front, as cleverly as if a knife had passed through. The crowd around him was great, the commotion noticeable ; but no one else was hit. It was determined to remain at Edenburg for several days ; so before sunset the line of the creek swarmed with our pickets. Our men tumbled down in their designated encampments, unmindful of the sharp reports of hostile muskets or the deeper base of answering artillery. Through the day we had been fighting Ashby, with his cavalry

and horse artillery,—the rear-guard of Jackson's army. Ashby's cavalry force numbered about one thousand, and, as cavalry, were greatly superior to ours. In reply to some orders I had given, my cavalry commander replied, "I can't catch them, sir; they leap the fences and walls like deer: neither our men or horses are so trained." And this was true; although, before the war was much older, we could give them odds and beat them. Ashby was as cool and brave as he was experienced. I think our men had a kind of admiration for the man, as he sat unmoved upon his horse, and let our men pepper away at him, as if he enjoyed it. In Southern histories the writers never tired in praising Ashby. The more absurd the stories, the more credible they were to Southern admirers, who gloated over such Munchausenisms as that, when our troops entered Winchester, Ashby, on his white horse, at some conspicuous point in the town, alone awaited our advance. There he sat, motionless, until almost approached; when, with a defiant wave, he galloped rapidly away, killing one, and lifting by the coat-collar from his horse to Ashby's own, and so bearing him off, the other of two of our cavalrymen sent around to intercept him.

During the day's march I had my first experience of the part the blacks were to render us in this war. Entering a collection of poor negro huts during one of my halts, I was handed, by some of the colored people, two letters addressed to Gen. Banks; which proved to be from a white man calling himself a spy, and giving information of importance. If this was a ruse, it revealed that there was no surer way to get information adverse to the enemy into our hands than to intrust it to such messengers. In another instance, sorrowful complaints made to me proved that the colored people would be called for by the rebel armies to assist them to the extent of their capacity. Near our bivouac, there was a poor hut; its occupant a neat-looking free negro woman. She came to speak to me; not to complain, but to say, in a weary,

discouraged way, that the enemy had taken her two sons away from her, one of them a poor cripple, who with a wagon and two poor "bones" (horses) earned the pittance upon which she lived. He was taken to haul off sick soldiers of Jackson's army. "I shall never see him again," mourned the poor mother, as she looked eagerly in my face for consolation, which I could only feel would be hers through that God who is love, though it was to come to this poor woman in this lowly cabin through a great sorrow, to open at last into a path of freedom and of joy.

Our stay at Edenburg was a continuous season of artillery-brawling and picket-stalking. We had some severe lessons before we learned to creep up on our game, like our more experienced *friends* on the other side of the creek. It was not five minutes after one of my staff had entered and examined a piece of woods on the outskirts of our camps, before the enemy's sharp-shooters fired upon and killed some of my men going through the same piece for water. Company H, of our regiment, was sent to dislodge them. While they were crawling up towards the bank, pushing their guns before them, and eagerly peering ahead for a shot, I could see with my glass the rebel hunters dodging low along the walls, or creeping carefully behind the bushes, to gain a sheltered spot in an unlooked-for cover, and then, a musket cracked and a lively rattle followed, mingled with answering growls of artillery. The creek that separated us from the enemy was not more than ten yards in width. On its banks on either side were houses. Back from the river about one fourth of a mile there was a thick wood, in which the enemy concealed his batteries until he chose to stir us up, when he would sneak up behind the cover, open upon us at an unexpected moment, and retreat rapidly when we replied. The fire from the artillery, and the skirmishing between the pickets, though continuous, was wonderfully free from casualties. On one of our afternoons at this spot, I had just arisen from the

rough camp-table that served us for our meals, when hissing and crashing came the enemy's shells over towards our battery. Instantly I heard the cheerful boom of ours in reply ; and then, as the enemy's demonstration was a little more spiteful than usual, I got the brigade under arms. There was no harm done ; but it took at least a dozen shots from our guns to make the rebels move off.

The brigade, after some little delay, went into camp again ; and the occasion, though one of no moment to the troops, proved a trial to my aid, who, having just procured a horse out of the government train, must needs try his martial ardor. The horse was a good-natured, stupid, slow old beast, and, mated with another, was very well ; but, alone, he turned out "a bad lot." He did n't mind spurs, ran into every man he met, causing much profanity, and was especially obdurate when my aid (an officer of the Second Massachusetts) particularly desired to appear in the role of an equestrian warrior. So here, one regiment having been formed, and the Second Massachusetts coming up, before which of all others the officer felt a pardonable pride in appearing in most gallant style, his plebeian charger could not be entreated out of a walk. Now any horseman knows that for a military chieftain, a gallop is the thing, — a light, airy, arched-neck gallop, a spirited intimation of reserved force, with champing bit and nostrils dilated, and eye flashing and ear pointed, as reminders of what you may get if you want it. It was something like this that my aid essayed, when lo ! his beast struck a dead, solemn, limpid walk. Spurs were dug into him, by exasperated heels, until the beast struck a trot that any six-mule team might have envied, jolting the aid a foot from his saddle at every step. This was the only response, and it caused derisive laughter from concealed lookers-on. The continued bumping, and the consciousness of being a merited object of mirth, naturally increased this officer's ire ; and it was vented in renewed digging of spurs, until the animal, in sheer desperation at being

held in tightly ahead, and sharply urged astern, bumped into the drum major of our regiment and nearly knocked him down, at which the smile was louder than allowed by the regulations. "He does n't mind shells, either, half as much as I do," said the perturbed aid, as he eyed the sorry beast askance while he dwelt upon his vices; "in fact," he added, "I should like to see the devil himself make him shy. When those shells were coming over at Woodstock, making a perfectly infernal noise, and other horses were on the rampage, there stood this beast as quiet as if in a stable. Even when I saw a shell fired, and tried the protection of a friendly tree, he would n't stir a peg faster than usual; and the shell burst long before I got him there. But he has one virtue; I can leave him anywhere, and he will stand till doomsday." As I, too, had just secured a new horse, one belonging to an officer of Ashby's cavalry, captured by one of our skirmishers as we entered Woodstock, I was anxious to try his mettle. The contrast between my aid's horse and mine only served to make more conspicuous the shortcomings of the former. My horse would take a six-rail fence beautifully. After bounding over I often turned to look back, and call out, "Come along, don't stop for that," at which my aid's big farm plough-horse would come up, run square into the fence, bump his knees, sneeze, turn around, and stand, firmly courting death rather than attempt the fence. "But if there are only four rails, now," cries out the aid, "he will take that."—"Orderly, take down two of those rails. Now, captain, take a fair start, let him out!" Down came the captain with pace growing slower and slower, until he reached the fence; when the horse halted, gravely counted the rails, quietly raised himself on end, put his fore feet over, gave himself an unearthly hitch with his hind legs, and landed on the other side with a pair of barked shins, then sneezed again as if he fancied he was a gay courser. The effect of this school of jumping is hard on the rider, who generally performs unheard of gymnastics in the air, and comes down on the pom-

mel of his saddle, to the great detriment of his pantaloons ; though there is some fun in it, and more excitement.

I have described the animal transferred from cart to cavalier duty, and how the change became him. I trust I shall neither weary your patience, nor devote too many of these pages to horses, if I now briefly describe the magnificent animal that fell to my lot. In doing this I must anticipate, must refer to many scenes that do not come within the province of these pages to relate, and must with his life speak of his death, which took place long after the war had ended.

It was after we had driven off Ashby's guns, and when the Second Massachusetts, deployed as skirmishers, were sweeping through Woodstock, that a skirmisher of the Second came suddenly upon a negro, leading a horse out of a stable in the town.

"Halloo," says the skirmisher, "where are you going with that horse?"

"Don't stop me," replied the negro ; "dis is my marster's best horse, and I'm taking him to him."

"Where is your master?"

"Why, dare he is, sir, wid Marse Ashby's cavalry ; dare, sir, on de hill yonder."

"Well, you can't go there with the horse. I'll take care of him ; hand him over," replied the soldier.

And so the horse, saddled and bridled, was passing by me to the rear, when I learned the facts of his capture. Directing the soldier to bring him to me after the fight was over, we moved on, and, as related, sent "Marse Ashby" and his cavalry whirling up the valley.

Having occasion towards night to visit General Banks at his headquarters, distant about three miles, I called for this horse, jumped on his back, and let him take his own gait. Though it was a still night, I found from the way in which the air was rushing past my face that my horse must be going at great speed ; and this impression was strengthened by



hearing behind me the rapid gallop of a horse, attempting in vain to pass. Presently I heard exclamations from the rider, "Jerusalem!" then sounds of urging to greater speed, until my pursuer was on a run. My horse had not broken his gait, which was a singular mixture of a trot and a pace; for although he moved his legs on one side of his body together (the characteristic of a pace), yet his fore feet were thrown out with such a proud and lofty shock that it bore every semblance to a trot. I pulled up my horse to a slower gait, when in a moment my pursuer was by my side, exclaiming,—

"Mister, what sort of a horse do you call that?"

"Why,—a very good horse, is he not?"

"Good horse!" (with emphasis) "I call my horse a good horse, and I have been on the tight run to catch you and could n't do it, and you only trotting."

The man belonged to a New York cavalry regiment, so he told me, was a private, and on duty as orderly, carrying despatches to Gen. Banks. It was very amusing to see his look of astonishment and hear his delicate apology as he found he had been chasing a colonel of infantry in the dark—but, "I do think that horse is a stunner," he still insisted.

I next tried the horse with those of our cavalry, and found he beat them all in leaping; indeed, Gen. Hatch, commanding the cavalry, acknowledged there was no horse in his command that could compete with him. His jump was not a flying leap, it was really a jump. He approached the fence or bar slowly, and preferred to do so at a walk, then slowly rising on his hind legs threw over his fore feet, following with the rest of his body with a muscular energy that would unseat a careless rider. I found I could travel across the country without stopping to take down fences. I have often seen our pickets stare with amazement as I galloped towards them, taking all the fences in my path. I never lowered anything but the riding-rail of a Virginia fence, and I did that for my own comfort, though I think the horse would have gone over it with

urging. It was not long before general attention was attracted to my horse. One could not see without admiring him. His weight was over eleven hundred, and his height in proportion to his weight. His nostril was of enormous size; his ear was large, but well-made and expressive; his tail was handsome and full; his mane soft but not thick, though slightly flowing; his color was a dark bay, with a black streak running from his mane along his back to the roots of his tail. In repose he was quiet; but mount him, and witness the change. Then his neck arched, his immense nostril dilated, his teeth impatiently champed the heavy cavalry bit; every nerve was strung for instant and intense action. You felt in every fibre of your body that mass of muscle and of nerve, and you knew that there was strength, will, and courage that could be broken only with his life. It was a hard day's work you would have, if you were restless and impatient when you mounted for your day's march. So finely-strung was this horse, that an approach to composure was only possible when the rider was calm.

After our fight with Jackson at Winchester, we were ordered to cross the Blue Ridge, to join Pope for his campaign. On our first day's march we passed the house where "Ashby" (so I had named the horse) was raised. My quartermaster had a nice eye for a horse, and had made up his mind that mine was a prize. "If you want to get rid of that horse," he had once or twice insinuated, "I should be willing to take him off your hands;" but meeting no encouragement, he finally admitted that he knew more about the animal than I did, and he would point out the horse's old home when we came to it. It was a charming little old house on the summit of the Blue Ridge, with a view away off in the valley towards the Potomac. There were trees to shade from the hot sun; there were green fields and fresh breezes, everything favorable to the nurture of such a horse.

There was an old negro at the house, and he, I knew, could

tell me something of my capture ; but I preferred to let this old servant make the discovery if he could. So I ordered all the horses of my staff, with some others, to be tied together in the woods, and then, calling to the negro, I asked him if any one from that house had gone away into Ashby's cavalry.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "Marse John, he's gone with Marse Ashby."

"Did he take a horse with him from here?"

"Oh, yes, he took a horse from dis house."

"Do you know the horse?"

"Do I know him? Oh, yes, I raised him."

"Is he a good horse?"

"Yes, indeed, marssa, he's good horse ; he's son of de old horse, but he ain't quite ekle to him — no. No horse is ekle to him."

"Why not?"

"Why not! why, dat ole horse, he once run sixty mile in sixty minutes, and dis horse could n't do dat ; no, he could n't do dat."

"Look around here in the woods among these horses, and see if you see one that looks like the horse Marse John rode away," I said.

In a moment the darky's eyes opened as large as saucers. He had unerringly made straight for Ashby.

"Where you don get dat horse?" he exclaimed, as he fondled his old favorite. "Is Marse John dead?"

"No," I replied, "but we have captured his horse — away in the valley at Woodstock."

"Youse hev got mighty good horse, den ; dat's trufe."

That the horse was of famous breed, and that he was then old (how old I could not ascertain), was all the reliable information I could get.

But from the day of his capture until the close of the war that horse was my inseparable companion. Nothing could tire him or break his spirits. For days and nights in Pope's

campaign neither bridle nor saddle was removed, and all he ate was by hasty snatches at grass or musty hay ; and yet he came into Alexandria with a proud step and an unbroken courage, ready for the Maryland campaign.

I have never known such a horse ; I never expect to know one like him. Every moment a manifestation of power and gameness, fearless in his sweeping gallop, unmoved by the din of battle, his mettle inspired courage. He seemed to invite the thunders of war, and he never shrunk from the sound. In winter hardly sheltered from snow and ice, in summer exposed to the sun and rain, he bore his part in the campaigns of the war with a nerve and bearing that attracted the admiration of the army.

He was with me for eight months on a wretched sand-bar off Charleston during Gillmore's operations ; he was with me in Florida ; I carried him by sea to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi in July, where on transports he was borne around, and buffeted from place to place — now at Memphis, then at Arkansas, up the White River, at Vicksburg, and back again at New Orleans, then Mobile Bay, and on that malarious shore, until again transferred by sea to the Army of the Potomac, there to remain until the war closed, when I brought him to a quiet country home within twenty miles of Boston.

In a comfortable stable with a box stall, with every provision made for his comfort, old Ashby has passed a tranquil life. In his peaceful home, and with kind treatment, his disposition became gentler, and his response to caresses, never decided, was not so haughtily returned. I doubt if Ashby had ever been in harness, until I clothed his limbs in such ignoble bonds. He resisted stoutly and manfully at first, but at last, when an appeal to his reason was made, submitted, and behaved well if kindly and quietly treated. In this, as in everything about this horse, one could accomplish anything through reason — only appeal to his reasoning faculties. He had a

large brain, and could understand when appealed to. He could not be driven by blows. In our twelve years' companionship I never struck him a blow. Nothing would have tempted me to show passion, or to attempt to reach him but through reason and love. Therefore I always secured his best services, for they were never given from fear. For the nine years that have passed since the war closed, my pleasure and my joy have been greatly increased whenever I could contribute to the comfort or the wants of my faithful friend. To let him run in the field in summer, to lead him to the choicest bits of grass in the spring, to respond to his begging neigh when I came towards him in my daily visits, to pick up the choicest apples to be taken from my hand,—all these interchanges of mutual respect and affection added to my pleasure in life.

I have written these lines to tell of my faithful horse, though he has at last met that death which, on the battle-field or the ocean, in the chill of winter or the heat of summer, seemed long ago inevitable. Despite shelter and tenderest care and most nutritious food, he now sleeps under the green sod in the orchard where he has so many times played without restraint, in sight of the home that has so gently cared for him, of the stable that has so warmly sheltered him, and under the apple-trees whose food he has so often eaten, and whose blossoms whiten his grave. On Monday, the eighteenth of May, 1874, I was aroused early in the morning with the information that my poor old horse was in great pain, and would not eat. I lost not a moment in applying remedies, sending in the meanwhile for one more skilled.

Everything was tried, but nothing seemed to lessen the pain in the stomach. *There* was the seat of pain. Beseechingly would this intelligent animal look, first at one side, and then at the other, and then at us, appealing for help. In vain did he gallop wherever he inclined, trying one road and then another, the pasture and the field, and equally in vain rolling

and struggling, rising and lying down. The disease advanced with a force that defied us. Early in the afternoon it became evident the noble animal must die. He was lying down in the soft grass, some distance from the house, only occasionally lifting his head in an uneasy manner, as a sick child might toss himself in bed. All but myself had gone and left him. As I saw this splendid frame stretched helplessly on the earth, so exhausted by the agony he had suffered that he could but feebly lift his head ; as I saw that bright eye half closed, and heard the quick breath as it came through that great nostril ; as I saw my friend, my companion of so many years, so helpless before me, strength gone, muscles soft and feeble ; as the memory of all this dear companion had been came over me, I shed such tears as I thought never to shed again. Kneeling by him I stroked his face, and then gently raising his head coaxed him to attempt to rise. The rain was beginning to fall, and I wished to shelter him, and also that he might breathe his last in the old stable where he had stood so long. Putting forth all his dying force, and obedient to a call that he knew had never been made but in love, he staggered to his feet. Gently I led him, tottering and reeling, to his stable, where a soft bed had been prepared. I covered him with blankets, to retain as long as possible the ebbing life. It was now two o'clock. I doubt if there was much pain then ; the disease, or narcotics, seemed to stupefy him ; now and then he would still look around at his side, as if there in his stomach where it had begun, there the disease still remained.

For seven hours "Ashby" hardly moved from the spot where I had placed him in his stall ; there was but little restlessness, though his breathing became more rapid and labored, and this increased as the night came on. My last effort to save him was in rubbing his legs with mustard, and applying bandages ; but this gave no relief. His breath came shorter and shorter, his head dropped lower and lower, and at a quarter before nine at night he fell dead upon the floor. I



heard the rattle of death in his throat, as tenderly I closed his eyes ; then, turning from him, gently, lovingly, I said, " My poor old friend, my dear old companion, I have tried to be as faithful to you, as you have been true and constant to me."

## CHAPTER IV.

AT Edenburg the weather was sometimes like our own New England in June, when the air is warm and hazy, and the leaves rustle with a dreamy melody, and birds are exuberant with song. But hardly had we begun to feel in harmony with sunny days and blooming peach-trees and warm showers, before a change would come, as bitter as the hatred of the women of Virginia ; the ground covered with snow, the air thick with hail, and the distant mountains hidden in the chilling and frozen atmosphere. Our shivering sentinels on the outer lines met at times the gaze of half-frozen horsemen of the enemy, peering through the mist as if to see what the "Yankees" had been doing within the last twenty-four hours. It was hard to believe we were in the *sunny South*, for there was never more marrow-penetrating weather at the North. Life, entered upon at Edenburg under the excitement of a fight, became monotonous. Tents began to take in that fulness of equipment only accumulated by time ; and comforts began to show themselves, in thick layers of pine boughs, which served for both bed and carpet. For myself, an ordinary camp-stool was devoted to official use as my table ; while boot-leggings, gauntlets, sword, field and spy glass, candle, matches, hair and tooth brush, looking-glass, carpet-bag, box, india-rubber cloak, wash-basin and pail, with sundry old newspapers in a pile, lay in confusion upon the ground. Six stones in a circle enclosed the dead ashes that sometimes supplied heat, although I usually relied upon a fire of logs in front of my tent, which generally smoked the inside suffi-

ciently. If one inquires whence came articles of comfort, I will answer them according to the reply I received from an officer of my staff. "Why, you see, sir, my boy Jim is a very good servant, and has a faculty of *finding* whatever is wanted. I wanted a surcingle for my horse,—Jim found one in the woods; same with a drinking-cup, two chairs, and various other little things. He now is in search of a ham, a frying-pan, and a tea-kettle. I have n't a doubt he will find them in the woods." Well, there was novelty in the life, and good cheer at night around the camp-fires, while scenes and incidents of the day were related. I recall the brightly gleaming face of our chaplain, with the firelight glancing from his spectacles. I hear his jolly laugh, as his rotund form seems to swell with very comfort before the blaze; I hear again my horse's uneasy tramp behind my tent, chided with the vociferous Whoa! of my groom; again the bands of distant regiments playing merrily at their evening hours, the men chaffing in their tents; and the voice of our indefatigable *Stephen*, who, announcing "Supper is ready, sir!" invites us into a bower of pines where he repeats night after night the same bill,—of tea, strong enough to whip a "Monitor," ham, tongue, and bread, perhaps toast.

On Sundays the religious services by our chaplain came to us with a new meaning. We had seen death enough then to call attention to our own mortality; and the men and officers were more attentive on Sundays than at Winchester, and listened to beautiful selections read by the chaplain in a clear voice, from an Episcopal prayer-book. The band played, and sang, too, some of the old-time tunes; and many perceived that a gap in their existence, which they had long felt without knowing what it was, had been filled. But our days at Edenburg were soon to be of the past. Jackson's main force was not very near us; they were some eight miles away, at Mount Jackson, and ready to run when we approached. It was Jackson's faithful officer, Ashby, against whom our fourteen guns

had been daily pouring forth their torrents of fire, — against his guns of shorter range, English ammunition, and shells that did not always burst.

On the seventeenth of April, when the joyful news came to move forward in pursuit of Jackson, it was received with cheers of delight. The objective point was New Market, fifteen miles farther southward on the pike. If the enemy were disposed to give battle, there were some strong positions on our route. The military problem, therefore, was to turn them with one column, while another moved forward. Mill Creek, at Mount Jackson, like Stony Creek, at Edenburg, rises in the range of mountains bounding the valley on the west, flows at right angles to the pike, crosses it, and empties into the North Fork of the Shenandoah. On the south side of the creek, a few hundred yards from the bridge, rises the commanding hill, called Mount Jackson. The pike passes through the flat bottom-land, south of the creek, before it winds over the hill. The summit not only commands all the approaches, but, if held, makes the crossing of the pike and bridge at the creek an exceedingly difficult operation, exposing an attacking force along the narrow, uncovered roadway to a destructive fire. At four o'clock in the morning, our whole command moved across the creek at Edenburg, forward for Mount Jackson. The leading column, commanded by Gen. Shields, and comprising his division, was formed at midnight, and crossed the creek before daylight, hoping to take the enemy by surprise. Gen. Williams commanded the reserve, which was made up of his division, in which was my brigade, and, of course, our regiment. From Edenburg to the westward, a dirt road, called the middle, runs (at a varying distance from one mile to two) nearly parallel to the pike, with which it unites at Harrisonburg. When Shields advanced, a small force, as a flanking column (should the enemy stand before reaching Mount Jackson), moved on this middle road to join the main body at that place. As the enemy knew as well as we what we were about,

it was no surprise to us, that, when the advance reached the place where the enemy's pickets had been posted, nothing but expiring camp-fires were found.

The negroes told our men that the rebels had moved off, but a short time before we came up. We followed after them, one mile in rear of Shields, until the hot sun beat down upon our troops, and the dust covered them, and their knapsacks became a burden. When it became a certainty that Jackson would not meet us this side of Mount Jackson, we proceeded more leisurely. As usual, Ashby put his guns in position once or twice on a wooded hill, and sent his shells howling over us, but he did no harm. Our batteries replied, and Ashby moved on. Thus we proceeded until the bridge across the creek at Mount Jackson was reached, where there was some heavy skirmishing. Ashby with his white horse was conspicuous, in an attempt to burn the bridge, and we in an attempt to save it, and we succeeded; our cavalry dashed over, and extinguished the flames. The enemy now retired behind the hill at Mount Jackson, and our troops were drawn up in line of battle on the north side of the creek. Some of the enemy's forces were distinctly visible on the summit of the hill. We had come up with Jackson's main command. Would he fight here? It was thought he might: so a flanking column was again organized, to proceed along the north side of the creek to the middle road, then turning south to follow it to New Market; thus turning Mount Jackson, Rude's Hill, and all other strong positions on the road. The turning column comprised two brigades, one of Shields's Division, commanded by Col. Dunning, and my brigade. With orders to attack Jackson in rear or join the main column if he had fled, I moved off at noon accompanied by signal officers, to keep up a constant communication with the main column. The sun was then pouring down a blasting heat, the men were tired already from their early start, and the road was a succession of quagmires and stone ledges. The

column kept pretty well up until we made our first halt, which was when we struck the middle road, about a mile and a half from the pike. Here we found a house, rather pretentious for the country, with a cupola, affording our signal officers an extensive view; and across the road a store, which with the house was owned by one Rinker. As a Virginian, Rinker did not invite us to partake of his hospitality: both house and store were closed. While we rested, some of our men, becoming too inquisitive, broke the fastenings to the store, and began to levy upon straw hats for the summer campaign. I had observed the unhappy Rinker flitting uneasily around, and was not unaware of his mingled emotions of rage, fear, and cupidity. The man had objected to the signal officers using his cupola, and had borne himself as one defiant before his enemy; but this breaking into his store unmanned him in a moment, and he begged for my interposition. I pitied him, and restored some of his property; although enough was retained to punish what I then thought was one of the most pestilent rebels that ever cursed the Yankees. What became of Rinker and his store, during the campaigns that followed in the valley, I leave to the imagination to conceive. At about forty minutes after two, I received a note from my assistant adjutant-general, whom I had sent forward to communicate with Col. Dunning, that that officer, with four regiments, two batteries, and one squadron, was about two and a half or three miles in advance; that he was ordered to proceed to New Market that night, and would like to have me keep within one mile of him.

Although Dunning's brigade went ahead, it was largely in the rear. His men began to drop out shortly after leaving Mount Jackson; and from there to New Market they were scattered along the road singly and in twenties. They dropped down anywhere, and at once were fast asleep. It would not be an exaggeration to say that there were one thousand stragglers on that march of eleven or twelve miles; there was a complete



chain of them. To be sure the road was of the worst description; it was a succession of clayey sloughs, with deep mud alternating with rocky hills. There were creeks to be forded, in which the water came up to the men's knees; so that shoes, originally bad, were rendered so useless by alternate drying and soaking, that many of our own men marched along on that weary day in an oppressive heat in their stocking feet. The prospect of a fight was exciting, and our brigade listened eagerly for sounds from the few left in Dunning's brigade. Still we plodded on until dark; every one completely exhausted; I had been in the saddle from 4 A. M. until 9 P. M. We were within two miles of New Market, and well in rear of Rude's Hill and all other threatening positions, when the column halted, and the men fell asleep as soon as they touched the ground. In the morning we learned that Shields had, the night before, passed through the town, and gone four miles beyond it; that Jackson had made no stand at Rude's Hill, but that at ten o'clock, two hours at least before we began our grand flank movement, he had passed through New Market, which is four miles farther south than the point to be turned by our flanking march. There was then nothing for us to do but join the main column by a diverging dirt road, which, first crossing the Shenandoah at a ford, led us into the main pike at the town. After a scanty breakfast, the river was reached, the passage effected, and afterwards described as follows:—\*

"The passage of the Shenandoah was a ludicrous sight. The river was very swift, waist-deep, and very rocky; the Massachusetts men generally held up their coat-skirts, and went in as they were; the Indiana boys went in in a uniform of boots, shirt and coat carefully tucked up to be out of the water. An individual is a funny-enough-looking spectacle in such a dress, or rather undress, but a whole regiment, officers

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\* Lieut. H. B. Scott, Second Massachusetts Regiment, A. D. C.

and men alike the same, makes a sight that is quite overpowering. Every one came over safely, but a few guns were lost. The current was so strong that it took the legs out from under several of the men, and gave them a good washing, an operation that long abstinence rendered sadly necessary."

Having forded the Shenandoah safely, we marched through New Market, and went into camp just beyond the town. The resistance we had met was weak, weaker than we expected, and was a disappointment, both to our own men and the rebel inhabitants of the valley, who, as yet, had no cause to praise Jackson for the results of the battle of Kernstown, or for retaining our forces in the valley, if that was his motive.

From Harper's Ferry to New Market I have thus given a faithful narrative of the opposition we encountered from General Jackson and his army. At Charlestown, at Winchester, and at Strasburg we had heard extravagant stories of the great resistance we were to meet. It was always at some point farther on. At New Market we heard that Jackson had left the valley. What this signified we found out afterwards; but of what had transpired one may well imagine our feelings in reading that "Jackson then crept along in the days succeeding Kernstown, like a wounded wolf, but turning every moment to snap at his pursuers, and offer battle if they pressed on him."\*

Though the valley from Strasburg had at every step developed new beauties, the scene at New Market impressed me that this was one of the most lovely valleys I had seen. Such rich slopes and green fields, magnificent vales and grand mountains, ever in sight as we followed the North Fork of the Shenandoah — they were not only entirely beyond my descriptive powers, but were enough to transport me with ecstasy.

At New Market we found peach-trees that had been in bloom since the 10th of April; and fields, too, green with a

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\* Cooke's Life of Stonewall Jackson, p. 126.

magnificent growth of wheat. Just south of the village, on the banks of Smith's Creek, at the foot of the Massanutten range of mountains, and near where a road crosses through a gap to the valley through which runs the South Fork of the Shenandoah, I encamped my brigade in the middle of an immense wheat-field, off our main road perhaps one third of a mile. On this road and in front of my encampment was a brick house, somewhat pretentious in size and finish. It surprised me that access to the house from the main road was effected only through an extensive cattle-yard, but upon further investigation I found the front door at the back side of the house. The back was formerly the front side, I was told; but many years ago the road was relocated, so that it ran by the back side and through the cow-yard; and, although the owner had been constantly intending to relocate the cow-yard, he had never accomplished it.

The house was owned by a man who was then away in the rebel service, with Jackson, as a quarter-master: but he had left to our protection his wife and three or four children; an old gentleman, a relative, once a practising physician, about eighty years of age; and a large family of negroes. Such was the human portion of the estate. Of cattle and horses, two of the former and one of the latter had been left by the Confederate quarter-master. The estate, I was told, comprised some fifteen hundred acres, much of it then covered with a rich growth of wheat, destined, alas! never to be gathered. The day after my arrival, I received rather a polite invitation from the wife of our rebel quarter-master to make her house my headquarters; the request was pressing, if not imploring. With over three thousand armed men—enemies they were considered—swarming around the premises of this defenceless woman, I easily understood this appeal for protection. I found the poor woman trembling in her bedroom, surrounded by her three boys, the eldest about fifteen and the youngest about five. It was in vain that she

attempted to repress her tears, as she told me of harsh treatment by our troops as she sought in vain to prevent the old family horse from being taken away by a trooper of the cavalry arm. Her eldest boy, too, was choking down his grief, as if pride was battling with sorrow. Proud Virginians, never before humbled ; lords and masters of domain and slaves, their word the law ; I sympathized with them in their sorrows, ordered the old horse to be returned to the old uncle, and not only gave assurance that I would protect them from further insult, but also that every wish in relation to the house should be carried out. To the poor woman, I offered myself as a protector, in the absence of a husband who had fled, and left her at our mercy.

To comply with the wishes of the family, since no military requirement would suffer thereby, seemed my best course ; so I installed myself and staff in the house, and enjoyed, during the few cheerless days we remained, the warmth of a huge fire of logs.

The sky, which had looked so tenderly upon us on the day of our arrival, was now covered with angry clouds, the sun was obscured, and we remained inactive under the chill of a snow-storm. Enjoyment out-of-doors was impossible ; while entertainment within was confined to the study of a coarse print of George Washington, in which, upon such an occasion, the Father of his Country looked uncommonly placid. An old piano, some ancient novels, a few books of old operas, prints of French republican heroes in childhood, — all were tried in vain : we fell back upon the old doctor. This old gentleman of eighty insisted upon it we had brought Northern storms with us ; all of which he lamented as he saw the white snow-flakes nestling so gently within and around the blossoms of his peach-trees. Such a good-natured old gentleman as he was, it was impossible to get angry with him, as he insisted upon it, with a good-natured smile, that McClellan would be whipped on the peninsula ; that he hoped for it, and did not

for a moment doubt it. But, though under my protection, I was sorry sometimes to see the "grim-visaged front of war" overspread the face of our otherwise kind hostess; for she was very rebellious, as one might well imagine. I think it quite possible she objected to a little entertainment I gave the negroes. It was this. Never doubting from the outset that it was the right, as well as duty, of our armies to declare to all the Southern slaves we found around us that they were forever free, I sent word to all the negroes that had called my hostess *mistress* to come, at a certain hour, into my office, the best parlor of my rebel quarter-master. I think a few outsiders joined them, for the line extended across the room, and there were more than I remembered to have seen around the place. What a sight! what an hour! Steadfastly, though in apathy, this motley gang of dark and ragged creatures gazed at me in wonder. The gray-haired uncle, the wrinkled auntie, the young, the middle-aged, there they were, to hear from my lips the word their too-long-enslaved faculties could hardly appreciate. "I have sent for you," I said, "to tell you that from to-day, for all your lives, you are free. You belong to no one, you need work for no one, unless you wish." I paused, and waited; but there was no movement, not a word in reply. "Wherever," I continued, "our armies go, we shall set all the slaves free; and, now that we are here, you are forever hereafter your own masters." Still, not a word was uttered; but, instead thereof, there was an anxious, earnest, painful look of inquiry, as if the mind could not grasp the subject. "Can you say nothing," I asked, "can you do nothing, to show that you are glad? Can't you even turn a summersault in reply?" For a moment there was hesitation; and then, from the gray-haired old darky at the end to one younger and more agile, "Go ober, George." In the most solemn and matter-of-fact rendering of obedience to an order, down went "George's" head on the carpet, and over he flopped with an awkward thud. This was all; and thus, with senses dull to all it meant, the line filed out, each



heart beating with some undefined sensation, as if a great joy were coming.

Truly, the hour of the negro's triumph had come at last. They had seen their master's glance of scorn at the threatened invasion ; they had trembled before his imperious will, and, in their ignorance, they had come to feel that none could withstand him. No wonder they could not take it in. Here, in the very home of their toils, they had seen the lordly slave-owner fleeing before the strong arm of a Northern force ; they had seen those of whom they had heard nought but scoffs and jeers moving with their solid columns in terrible retribution over the blue ridges of their mountain confines, across the green fields in the valleys of the Shenandoah, into the homes of their masters, sitting as masters at their firesides, eating as masters at their tables, protecting their wives and their children. Truly might the slave see the hour of his deliverance, and know that the hand of God was moving manifestly upon the waters. Since that day, the light tread of our column gave place to a heavier tramp. Year after year, the iron hoof of war ploughed up that beautiful valley, until desolation marked it for its own. If the poor woman who was then sitting at the head of a table which was surrounded by 'myself and my staff still lives, she will remember that, in those early days of 1862, I said to her, "Your people are mad ; they are raising a storm that will not subside. To-day we are taking your food and your cattle ; but to-morrow, so far does the living force of powerful armies outrun our realizations, to-morrow it may be your homes." Let the blackened walls of the houses of the Shenandoah valley be my witness. But what had become of Jackson ? We had rumors that he had turned off from the valley of the North Fork, and was somewhere in the ridges of the Blue Mountains, to the eastward, and in communication with Lee around Richmond. The whole of the valley gave evidence of his ruthless flight. Bridges burnt to impede our pursuit, was a greater injury to the industry of the inhabitants than to us :



it might retard, but it did not bar, our progress. I was astonished at the evidence of forced service, required by the enemy from the citizens of this valley ; the mountains were filled with Virginians escaping from forced levies. Wandering sadly along by the side of the creek, near my encampment at New Market, I saw a poor white woman, followed by her children, — five little girls and a boy. In her arms she carried a baby ; and, behind her children, followed the faithful dog. To my question, she answered that she was going to her sick brother. Her home was in the mountains ; but, her husband having been driven from his home by some of Jackson's men, who were forcing recruits into his service, she could not live there without his help. "As soon as you come here to protect him," said the woman, "he has promised to return home. What would I not give to see him !"

On the 25th of April, on Friday, we again moved with our whole force onward up the valley. Along by the base of the Massanutten range of mountains on our left, leaving our old friend the Shenandoah to the west, in which direction it runs to its sources in the North Mountains, we followed Smith's Creek until we reached Harrisonburg ; and there we encamped. We were eighteen miles from New Market, and about eighty from Winchester. At Harrisonburg we found that Jackson had changed his course. Having left the valley of the North Fork he had turned southeasterly, taking the main pike which runs in that direction to Gordonsville, distant about forty miles. At Gordonsville there was rail communication with Staunton, Richmond, and Alexandria. But Jackson had as usual encamped about twenty miles from us, and was now in the valley of the North Fork of the Shenandoah to the east of our mountain range, and on the east side of the Shenandoah, where the Gordonsville pike crosses that stream by a long covered bridge. While holding Harrisonburg with our cavalry and an advanced guard of infantry, we turned to follow him. For a few days our operations were confined to the usual

skirmish with Jackson's rear-guard: we advanced, they retreated; and we followed them through the classic shades of Keezle and Magaughy towns to the east, around the base of the peaked mountain where the two valleys of the Shenandoah flow into one, along the pike to the bridge over the North Fork of the Shenandoah at Penn's Ferry, a distance of twenty miles from our main encampment at Harrisonburg. At this point Jackson, determined to burn the bridge if we attempted to cross, had lined it with light kindling-wood, to ignite at the touch. As along the valley, so here, there was constant picket-firing. During my only visit to the extreme outpost, where the Twenty-Eighth Regiment under Col. Donnelly was stationed, I saw one of his men, who had been shot at his post by some expert and remorseless rebel hunter, lying dead at the station. Once, however, the enemy, failing to make the bridge in time, were overtaken by our cavalry, and prisoners were brought into Harrisonburg. With General Hatch commanding the cavalry, I rode in; the prisoners following in our rear. One of the rebel officers, being greatly annoyed at the triumphant tones of our men, turned to rebuke them, at which the storm began to rage with such violence that I was compelled to order the prisoner to maintain silence.

While my brigade was encamped in the field, I made my own headquarters within the house, where dwelt the owner of the domain. She was an elderly matron of very strong secession proclivities, and given to lamentation over the destruction which three thousand soldiers brought to her fields. There were no fences left to divide tillage from pasture, or grain-fields from roads. When her complaints were loudest, I informed her of the capture of New Orleans, of which we had just heard through the war department; then enlightened her as to the condition of slave property, and that no restraint could be used if her slaves chose to leave her and follow us. Sometimes her replies were acrimonious,

sometimes pitiful. Indeed, who could help feeling something akin to pity for these poor people, bending under the power of their conquerers. But with pity came also exultation, for scarcely a day passed that some stronghold was not wrested from traitors. All along our sea-coast, all along our inland rivers, at New Orleans, and in many places along the course of that mighty river the Mississippi, floated the old flag. The reduction of Yorktown we looked upon as an assured fact, so of Corinth. The army and the country gave thanks to God that the end seemed so near ; and a mightier feeling of exultation came over us, that questions which had troubled the country beyond endurance, questions which the wisest and best in our land could not solve, were now at rest forever — slavery dead beyond restitution, and the insufferable arrogance and conceit of the Southern people being whipped out of them. Here was a strong Northern army holding forcible possession of their lands and of their mansions, replying to their complaints that they would have it so, would have us come from the North to free their slaves, take their cattle, and reply to their complaints by the question, “Do you like it?” and offer the consolation that the morrow might bring forth a greater sorrow, even a forfeiture of their lives and lands. “Oh, anything to end this war!” was again and again the wailing reply. “Will you advise the laying down of arms, and submission, to end it?” Then the flush of anger came, and the graceless temper cried, “No! rather war to the bitter end than that.” “Then the question becomes not one of secession, but subjugation,” I answered. “We are determined to whip, yes, subjugate you, if we must! and perhaps the strength we put forth, the courage we display, will make the South more willing to live with a people you once affected to despise, but whom now you will find as brave as yourselves. The end may not be yet, may not be until your towns and cities are deserted save by women and old men, not until all your property is destroyed by the passage of armies, not until your communications are broken up, your

bridges and roads obliterated, not until your country is flooded with a worthless currency, not until your children, even, are pressed into service, until every mother has an aching heart, and every household an absent son. We can now make peace with you upon such terms that both North and South can mutually rejoice, and there will then come a celebration, the like of which our country has never seen; but, as it is, we must press on. Let your achievements be never so heroic, ours shall adorn the page of history with as proud successes, while the inspiration of our mothers, sisters, and homes shall equally with yours swell our hearts and nerve our arms with courage."

While the main body of the Fifth Army Corps was at Harrisonburg, Gen. Banks made his headquarters at New Market Crossing the Massanutten range of mountains at a gap of that name, a wide road leads from the North Fork valley of the Shenandoah eastwardly over the mountain into the valley of the South Fork, affording Jackson a splendid opportunity, if we were unguarded, of taking us in rear. This gap-road, just before leaving the mountain on the eastern side, diverges into two branches, one of which crosses the South Fork of the Shenandoah at Columbia Bridge, the other at Massanutten town and thence to Luray. To guard this important road, Col. Sullivan, of Shields's Division, had been left at Columbia Bridge. About the 1st of May, Sullivan informed Banks that a deserter at Columbia Bridge reported that on the 30th of April Jackson moved with his whole force towards Harrisonburg; and then, he believed, he returned and marched towards Port Republic. The deserter estimated his whole force to be about fifteen thousand men, composed of twelve or fifteen regiments, commanded by Jackson, Taliaferro, Winder, and Ewell, and added that Jackson expected additional reinforcements. That Col. Sullivan was in the same state of excitement as when at Strasburg, was apparent from a despatch received from him, dated at Columbia Bridge at 2.25 P. M., addressed by signal to Gen. Banks, announcing that "rebels

drove in my pickets at Burnt Bridge and on Gordonsville road, started out reinforcements and am now driving them, will report fully." Burnt Bridge lies south of Columbia Bridge, over which the road to Gordonsville and Richmond crosses the Shenandoah. Fearing that we would not fall into the little trap of moving to Staunton, against which McClellan warned Banks, it might be that Jackson was trying all approaches to our rear, believing he would not have the opportunity to crush us with reinforcements in his own good time. With the pass across the mountain well guarded, with our advance at least sixteen and a half miles southeast of Harrisonburg, up to the Shenandoah at Conrad's Store, we were holding Jackson at arm's-length. What now was to be done? How would higher powers move in the concentration that would force the yet lingering life of rebeldom out of its ugly body? It seemed as if the gloom and uncertainty, that had so recently covered everything as with a pall, was being dispelled. Every day deserters came to us in their gray uniforms to say that not more than half of Jackson's army would fight; that they were worn out with service, and had no idea of the cause nor the object of the war; also that the privates of Jackson's army had heard of but a single victory gained by us, that of Fort Donelson; and this "one of their boys accidentally saw in a newspaper." At this time, too, the administration in divers ways gave out that the end was nigh; that the services of our troops would be required but for two or three months longer. An Indiana regiment, offered, and enlisted but for one year, the government were unwilling to accept, and wished to muster it out at once; but finally declared that they were willing to keep it for sixty or ninety days longer, for that was as long, it was said, as the government would want any troops; and this from Secretary Stanton. "When Yorktown falls, the end has come," was the cry. I think the feeling that he had better strike now, while he was here, suggested to one of the officers of the Second Massachusetts to



call upon me upon "very important business," as he said ; which was, that he was engaged to be married to a young lady in Winchester, and wished a leave of absence for six days that he might go back and be married. He had met his love for the first time at a house in that town, where I had sent him in command of a guard. He went, he saw, was conquered ; he a Yankee, she a Virginian ; he Union, she a rebel. I gave this officer a leave of absence, and he was married. It was said at this time in the regiment that I had prophesied for the coming 19th of July, that I would march the Second Regiment up State Street in Boston ; and in a letter stating the prophecy, I added, " Verily, it looks so."

Whether on the main, the middle, or the back road of that lovely Shenandoah valley, rich with its green fields stretching off for miles and miles ; wherever our foragers wandered, we were the first to cull dainties from rich farms, then looking very unlike the starvation and misery which afterwards befell the people. While we were at Harrisonburg, purchases were made of two chickens, two ducks, one turkey, two dozen eggs, and three pounds of butter, all for \$1.50 in specie, which was then equal to \$5.00 in rebel money. At the sight of silver and gold, the eyes of the farmers opened wide, and they clutched our silver quarters, as a drowning man a straw ; for they had not seen any silver, they said, since April of 1861. And yet their foolish pride and faith, or something worse, made this people contend that their shinplasters were as good as our greenbacks, and not only profess it, but act up to it, to the manifest advantage of one rather smart officer, who bought a twenty-dollar confederate note for twelve dollars in silver, and then exchanged it with an eager secessionist in town for a twenty-dollar bill in our currency. The sutlers realized great profits from this traffic ; while some of them added horse-stealing to the business, and so contrived to keep the wolf from the door for a while, though there is but little doubt that Ashby and Moseby finally got even with the sutlers,



and restored more to Virginia than she lost. It was a cause of complaint among some of our officers that I always paid "every one of these secesh" for what I took from them; though it was declared that I more than compensated for it by setting free every ducky I came across.

While our occupation of Harrisonburg was drawing to a close, information was received from the secretary of war that "Yorktown had been evacuated." "Let the boys yell," wrote Gen. Williams to me, in a note announcing this news; and this note was followed by another "that there are strong rumors about Richmond."

Sunday came, the 4th of May, and brought Gen. Banks unexpectedly to the front. He came to call together the general officers of his command, to discuss the practicability and wisdom of a movement against Jackson. Hardly, however, had the subject been broached, when a despatch from the secretary of war quenched the rising flame. We (Williams's Division with all the cavalry and artillery) were ordered to return to Strasburg, while Shields with his Division was ordered to cross the Blue Ridge, and join McDowell at Fredericksburg. The change was to take place immediately; we were to move at daylight on the return to New Market. The glories of a campaign in the valley, so full of promise, were fading.

During the day and night of Sunday, preparations for the return were made. On Monday morning, some movement of the enemy, probably following up our rear-guard, as it was withdrawn from the outpost and picket stations, gave rise to a rumor that Jackson was drawing near for a fight. Gen. Williams wrote me a few hurried words confirming the report.\* As absurd as I then believed the rumor, unless Jackson had dropped down upon us from the clouds, I got my brigade in readiness for a movement; which turned out to be for

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\* COL. GORDON, — It is reported that Jackson is within three miles. Have your command ready for orders.

marching, and not fighting. The unusual bustle which attended the preparation, however, affected the occupants of my headquarters differently. No doubt my splenetic landlady was overjoyed at the prospect of our departure ; though she was, and had been ever since our arrival, apprehensive of the effect upon her slaves. A more miserable, watery, unhealthy cellar, than the half-underground basement where I had often seen an unhappy slave woman, I had not before encountered. So sickly and feeble seemed this unhappy creature, though she was young, scarcely over thirty, that I had spoken kindly, and encouraged her to leave such a *home*. Although she replied that she should go when we left, I thought no more of her until the confusion of our departure, when "Peggy" came to say, —

"I'm gwine wid ye."

"Very well," I replied, "come along."

"No, but I can't go widout my chile," she answered.

"Then bring it with you."

"I can't, I hab n't got her."

"Where is she?"

"Ober dar at Miss ——, she hab her."

"Go and get her, then, if you have time."

"She won't gib her up to me."

"What shall I do? I have no time now to send."

"You jes gib me a writin', an' I'll go wid it."

"That won't do you any good ; our troops are all leaving here ; the people won't mind our writings."

"Yase, it will," insisted Peggy, "you jes gib me writin'."

Persuaded by her importunity, I scrawled off and signed with my name and official rank an order to Miss —— to deliver over immediately one colored child, the daughter of said Peggy ; and this on the pains and perils of disobedience. Then Peggy passed out of my mind ; for new rumors came that Jackson was about attempting to seize the gap-road across the mountains, which connects the two

valleys at New Market, the road where Col. Sullivan's pickets were attacked on the Gordonsville pike. While our columns were hurrying along the road, my eyes fell upon my Peggy, keeping up with the artillery, the wagons, and the columns of infantry, and bearing on her shoulders the brightest and most sparkling little pickaninny that was ever born to woman of African descent. I was surprised, and when I saw the mother's happiness delighted. With the child (given to her without any hesitation, she said), and a large bundle, about the size of the one that the fugitive slave woman was formerly represented in pictorial advertisements in Southern papers as bearing, when she "ran away from the subscriber," she was fleeing from slavery, clinging to our guns and to the columns of our infantry for protection. Telling her to come to my camp, when we halted for the night (she assured me she could keep up), I rode on pondering on the amazing changes which time works in the field of human events; upon the fleeing fugitive, hiding in swamps and tracked by bloodhounds, to the fugitive fearless in the presence of ten thousand bayonets, glistening in the arms of ten thousand hated abolitionists: for this was what we practically had become. I did not see Peggy again for two or three days; for hardly had we arrived at New Market, hoping to make up for the want of rest of Sunday night, and the exhausting march of twenty miles on Monday, when, the fright at headquarters continuing, we were ordered to tear away from the prospect of comfortable beds, and move out in the darkness, ascend the mountain, and cross to the valley of the North Fork of the Shenandoah, on the eastern side of the range.

When Major Copeland brought the order from Gen. Banks, he inspired the officers of the Second Massachusetts Regiment to throw off fatigue by promising a battle surely in the morning; and he also gave me the information in writing that it was reported that Jackson had divided his force and had five thousand men this side the river (I suppose he referred to the

Luray valley), and six thousand men the other, which "if so," adds Copeland, "one party may be destroyed by a timely movement."

I left Banks's headquarters in New Market at twelve at night, with no more information of the purposes and probabilities of this march than when I entered, and with my weary column reached the top of the mountain at sunrise on the 6th of May. Here I halted for a moment to refresh the troops with the marvellous beauty of the scene. In the golden light we saw far below us in the valley the apple, peach, and cherry trees in full bloom; the rich green of the growing wheat, the green grass, and the lovely tints of the new verdure of the forest trees. My horse crushed the most beautiful violets, growing in clusters on hillside, in footpath, and by many mountain streams which flowed onward to swell the Shenandoah at our feet. Without long delay we pushed on for the foot of the mountain on the other (eastern) side, where we were promised a sight of the enemy. We reached the end of our long and toilsome night march to find that it was a false alarm, — no enemy, no prospect of any fight. So we fell down to deep slumbers; I had not closed my eyes for two nights. Here I published to my brigade the news of the evacuation of Yorktown. The men cheered on the sides of that magnificent old mountain with such vociferous shouts, that the echo must have rolled through the valley, reverberating from the Blue Ridge, and answered back again from the tops of the higher ranges over which we had climbed. Save that I here tied a sutler to a tree, and confiscated all his stock for selling liquor to my men, I accomplished nothing that tended to a result.

On the 8th of May, returning from the mountain, we again pitched our tents in New Market; and I do not recall more sleepy and dreamy hours than for a few days were passed here, while awaiting the order to return to Strasburg.

The official report of the evacuation by the enemy of

Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., we received on Sunday, the 11th of May, the anniversary of the day on which the Second Massachusetts Regiment was mustered into the service of the United States for three years or the war.

New Orleans, Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Yorktown snatched from the rebel grasp, we counted as surely upon Richmond to follow; and so, in noisy demonstrations with the bands, we celebrated our anniversary, saddened only by the reflection that to us had fallen the ignoble task of holding Strasburg for the protection of the valley.

On the 13th of May Williams's Division re-entered Strasburg. The roads, the bridges, the scenes, and the people were little changed; but the contrast between the advancing and retreating march was most noticeable. Now there was no pursuit, no ubiquitous Ashby: it was a dull, tame, dead level of safety. The important bridge over the creek at Mount Jackson, which, in fight, and in flight on our advance, Ashby had attempted to destroy, and which it was necessary to preserve to carry us from New Market to the rear, was saved to us, somewhat, by two telegraphic operators armed with two sabres and three revolvers,\* and somewhat by the absence of the enemy. Although I made haste to relieve the gallant operators from their voluntary guard duty, I do not remember what message I sent to Gen. Banks's assistant

\* FROM MOUNT JACKSON, May 10, 1862.

TO MAJ.-GEN. N. P. BANKS:

All the guards have been withdrawn from this place, and the bridge near here. As we would not like to see the bridge destroyed, and especially at this time, we have assumed command, and mustered all the force we can, consisting in all of five men, and will do the best we can to protect it with this small squad, who are armed with two sabres and three revolvers.

We are very respectfully yours,

HALL & LOUNSBURG,

*Government operators.*

adjutant-general's *clerk*, by whom I was requested to make a report.\*

In the middle of a vast clover-field just on the outskirts of the town, our regiment with the others of my brigade were encamped. By orders from Washington, we were to fortify Strasburg; † therefore we did the best we could to throw up an incomplete field-work upon a hill in the middle of the town, and a long line of simple breastworks in the southerly part.

From the 13th to the 23d of May this not too exciting task furnished, with speculations upon the fall of Richmond, the whole staple of amusement. Again there was much grumbling and dissatisfaction among the officers of our regiment; and here it culminated in a letter from them to the secretary of war, asking to be transferred to a more active field ‡

Major Scott, of Col. Murphy's Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania

\* HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT SHENANDOAH, }  
NEW MARKET, VA., May 10, 1862. }

Please report by bearer if the two companies detailed have been sent from your command.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. MORRIS COPELAND,

*Maj. Vols. and Act. Adj. Gen.*

*per* WHITTEMORE, *clerk*.

† Why the government should have treated Front Royal as an outpost and Strasburg as the main place to be defended, it is impossible to explain. Invited by Gen. Banks, upon his accession to Patterson's command, to come to him at any and all times with such suggestions upon military affairs as I might wish to make, I took the liberty of advising him to move his main force to Front Royal, and thus, holding a pass over the Blue Ridge, so place himself upon his line of communications that his small force could not be surrounded by a larger one of the enemy. I besought him to apply for a change of orders to enable him to do this, and Major Perkins, his adjutant-general, joined me in my intercessions, but Banks was immovable.

‡ A reply to this letter, received after Jackson had driven our regiment out of the valley, declared that the exigencies of the service required the writers to remain at Strasburg (*within* the valley).



Regiment, suppressed his perturbed spirits, and spent much of his pay, in presents as testimonials to officers who met his approbation. Not content with having given superb swords to Generals Banks and Hamilton, and to Major Copeland, the former's assistant adjutant-general, he now bent his energies towards a gift for the colonel of the Second Massachusetts, his then brigade commander ; which, alas ! never came to fruition, for Jackson soon made us think of other things. But we were acting without foreknowledge, and so gathered such comforts as were at hand. Peggy, my faithful negro woman, duly installed as cook, gave more satisfaction for money paid than any of our compromises. Following on with the bright-eyed little "Topsy," she had come to me at New Market to remain until I could transfer her Bostonward.

With direct rail communication with Washington, Strasburg began to take on an air of gayety. A travelling theatrical company furnished us with amusement. Sutlers and traders, by day and by night overrun with custom, furnished us with supplies. The amount of public property at Strasburg was enormous. Since we had first passed through it, a bountiful government had piled up stores for clothing, feeding, moving, healing, and killing, until the warerooms positively groaned with the burden. Here, too, had been deposited, as in a safe depot, all the superfluous transportation which Shields had abandoned.

In brigade drills, labor upon the field-works and defensive lines, and in rebuilding the bridges upon the railroads, the days wore on without incident or excitement, until the time came to look again after our old antagonist Jackson, whom we left on the eastern bank of the South Fork of the Shenandoah, about sixteen and a half miles from Harrisonburg, at the entrance of a long covered wooden bridge, prepared for burning at a moment's notice. Everything there betokened flight. Banks was so far deceived, that he had, in informing the department of his advance to Harrisonburg, announced

“that the rebel Gen. Jackson has abandoned the valley of Virginia permanently, and now is *en route* for Gordonsville by the way of the mountains.” The bridge where Banks left Jackson is on the direct road from Gordonsville to Harrisonburg. From Gordonsville to Richmond by rail is about sixty-two and a half miles, or three hours ; while from Gordonsville to the bridge, by a good pike road across the Blue Ridge Mountains, through the Swift Run Gap, is but about thirty miles.

## CHAPTER V.

GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, commanding the whole force of the enemy between Fredericksburg and Richmond, was employed in preventing any movement by Gen. McDowell to aid Gen. McClellan before Richmond. When Jackson fell back before our column, Gen. Ewell, of the Confederate Army, who had been hovering around Fredericksburg watching McDowell, was sent to Swift Run Gap.\* Jackson found him there, when he crossed the South Fork of the Shenandoah, as related

The instructions given to both Jackson and Ewell were, † “if Gen. Banks joins McDowell at Fredericksburg, march instantly, by Gordonsville, and join Anderson ‡ in front of Fredericksburg; but, if Banks remains in the valley, fight him there immediately.” §

On the 5th of May, as narrated, one division of Banks's corps (Shields's) did start to join Gen. McDowell; but whether

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\* Maj.-Gen. Ewell was left with his division, and a regiment of cavalry, in observation on the upper Rappahannock. Gen. Jackson was left in the valley to oppose greatly superior forces, authorized to call Ewell's Division to his assistance, if necessary, and Ewell to comply with such a call; Maj.-Gen. Smith to have a mixed force, equal to a brigade, in front of Fredericksburg — *Narrative of Military Operations directed during the late War between the States. By Joseph E. Johnston, General C. S. A.*, 1874, p. 110.

Ewell's Division is given as numbering 10,000 men in “Battle-Fields of the South,” p. 324.

† Dabney, pp. 85, 86.

‡ Jefferson Davis had placed the Confederate Brigadier-General Anderson with 9,000 men to observe McDowell's corps. — *Johnston's Narrative*, p. 128.

§ Dabney, pp. 85, 86.

this was known to Johnston or to Jackson before the latter marched to the place called MacDowell to attack Milroy, is uncertain ; but it is true, that during Jackson's absence, orders came from Joseph E. Johnston to Ewell, to march at once for Gordonsville. Shields's movement caused these orders.

In following Jackson, it will be found impossible to connect the information, communicated by the deserter to Col. Sullivan on the 1st of May,\* with the march made by him to attack Milroy at MacDowell. It will be remembered that although our force left Harrisonburg on the 5th of May, to return to Strasburg, Jackson did not start to attack Milroy until the 12th. On the 15th he reached MacDowell at 9 A. M., having made seventy miles in three days. At 2 P. M. he attacked and drove Milroy towards Franklin, to which place the next day he pursued him forty miles farther. Here he remained two days, or until the morning of the 18th, when he returned to Mount Crawford,† eight miles from Harrisonburg on the Staunton pike, to find that Banks had fallen back from Harrisonburg to Strasburg. Jackson's return to Mount Crawford could not have been earlier than the 20th of May. We had then been in Strasburg seven days.

Mossy Creek is two days' march from New Market. Jackson notified Ewell of his desire to meet him at a designated place on this creek. They met, and Ewell was then told by Jackson, that he was hastening back to effect a junction with him near Harrisonburg, to assail Banks.‡ Ewell

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\* "Gen. Jackson, with a force of about 15,000 men, composed of twelve or fifteen regiments under Jackson, Taliaferro, Winder, and Ewell, marched towards Harrisonburg, and then returned and marched towards Port Republic."

† Battle-Fields of the South, Ashton's letter, p. 324.

‡ "Generals Jackson and Ewell, the former commanding as senior officer, were then opposing Banks in the valley of the Shenandoah, still under my direction. On leaving the Rapidan, I had requested Generals Jackson and Ewell to send their letters to me through the adjutant-general's office. These papers must have been acted upon in Richmond; for none were ever forwarded to me until the

informed Jackson of his orders to move at once to Gordonsville, but added that, notwithstanding this, if he, Jackson, as ranking major-general, would order it, he would remain.\* Jackson did order it, and the junction of these two armies took place on the 20th of May. Ewell had marched his command from Elk River valley to meet Jackson.

We have seen that the battle of Kernstown was fought by Jackson, because he was deceived as to the strength of Shields's Division, and because of the *intimation* sent him by Gen. Johnston. † Now let us inquire why he fought the battle of MacDowell. The most probable reason is, that "Jackson received information from a Col. Johnson of Georgia, commanding at MacDowell, that Blenker and Milroy with a Dutch division were advancing eastward to western Virginia, and that his small force of 1,500 men was falling back before them." ‡ This is confirmed by another writer, § who says: "Forced back to the Blue Ridge by the heavy columns in his front, he now saw approaching him from the western mountains another army, under Milroy, from which he feared the loss of Staunton." Considering these matters in connection with his asking instructions of Gen. Johnston as to his further movements in relation to Banks, || we may judge whether all that Jackson achieved in the valley was part of any particular plan of aggression, "originating with him to drive the Federal forces from the valley," ¶ or whether it can be said of his opera-

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army had reached the neighborhood of the Chickahominy. Then one from Gen. Jackson, written soon after his return from McDowell, was delivered to me. In it he described the position of the Federal army near Strasburg, and asked instructions. These were given at once, and were to advance and attack, unless he found the enemy too strongly intrenched." — *Narrative of Military Operations, by Joseph E. Johnston, General C. S. A., 1874, p. 129.*

\* Dabney, pp. 85, 86.

† See *ante*.

‡ Battle-Fields of the South, p. 324.

§ Cooke's Life of Jackson, p. 129.

|| See *ante*, Johnston's instructions to Jackson.

¶ Cooke's Life, p. 119.

tions "on this grand theatre in the spring of 1862, that he will be mainly estimated in that hereafter, which sums up and passes judgment on all human events, without fear, favor, or the prejudices of the contemporary."\* We are, too, now enabled to judge how much truth there is in a criticism by Pollard, who says of Jackson's movements, "By his own judgment, and at the instance of his own military instinct, Jackson determined to act on the aggressive, and essay the extraordinary task of driving the Yankees from the valley; to dash at Fremont's advance west of Staunton, and then turn upon Banks and drive him into Maryland."†

We need not pursue this subject further. To whomsoever belongs the credit of originating the campaign in the valley, in 1862, whether to Johnston or to Jackson, no one will deny to the latter the highest praise for an executive ability, rare among the most noted soldiers of this or any other age. In this, at least, Jackson is secure.

But now Gen. Jackson was ordered to fight Banks—all that was left of him; and, as less than one half of that officer's command was left, Jackson, as we have seen, took upon himself the responsibility of retaining Ewell to fight that half, although Johnston had ordered the latter to join Anderson, *via* Gordonsville, to fight the half that had moved to strengthen McDowell.

When Jackson reached New Market, which was on the 20th of May, he was there joined by Ewell with his 10,000 men. "It was from this point that the campaign against the enemy was commenced;"‡ from this point that the orders of Gen. Johnston were to be carried out, and the united Confederate force of over 20,000 were to be precipitated upon less than 4,000 men in Banks's corps.§ Our force of

\* Cooke's Life, p. 100.

† Pollard's Southern History, vol. ii, p. 35.

‡ Cooke's Life, p. 141.

§ Banks's Official Report.



11,000, while at Harrisonburg, had been thus reduced, to meet a combined army of the enemy, against which with the larger number we could not have coped; a combined army from which McClellan feared disaster, should we proceed too far south until his movements before Richmond should draw off the enemy; an army only too anxious to meet us,\* even before the War Department so suddenly scattered the council at Harrisonburg on that Sunday, on the 4th of May. Oh, happy War Department!

The plan of Jackson's campaign against Banks's command at Strasburg was wise, but its execution was feeble; and in the results that ought to have been achieved it was a failure.

As related, the campaign began at New Market, to which point Ewell had sent Gen. Taylor with his brigade, as the advance of the former's division. On the morning of the 21st of May, Gen. Jackson, with his own command and Taylor's brigade, crossed the Massanutten gap, and encamped at Luray, in the valley of the South Fork of the Shenandoah, there or in that neighborhood uniting his own force with Ewell's.

Of this movement Banks was ignorant; for when we abandoned New Market Ashby occupied it, and posted scouts as far as Strasburg, so that the valley was closed and every movement effectually screened. †

Although Jackson made every preparation for rapid marches, leaving behind him even the knapsacks of his men, he made only twelve miles the first day, — one half of which were passed in crossing the gap road over the mountain. The next day, however, the united force moved forward, making a march which carried the advance under Ewell to within ten miles of Front Royal; and this so secretly that not a single inhabitant suspected Jackson's presence. ‡

\* It was now hoped by all that Banks would leave the road, push on through Harrisonburg, and attack us. *Battle-Fields of the South*, p. 324.

† Dabney, p. 90.

‡ Cooke, p. 141.

On the 23d of May the whole of Jackson's army, consisting, according to Southern accounts, of about sixteen thousand effective infantry and forty field guns,\* with three regiments of cavalry, was within twelve miles of our principal outpost at Front Royal. The whole of our feeble command on this same Friday morning, at Strasburg and stretched along the railroad towards and at Front Royal, was one division of two brigades † of infantry at Strasburg, commanded by Brigadier-General A. S. Williams, numbering less than thirty-six hundred men present for duty. ‡ My own brigade comprised the regiments given below,§ and numbered in all 2,101. There were also at Strasburg of cavalry 800, and of artillery ten Parrott guns and six smooth-bore field-pieces. At Front Royal there were in all not to exceed nine hundred men. ||

Along the road nearer Strasburg, and already counted in

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\* Gen. Jackson's own division comprised brigades of Winder, Campbell, and Taliaferro; Ewell's division comprised brigades of Taylor, Trimble, Elzey, and Stewart; Brigadier-General Stewart's brigade comprised First Maryland Regiment of Infantry and Brockenborough's battery; Cavalry regiments of Ashby, Mumford, and Flournoy, with eight battalions of artillery. (Dabney, p. 90.)

† The first brigade commanded by Col. Donnelly of the Twenty-eighth New York. The second commanded by Col. George H. Gordon, of the Second Massachusetts.

‡ See Gen. Williams's report.

	Officers.	Enlisted Men.
§ Second Massachusetts . . . . .	27	580
Third Wisconsin . . . . .	24	550
Twenty-Seventh Indiana . . . . .	20	431
Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania (8 Cos.) . . . . .	17	452
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	88	2,013
		Total, 2,101

|| Eight companies First Maryland Regiment, 775 men; two companies Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. Perham commanding; Fifth New York, two companies, Ira Harris's cavalry (100 men); one section of artillery, Knapp's Battery, Lieut. Atwell, 38 men; Capt. Mapes's Pioneer Corps, 56 men (engaged in reconstructing bridges); total under command of Col. Kenly, of the First Maryland, scarcely 1,000 men, — did not exceed 900 men. — *Banks's Report.*

the total, there were three companies from my brigade : Capt. H. Russell, of the Second Massachusetts, at the bridge just out of Strasburg ; one company of the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, and one of the Third Wisconsin, both about five miles out from the town.

So far as the concealment of Jackson's march was one of his main purposes, it was most effective. This is claimed by Southern writers \* to have been one of his main reasons for planning his attack between Front Royal and Strasburg ; although it is said others of weight were, to avoid our fortifications, and ensure the issuing of Banks from them to save his communications with eastern Virginia. That Jackson got fairly upon Banks's flank without his knowledge, the latter admits. †

Col. John R. Kenly, commanding the First Maryland (Union) Regiment of infantry, with the force already mentioned, had been sent from Strasburg in pursuance of orders from the War Department, on the 16th of May, to protect the town of Front Royal and the railroads and bridges between that town and Strasburg. By the road the distance between these towns is about fourteen miles. The picturesque town of Front Royal nestles at the foot of high hills, which tower abruptly above it on almost every side. To the east runs the Blue Ridge, over whose summits, by winding and steep pathways, roads lead through the gaps known as Chester and Manassas into the valleys of Eastern Virginia. About one mile and a half north of Front Royal, in a direct line with Winchester, the two branches of the Shenandoah unite into the single stream that pours its waters into the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. The pike

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\* Dabney, p. 91.

† On the 23d of May, it was discovered that the whole force of the enemy was in movement down the valley of the Shenandoah, between the Massanutten range of mountains and the Blue Ridge, and in close proximity to the town (Front Royal). — *Banks's Official Report*.

road from Front Royal to Winchester crosses both Forks of the river,—the South Fork at a distance of one mile and a quarter from the town, the North Fork about one mile farther on. At the two Forks there were two bridges standing. Col. Kenly had pitched his camp north of and about half a mile from the town, in a lovely valley, in which, on the morning of the 23d of May, there was no token of the impending storm. Trees of richest verdure were bathed in the morning sun, and fields sparkled with dew-drops shining amidst luxuriant grasses. Everything around seemed more in harmony with life and peace than with bloodshed and death. At two o'clock in the afternoon two companies of infantry were on duty as advanced guard upon the roads leading south and west from Front Royal; at the bridges, and along the railroad for about five miles towards Strasburg, guards had also been stationed. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, Jackson's advance was upon them.

On the 22d of May, at night, we left the enemy's advance, under Ewell, in bivouac on the road that runs up the eastern bank of the South Fork of the Shenandoah from Luray, and only ten miles from Front Royal. To conduct his march so secretly that the descent of his columns would give Kenly the first knowledge of his approach, Jackson, in the morning, diverged from the well-travelled highway that leads from Luray to Front Royal, and by a steep and narrow footpath gained the wooded hills to the east. Thence descending, it was Jackson's purpose to cut Kenly off from flight across the passes of the Blue Ridge towards Washington, while Ashby's cavalry, with Flournoy, crossing the South Fork of the Shenandoah, moved to intercept the flight of the little band to the west towards Strasburg. Ashby directed his march as far to the west as Buckton, where there was a bridge and some fortifications, occupied by the two companies from my brigade, while Flournoy's movements were between Buckton and Front Royal.

Before the pickets at Front Royal had been fairly dispersed, Col. Kenly had formed his command on the crest of a hill about a mile north of the town and in rear of his camp. Here was his whole disposable force of about nine hundred men and two pieces of artillery ; and here he calmly awaited the onset of the vastly superior force of the enemy. In his front the ground was level ; his guns commanded the approaches. The enemy advanced cautiously, and were received with shells from Knapp's Battery. With a grim humor Jackson selected a rebel Maryland Regiment to attack the loyal Marylanders. Supported by cavalry, who were in turn sustained by Taylor's Brigade of Infantry and two battalions of Louisiana Tigers under Major Wheat, an attempt was made to turn both of Kenly's flanks, while the Maryland Rebel Regiment advanced to make the attack in front. Against such odds there was no hope. Setting fire to his camp, Kenly now retreated to the first bridge, closely followed by the rebel Maryland, the Louisiana Battalions, and cavalry. Here a stand was made, but the overwhelming numbers of the enemy pushed on, captured the bridge uninjured, and drove our forces a mile farther to the bridge over the North Fork of the river. Again a stand was made with an unsuccessful attempt to burn the bridge, but Kenly was once more forced back on the road towards Winchester. About a mile from this second bridge the road runs over a commanding eminence, on the right of the turnpike. There Kenly determined to fight. When the enemy appeared he opened on them with his two guns ; but the enemy's infantry and skirmishers attacked him in front, while the rebel cavalry, crossing to the left, turned his position, and he fell back. It was from here that Kenly dispatched couriers to Gen. Banks,—some of whom got through, as will appear. Kenly now marched up the road in such excellent order that his enemies viewed him with admiration. Reaching a favorable position his guns were posted, and again the roar and rattle of his artillery fell about

Jackson's ears, who is reported to have groaned out aloud, "Oh, that my guns were here!"

By this time the enemy's cavalry, who had been fighting and capturing prisoners all along the railroad from Front Royal to Buckton, came upon the stricken band. This cavalry force appeared on the Winchester road, and above Kenly, who had now been driven back as far as Cedarville, which is five miles north of Front Royal, on the Winchester road. Here Kenly formed a line of battle with his own regiment, the two companies of the Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania, his artillery, and a few cavalry. Now Jackson ordered the new cavalry force under Flournoy to charge. It is claimed that Kenly's line was somewhat broken before Jackson gave this order, and that Kenly, when he saw the necessity of obstructing the cavalry, ordered his command to form over a fence in a wheat-field (an orchard, the rebels call it). This was done, and then the enemy's cavalry was upon them. Successive discharges were poured into the enemy from Kenly's right and left wings, but in vain. Artillery and cavalry were mingled together, sabres waved over the heads of the doomed loyalists from Maryland, and the word "Surrender!" passed from every mouth. It was finished. Save an insignificant number of men, and one piece of artillery, which was carried to within five miles of Winchester and there abandoned, the whole of Kenly's command was killed or captured. The fight, which had begun at 2 P. M., lasted until dark. While these scenes were transpiring, Ashby, with his cavalry, had attacked and dispersed the two companies at Buckton and had torn up the railroad track. Then night came, and all around the Shenandoah, at Front Royal, and on the road to Cedarville, there were corpses of brave men, recently strong in life; and there were wounded, moaning in their agony, unprotected from the rain that fell in torrents; while an exulting foe of at least twenty thousand men turned their eyes towards Strasburg for the larger game of the morrow.



At four o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d not one word of the capture of Kenly had reached us at Strasburg. The day was intensely hot and the air positively stifling under canvas. A general languor was manifested in the drowsy way in which the sentinels dawdled along their posts, or in the aimless, sleepy air in which the troops addressed themselves to such amusements as were suggested by time and place. Suddenly a mounted orderly, dashing violently up to my tent and inquiring for Gen. Banks in an eager tone, aroused a spark of life in the lifeless scene. Gen. Hatch of the cavalry was sitting by my side, speculating upon our probable movements and fate, as the orderly rode rapidly away without revealing his message. "This man, I think, may have news that will solve our doubts," I said to Hatch; "I believe he brings news of an attack upon our outposts." \*

In less than two hours Strasburg was aroused. On the road towards Front Royal, Banks sent his troops, with the vain purpose, perhaps, of seeming to act, or, it may be, that with a single regiment of infantry he might recover what he had lost. The Third Wisconsin Regiment I had hardly sent, by verbal orders, to the assistance of Col. Kenly, when Banks directed me to add to it a battery.† Then there came a lull, and many anxious inquiries: "What is it?" "Is it Stonewall Jackson or only 'a cavalry raid?'" was often asked, to be as often asked again. Soon, however, it was known that Kenly had been attacked at Front Royal; that when the messenger left, the fight was in progress; and hardly had this been announced

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\* For some days, from the heights around Strasburg, we had seen the sun reflected from tents, at the Swift Run Gap of the Blue Ridge, whose increasing numbers indicated reinforcements to the enemy.

† STRASBURG, 5.45 P. M., 23d May.

COL. GORDON,

*Commanding Brigade, etc. etc. :*

Sir, — You will direct a section of the battery nearest your command to move with your regiment.

N. P. BANKS, *M. G. C.*

when an orderly, rushing with haste through the town, cried out that the second bridge had been attacked.\*

Daylight melted into night, stars twinkled in the heavens, lights glistened from the windows of houses in the town or shed a murky glare through canvas in the camps; and no movement was made by Banks indicating that he had received any information of the strength of the enemy or the purposes they contemplated; nothing done towards sending away to Winchester any of the immense quantities of public stores collected at Strasburg; no movement made to place our sick in safety; nothing that indicated any intention by Banks of changing his position by reason of anything that had come from the attack on Kenly at Front Royal. Indeed, it did not seem as if Banks interpreted this attack to signify aught of future or further movements by the enemy; or that it revealed that he was acting with any force larger than he had exhibited in brushing away our outposts; or even that it betokened any purpose to cut us off from Winchester, and capture our command and material. I was so fully impressed, however, with Jackson's purposes, as they were afterwards revealed, that as soon as night set in I sought Banks at his headquarters, and labored long to impress upon him what I thought a duty, — to wit, his immediate retreat under cover of the darkness towards Winchester, carrying his sick and all supplies that he could transport, and destroying the remainder. On the sole ground that thus a superior force could not cut the only line of communications left open to him, did I urge it. I endeavored to impress upon Banks the probability of the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, as manifested in the increased

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\* Six miles from Strasburg is Buckton Station. When Jackson's infantry was engaged at Front Royal, Ashby's cavalry, fording the Forks of the Shenandoah, swept westward as far as the posts where the two companies of the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin were stationed. Here a brisk fight took place, and our troops were overpowered, though not without a severe loss to the enemy.

size of his camp on the Blue Ridge. Even if it should turn out that I had overestimated his numbers, we should be in a better position, I urged, to fight at Winchester than at Strasburg: our enemy would then be in our front and not in our rear. I failed to accomplish my purpose. Notwithstanding all my solicitations and entreaties, Banks persistently refused to move, ever repeating, "I must develop the force of the enemy." No argument, no reply to my arguments could suppress this monotonous utterance. Banks seemed brooding over thoughts he did not reveal; he was spiritless and dejected. His mood depressed me, and I hastened to return to my command. At about ten o'clock at night I received a note, containing instructions sent to Col. Ruger of the Third Wisconsin,\* from which I inferred that possibly Banks had obtained further information, and that now I might press my views with better success.

First I called upon Major Perkins, the chief of Gen. Banks's staff. Finding that my suspicions of the strength and purposes of the enemy were shared by him, I asked Perkins if he agreed with me in the advice I had given. Replying that he did, I asked him if he had urged Banks to move without delay. He said he had, but without effect; and he begged me to endeavor once more to persuade Gen. Banks. So I sought our commander, and again, with some warmth and not a little indignation, used every argument I could, to move him to make instant preparation to leave Strasburg and put himself in a true position. It is not a retreat, I urged, but a true military movement to save yourself from being cut off; to prevent stores and sick from falling into the hands of the enemy.

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\* HEADQUARTERS, 9.45 P. M.

COL. GORDON :

*Sir*, — I sent a note about an hour ago to Col. Ruger to halt. If at or beyond Buckton to fall back, if necessary, to a position where he would not run any risk of being cut off. I send the two wagons back.

Yours, etc.,

D. S. PERKINS, *Major, etc.*

Moved with an unusual fire, Gen. Banks, who had met all my arguments with the single reply, "I must develop the force of the enemy," now rising excitedly from his seat, with much warmth and in loud tones exclaimed, "By God, sir, I will not retreat! We have more to fear, sir, from the opinions of our friends than the bayonets of our enemies."

The thought, so long the subject of his meditation, was at last out. Gen. Banks was afraid of being thought afraid. I rose to take my leave, replying, "This, sir, is not a military ground for occupying a false position; and, Gen. Banks," I added, "I shall now return to my brigade and prepare it for an instantaneous movement, for I am convinced that at last you will move suddenly. At a moment's notice you will find me ready. I shall strike all my tents, pack my wagons, hitch up my artillery horses, and hold myself in readiness to form line of battle. I have to request that you will send me word if anything new transpires."

It was eleven o'clock at night when I left him. As I returned through the town, I could not perceive that anybody was troubled with anticipations for the morrow. The sutlers were driving sharp bargains with those who had escaped from or were not amenable to military discipline; the strolling players were moving crowds to noisy laughter in their canvas booth, through which the lights gleamed, and the music sounded with startling shrillness. I thought, as I turned towards my camp, How unconscious all are of the drama Jackson is preparing for us, and what *merriment* the morning will reveal!

As my troops were aroused from their slumbers a low murmur ran through camp, followed by the louder noise of packing camp equipage and baggage, the harnessing of artillery horses, and hitching up of trains. We were ready for action. But the night sped on; silence fell upon the town, and slumber was as deep that night in Strasburg as if without there was no cause for watchfulness. My brigade, however,

found little comfort sitting around dismal camp-fires, reduced to expiring embers by the falling rain. Unsheltered and unprotected, in a damp clover-field, the morning dawned upon a cheerless group. Some unimportant steps had been taken for the security of the sick and for the safety of public property. I had ordered my brigade and regimental trains forward to Winchester, and they were saved. After three o'clock in the morning Banks had sent off some ambulances with sick and disabled; and this was all.

The certainty of demonstration which Banks seemed to require to develop the numbers of Jackson's force, he evidently did not secure during the night nor long after daylight on the morning of the 24th; nor was he on that morning any more convinced of the prudence of my advice of the night before, — to remove all the public property to a place of safety, and take a better position, so that if perchance the enemy were present in overwhelming numbers, he could save his command and material. As a very small part of Jackson's force took part in the affair with Kenly at Front Royal, it is possible that the reports of Kenly's messengers convinced Banks that all they saw was all there were.\* If this were true, to act during all that night, and far into the forenoon of the next day, as if Jackson was engaged in a cavalry raid, was an error of judgment unpardonable in a commander. When did Banks come to a different conclusion, and act accordingly? This is an important question.

In his official report of the affair Banks declares that "before three o'clock on the morning of the 24th," about four hours after I left him at night, he had information that the enemy, 15,000 or 20,000 strong, was advancing upon Winchester; that more were threatening; "that to remain at Strasburg was to be surrounded," and "that to attack the enemy in such overwhelming force could only result in certain destruction."

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\* Banks in his official report says this fighting was mostly done by the enemy's cavalry, and that this force is estimated at 8,000 men.

"It was, therefore, determined to enter the lists with the enemy in a race or a battle [as he should choose] for the possession of Winchester, — the key of the valley, and for us the position of safety."\* The report then continuing, as giving the narrative in the order of occurrence, says: "At three o'clock, A. M., on the 24th instant, the reinforcements sent to Kenly were ordered to return, several hundred disabled men left in our charge by Shields's division were put upon the march, and our wagon train ordered forward to Winchester under escort of cavalry and infantry. Gen. Hatch, with nearly our whole force of cavalry and six pieces of artillery, was charged with the protection of the rear of our column and the destruction of any stores for which transportation was not provided, with instructions to remain in front of the town as long as possible, and hold the enemy in check, — our expectations of attack being in that direction. All these orders were executed with incredible celerity, and soon after nine o'clock † the column was on the march, Col. Donnelly in front, Col. Gordon in the centre, and Gen. Hatch in the rear." ‡

When I besought Banks, at 11 P. M. of the 23d, to start then for Winchester, he replied that he would not retreat, repeating with an oath his fear of public opinion. At 3 A. M. of the 24th (he says in his official report) he was convinced that Winchester was for "us the key of the valley," "the position of safety." On the 31st of May, when Banks made that report, he wrote with a full knowledge and a lively experience of all that had transpired; he wrote as he would have acted had he known on that night of the 23d what he knew when he wrote on the day of the 31st of May, 1862: but he did not write the truth, as I will now proceed to demonstrate. It is true that after I left Banks on the night of the 23d, he did determine to send some of his sick to Winchester, and

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\* See Banks's Official Report, Moore's Reb. Record, Vol. IX.

† It was eleven.

‡ See Banks's Official Report, Moore's Reb. Record, Vol. IX.



it is true that they did start some time after three o'clock on the morning of the 24th; but that is all that was done to save our supplies or to meet the enemy. Instead of our wagon train being ordered forward to Winchester at 3 A. M. of the 24th, it was not ordered forward until nearly eleven o'clock of that day, eight hours later. Instead of Gen. Banks, at three o'clock in the morning, resolving that to remain at Strasburg was to be surrounded, at between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, after more than twelve hours of reflection, he *had* determined to remain at Strasburg, and only changed his mind when news came to him that his sick in ambulances had been attacked *en route* to Winchester. So, with Gen. Hatch as rear-guard, and ordering forward the trains, the "incredible celerity" was between 9 and 11 A. M., and not between 3 A. M. and 11. Let us return, and move forward with events.

After daylight of the 24th we remained inactive until between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, at which time I received the following note from Gen. Banks:—

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF SHENANDOAH, }  
STRASBURG, VA., May 24, '62. }

COL. GEO. H. GORDON,

*Commanding Brigade:*

*Sir*, — Our information this morning shows that the enemy returned to Front Royal last night, and will not, now at least, attempt our rear. Our force will remain in Strasburg, therefore, until further orders.

Our trains will be sent to the rear except those necessary for supplies, and the depots established at some other point.

You will make your men as comfortable as our circumstances will permit. The brigade trains will be sent back for supplies. The Secretary and Assistant Secretary of War both telegraph that ample reinforcements will be sent. You will give such orders as may be necessary for your command.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

N. P. BANKS, *M. G. C.*, etc.

That even Banks could be so deceived filled me with amazement as unspeakable as the perplexity which overcame me

when I discovered that, six days later, Banks officially reported that before three o'clock on the morning of the 24th, he made up his mind "that to remain at Strasburg was 'to be surrounded'"; and now, seven hours later, here was an order to "remain at Strasburg," and "be surrounded"! Ah, no! for hardly had I contemptuously thrust the foregoing letter into my pocket, when an orderly, galloping furiously to my side, delivered a note in pencil, of which the following is a copy [the italics are mine]:—

*Colonel*,—Orders have just been received for the division *to move at once* towards Middletown, taking such steps to oppose the enemy (reported to be on the road *between Front Royal and Middletown*) as to Gen. Williams may seem proper. The general is absent, but I have sent for him. Would it not be well to have the Third Brigade ready to *debouch* on the pike?

Cothran's Battery is on the hill behind us awaiting your orders: will you notify him? Reports from Front Royal confirm Kenly's death, and the cutting up of the First Maryland.

Respectfully yours,

WM. D. WILKINS, *Capt. and A. A. G.*

Turning now to Jackson's army, it belongs to this history to follow their movements, and discover why they did not surround us at Strasburg before daylight of the 24th of May. Had Jackson moved all night of the 23d, as he intended,\* the morning of May 24 would have dawned upon his army surrounding Banks in Strasburg. An untoward event, a blunder, says a Southern writer, delayed Jackson's march;† it was that the main body of his command diverged to the right by the steep and narrow by-path taken by the advance when they gained the Gooney Manor Road (the road from the Blue Hills) to precipitate themselves the more suddenly upon Kenly. It was not Jackson's intention to use his whole 20,000 to crush Kenly's 1,000; so when he found that the latter's pickets were driven in, he told one of his orderlies, a cavalryman, to direct the rear brigades to avoid the circuitous path

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\* Cooke, p. 144.

† Dabney, p. 94.

taken by the First Maryland and Wheat's Battalion, and move for Front Royal by the direct and shorter route. This boy orderly, as he is called, started upon his errand; but ere he had reached the column, the sound of Kenly's artillery broke upon his ears; when, thinking only of hiding from the dreadful sound, he turned his horse's head homeward, and was seen no more. And thus it was that all of Jackson's infantry toiled over the hills through the steep and narrow pathway, guided by the footsteps of the attacking column in making the useless circuit. It was night before these troops reached the village of Front Royal, and then so fatigued, that they laid down to rest instead of pursuing the enemy.

Well was it for us that the "pastures green" of a Virginia farm were more seductive to the boy orderly than the sound of Kenly's artillery! Thus it was that the night of May 23 left us without disturbance, and that the hours of the 24th were not cut short soon after sunrise.

This delay on the part of Jackson gave, I think, confidence to Banks that his judgment was sound, and that it was not the intention of the enemy to interfere with us.

Strasburg, Front Royal, and Winchester, joined by irregular lines, form a triangular figure, closely resembling the letter A; Winchester at the vertex forms with Strasburg and Front Royal the western and eastern sides of the figure. When Jackson's troops, ignorantly following the footsteps of the advance, floundered into Front Royal at night, they threw themselves exhausted on the ground, and remained there until morning. At Cedarville, four and a half miles farther north, was the cavalry and infantry that had captured Kenly.

At the first dawn on the 24th, Jackson's column was in motion.\* Gen. Geo. H. Stewart, with the Second and

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\* Cooke, p. 144.

Sixth Virginia Cavalry, moved northward to Newtown, a distance of ten miles; Gen. Ewell, with Trimble's Brigade, the First Maryland Regiment, Courtney's and Brockenbrough's Batteries, was ordered to move to Winchester, on the main Front Royal turnpike a distance of nineteen miles; while Jackson in person, in command of the main body of his army, proceeded in the direction of Middletown,\* which is distant from Front Royal twelve miles. Stewart's orders were to strike the Winchester road at the village of Newtown, and to observe the movements of the enemy at that point; Ewell was directed to observe appearances of the enemy's retreat and be prepared to strike him in flank; while Jackson, reserving to himself the main body of his army, after reaching Cedarville moved by a cross-road towards Middletown. Ashby moved in Jackson's front with batteries, and covered his left to prevent any attempt on Banks's part to retreat to Front Royal. All the detachments of Jackson's army were in easy communication, and could have been rapidly concentrated at Strasburg or Winchester or at any intermediate point.

Before Jackson's main body was fairly in motion, Gen. Stewart had already sent news † of his arrival at Newtown, and that he had there captured a number of ambulances, with prisoners and medical stores, and found evident signs of a general retreat upon Winchester. This was the second attack upon Banks's command, and was so significant as to make it plain, even to Gen. Banks, that the enemy had not "returned to Strasburg," and not only would, but even now were, "attempting our rear." As soon as refugees flying from Stewart's attack brought us the news at Strasburg, the order sent me in pencil from Gen. Williams, adjutant-general, was received, and "Banks's retreat" became a reality.‡

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\* Dabney, p. 94. Johnston's Narrative, p. 129.

† Dabney, p. 98.

‡ Upon comparing the time of Stewart's attack, the distance from Newtown to Strasburg, and the hour we started from Strasburg, this will be apparent. Start-

We may now proceed with our own column. As soon as ordered, our movement was instantaneous. It was eleven o'clock in the morning.\* The two brigades of infantry were in the order of march indicated, Col. Donelly in front, myself in rear; and Gen. Hatch with cavalry, as rear-guard, instructed then, but too late, to do what Banks says in his report he had ordered done at 3 A. M. Our course was directly for Winchester, the distance eighteen miles. Fortunately for us, the day was cool and misty. We had cleared the town and reached Cedar Creek, about two miles out, when signs of excitement and panic were apparent. Frightened teamsters came thundering back towards Strasburg, urging their mules at a gallop, — some as if to gain the town we had left for new loads of stores, others as if in a frenzy of fright to escape from the front. Here too I met, in woful plight, the theatrical company, so gay the night before, but now how crest-fallen! There were actors, male and female, with their canvas theatre, looking inquiringly yet despairingly into the face of every passing officer, as if, in this hopeless maze, there alone could hope be found. In the midst of all this confusion there came galloping rapidly back a staff-officer from Banks, crying, "The enemy is upon us!" and without stop, keeping on to hurry up my battery, which went at double-quick, while we followed three or four miles farther, until we came to where there was a halted wagon-train. Here two or three wagon-masters were striking the stampeded wagoners right and left with their heavy cowhide whips, interspersing oaths more forcible than solemn to drive them back to their duty. The cry was then that the

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ing at three o'clock, our sick and teamsters would have reached Newtown, distant twelve miles, at between 6 and 7 A. M. Stewart, with his cavalry, starting from Cedarville at daylight, would have moved over his ten miles by six or seven o'clock, and the refugees would have returned to Strasburg, twelve miles, in about three and a half or four hours, or by eleven o'clock, A. M.

\* Quint, Boston Traveler, May, 1862. Col. Andrews' Report, Vol. IX, Moore's Reb. Record.

rebel cavalry had come down on the train, so there had been a regular stampede. Gen. Banks was now on the alert, and well he might be. Before him was a confused mob of terror-stricken teamsters, intermingled with infantry and artillery, and behind him, volumes of smoke and flame arising from the town, announcing the destruction of that property which the night before might have been removed to a place of safety. At last he seems to have been convinced of his error, for as he was hurrying along the roadway, he turned to one of his staff, with a "countenance grave but resolute," as we are informed, and said, "It seems we have made a mistake."\*

The head of the column now moved forward, and reached Middletown, six miles from Strasburg, without interruption. None of the enemy were found in the town, although three hundred had been seen there.† Skirmishers from the Forty-Sixth Pennsylvania were sent into the woods on the right, and they discovered five companies of the enemy's cavalry in rear of the woods. Banks directed the artillery to open fire, and the enemy retreated; then the Twenty-Eighth New York was brought up, and under a heavy fire of infantry and artillery the five companies of cavalry were driven back more than two miles from the pike, at which point Col. Donelly, command-

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\* In a paper published in "Harper's Monthly" for March, 1867, Mr. Strother, of Virginia, has given his "Recollections of a Campaign in Virginia." Strother, who was attached to Banks's staff in the valley campaign, makes it appear in this paper that he derided the reports of the number of Jackson's army with such effect that it influenced Banks's conduct. Thus Strother endeavors to shield the latter, and relates the following occurrence, when he was riding away from the smoking ruins of Strasburg to the sound of the cannon of the army of Jackson. "I was mortified at the failure of my judgment, and filled with self-reproach that obstinate and open expressed disbelief in the danger might have had some influence in delaying a movement upon which the safety of our army depended. Banks's countenance was grave and resolute; as I rode towards him, he observed, "It seems we have made a mistake." I said, "It seems so indeed."

When Banks made his official report, he forgot that he had made this remark; he forgot, too, that note, that we would "remain at Strasburg."

† Banks's Report.



ing the brigade, was informed by a citizen that 4,000 men were in the woods beyond.\* Gen. Banks attributes the safety of his column to what he calls this episode; for had the enemy "vigorously attacked the train," he says, "while at the head of the column, it would have been thrown into such dire confusion as to have made the successful continuation of our march impossible." Undoubtedly! but why did not the enemy vigorously attack the train? Simply because the small force of cavalry which Banks met was the rebel Gen. Geo. H. Stewart's Second and Sixth Virginia Cavalry, which, having destroyed the ambulance-train at Newtown, had been down the road towards Middletown, and was watching the route from the woods on the right where Donelly's skirmishers found them.

There were, no doubt, "4,000 men in the woods beyond," but they were many miles beyond. It was Ewell's force, consisting, as stated, of Trimble's Brigade and the First Maryland Regiment, with two batteries. If this column moved at daylight, as ordered, it had made, between 10 and 11 A. M., eleven miles at least, and would have reached the toll-gate on the Front Royal road to Winchester, opposite Newtown and about five miles from it. Ewell was hurrying forward to Winchester to cut off our retreat from that place as well as to capture all the public property there; and for this he was using the utmost expedition, and had no time to make cross-cut diversions with his infantry over to the Strasburg pike, to Winchester, and he did not make any; nor did any one but Stewart, with his small cavalry force, — for I shall show, that until after dark that night, the road was open from Newtown to Winchester.

After Donelly's affair with Stewart's cavalry, the latter were heard of no more that day. As Stewart was attached to Ewell's force,† it is more than probable that he joined

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\* Banks's Report.

† See Stewart's refusal to obey Jackson's order to follow our retreat, on the ground that only from Ewell would he receive orders. — *Post*.

his column, and moved on Winchester content to watch the avenues of our escape to the east, and awaiting the movements of Jackson, whom he knew was hurrying with almost the whole of his large army to crush us on the route we were taking.

It was not wise to attribute our safety to Donnelly's attack upon less than 1,000 of the 20,000 that were pushing upon us in every direction; yet it would be unfair to Banks to deny that, when he wrote his report, he sincerely believed that this little skirmish of "one killed and nine wounded" saved his whole column.

Pending this contest, Banks\* ordered "Col. Brodhead, of the First Michigan Cavalry, to advance and *if possible* cut his way through, and occupy Winchester" Finding no enemy in his path, the Colonel went without opposition to the town. This is conclusive that the attack to be made upon Banks's column in retreat was not made at the head of the column; and that this affair was of no moment in deciding the fortunes of the day.

When the first rumors from the teamsters came to us, filled with apprehension that he had permitted Jackson to throw his whole army between him and Strasburg, and fearing that he would be obliged to return, Banks directed Capt. Abert, of the topographical engineers on his staff, to turn back with his body-guard † and foil the enemy's pursuit, by preparing Cedar Creek Bridge for the flames. While they returned on their mission ‡ the column pushed forward. We had been detained about an hour.

Donnelly's Brigade and a wagon-train entered Winchester early in the afternoon of the 24th of May, without sight or sound of an enemy; but our fate was different, and was as

\* Banks's Report.

† A red-uniformed company from Philadelphia, calling themselves Zouaves d'Afrique.

‡ Banks's Report.

follows: Notwithstanding the confusion,\* we pushed on, without much hinderance or delay, with orders to move towards Newtown *en route* to Winchester, to check an approach of the enemy in that direction. The train that preceded as well as that which followed us was immense. The distance to Middletown from Strasburg is six miles. When the wagons were straightened out, after Donelly's skirmish, the line was continuous for this distance, and was continually lengthening, as wagons emerged from Strasburg to fill the spaces of the line, still extending.

It was nearly one o'clock in the afternoon when my brigade passed through Middletown. There was no enemy there, but between Middletown and Newtown the ominous sound of cannon was heard in our rear. Quickly there came more reports of artillery, and then single troopers from the cavalry, riding rapidly towards Winchester, and halting, as they came up with the head of my brigade, only long enough to cry out that Jackson had attacked our rear, had cut our train in two, and in short was having the thing pretty much his own way. I made the same reply to one and all of these panic-stricken cavalymen, "Go and tell Gen. Banks what you have seen." They obeyed, passing forward to the head of the column. Shortly, however, the number of fugitives increased, the roar of artillery was continuous, and reports from the rear more appalling. At length Newtown was reached, and here we found the dead body of one of Shields's men killed in Stewart's daylight attack upon our ambulances and sick. The man had been discharged from the hospital, and was marching along with the ambulances, unarmed, when he was shot through the head.

I had passed through the village, when a report reached me that the enemy had come in between my own brigade and the rear-guard, that they had captured many wagons and were now in pursuit. I instantly formed a new rear-guard of the

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\* Wagons ordered to the rear, Stewart's attack with cavalry.

Twenty-Seventh Indiana Regiment, and two sections of artillery. "Keep the enemy back, and protect all the train that's left," were my instructions, as I pushed on, until Bartonville, a little town about one mile and a half from Newtown, was reached. Here reports came to me that the enemy had planted a battery in the middle of the road, and having cut off all communication with the rear-guard of cavalry, were firing into the rear of my column.

It was now between 2 and 3 P. M. We were but five and a half miles from Winchester. At this point and time Gen. Banks made his appearance. Following him came the Twenty-Eighth New York Regiment, conducted thus far under orders to report to Gen. Hatch if practicable. Gen. Banks also directed me to order the Second Massachusetts Regiment to the rear, and gave orders himself for two sections of artillery attached to my brigade to proceed in the same direction. Lieut.-Col. Andrews directed the men of the Second to remove their knapsacks, for they were much fatigued with the march over a dry and dusty road. This was done, and then the regiment turned its face rearward; so did the artillery, — a section of Best's Battery under Lieut. Cushing. While this force was moving out, the wagons in advance of my brigade got into a condition of inextricable confusion, from which I saw Banks for a moment attempting personally to disengage them, with the assistance of my aid, Lieut. Scott of the Second, whom he requested to keep the wagons moving until they got out of the snarl. These orders given, Banks turned away, and rode forward to the head of the column.

There was thus a new rear-guard constituted, — the Second Massachusetts, the Twenty-Eighth New York, and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana Regiment, then in rear. Two of these regiments were from my brigade, and the battery was mine. There were also two of my regiments left with the main column, the Third Wisconsin and the Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania, and these were moving rapidly on towards Winchester.

Which half should I join? No orders had been given to *me*. Knowing that Banks had ordered the Twenty-Eighth New York to report to Gen. Hatch of the cavalry, I assumed that he intended the remainder of the force so to report. I knew that Gen. Hatch could not be found; that he was somewhere near Strasburg, or escaping through the passes of the North Mountain to rejoin us. So I determined to assume command, and without a moment's hesitation turned to attack the enemy, and do what I could in rescuing the rear-guard and the baggage.

Near the outskirts of the straggling little village of Newtown, I found some confusion in the train, and saw six or seven wagons that had been overturned and abandoned. I found unhappy mules, helplessly tied down by the pressure of fallen teams, appealing so beseechingly for aid that I halted long enough to free them all. Around there were signs of panic and confusion. Here in advance I found Col. Colgrove, holding his little regiment of four hundred and thirty-one men (the Twenty-Seventh Indiana) stanchly in line of battle, while his artillery was firing upon the enemy's cavalry showing themselves in the woods on our left. The colonel reported that the enemy, with infantry and artillery, were in the town.

I determined to attack and drive them out. The Second Massachusetts being called upon to take the brunt of it, the regiment, with skirmishers thrown out, moved forward, supported by the Twenty-Eighth New York and a section of Best's Battery. As Companies A and C, Capts. Abbott and Cogswell, moved forward through the main street, followed by supporting companies of the regiment, the enemy, posted in the streets, opened upon them with their artillery a strong and well-directed fire. Moving forward the Twenty-Seventh Indiana to their support, I sent in with this regiment two sections of Cothran's Parrotts to show the same old teeth that had so many times proved fatal to their antagonists. As we advanced the enemy fell back from the town and planted their guns on the heights beyond, where they held out obsti-

nately. The advance of my little column, with the Second Massachusetts leading off, and the shells bursting square over our regiment, was not so much of an experience in warfare as afterwards befell us ; but if we had known the immense superiority of the force in our front, on our flanks, and pressing to our rear, we should be obliged to admit that it was among our boldest. While Best's and Cothran's Batteries were replying to the enemy's shells that burst close enough to be endured, while the Second Massachusetts were firing occasional volleys, and dropping shots were heard on the left by Capt. Abbott's Company, let us step over and look into the enemy's camp.

As the plan of Jackson's attack, it will be remembered, contemplated nothing less than the capture of our whole command, his dispositions were made accordingly. Taking upon himself the task of shutting up Banks in Straßburg, Jackson expected to cut the Winchester road before we could pass it at Middletown. Recalling the condition of fatigue in which his troops entered Front Royal on the night of the 23d, it will be remembered why Jackson was obliged to defer his march until daylight of the 24th, when, with his whole army, save the forces under Stewart and Ewell, — that is, with at least five brigades of infantry from his own division and Ewell's, and all of Ashby's cavalry, and with forty field-guns less the two batteries that had followed Ewell, — he advanced upon Middletown.

The distance was twelve miles. With no opposition, save that near the town, he opened with his artillery upon a small body of our cavalry sent out by Gen. Hatch to observe him, — the little village came in view across the broad and level fields. It was then between one and two in the afternoon. As his column moved up in view of the main street they saw it "canopied with a vast cloud of gray dust, and crowded beneath, as far as the eye could reach, with a column of troops.\*

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\* Dabney, p. 99.



The troops were our cavalry, under command of Gen. Hatch, proceeding to join the head of the column, because of an order from Banks when he thought the enemy were between him and Winchester. Leaving at Strasburg six companies of the Fifth New York Cavalry and six companies of the First Vermont Cavalry to cover our rear and destroy stores that could not be carried away, Gen. Hatch, at the head of his column, arrived at Middletown in time to witness the enemy swarming upon his right, from the hillsides. In an instant two batteries of the enemy's artillery dashed forward to a commanding position at a gallop. Ashby, at the head of his cavalry, threw himself forward on the right; while Taylor, throwing forward the first regiment of his brigade into line, advanced at double-quick to the centre of the village. Then the artillery roared, the shells burst, and the fragments howled; Taylor's infantry poured terrific volleys into the confused mass that filled the streets; and Ashby, swooping down, took advantage of this confusion to dash with sword and pistol among the overwhelmed troopers; while all along the ridges, the rest of Jackson's overpowering numbers were pressing onward.

Gen. Hatch's whole cavalry command, not numbering over nine hundred men,\* was lessened by the companies left as rear-guard, and those at the front with Banks,—truly an unequal contest, and one which, not even for a moment, did our cavalry undertake. That under such circumstances they broke in disorder and scattered over the adjacent fields is undoubtedly true; but that the way was encumbered with dying horses and men; that at every furious volley from the enemy, our cavalry seemed to melt in scores from their saddles, while the frantic, riderless horses rushed up and down, trampling the wounded wretches into the dust; or that cavalymen fell from their horses before they were struck, and squatted behind stone fences and surren-

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\* Banks's Report.

dered at first challenge, as reported in Southern histories,\* is a picture of Southern fancy as imaginative as that "*Ashby alone* charged five hundred Yankee cavalry, dashed through their line, and firing his pistol right and left, wheeled about and summoned them to surrender, taking thirty in this way in one instance, being all who heard his voice," — all of which was reported as a fact by "a gentleman of character and veracity."† It is as true as that "Banks, after he retreated to Winchester, took the cars for Harper's Ferry, shedding tears, and declaring that he had been sacrificed by his Government," which is solemnly written in Southern history.‡

Notwithstanding Gen. Jackson in his report says that the turnpike, which had just before teemed with life, presented such an appalling spectacle of carnage, destruction, and demoralization, he avers that he captured only "about two hundred prisoners, with their horses and equipages, and that the great body of the Federal cavalry made good their retreat."

While numbers of our cavalry made their way across the fields to the westward of the pike, Gen. Hatch, with a still larger body, turned back towards Strasburg with his six pieces of artillery. With this force, after gaining an advantageous site, he opened a rapid fire upon the enemy. Doubtful whether Banks's main force was yet in rear or had passed through Middletown, Jackson turned to attack Hatch, impressed with the belief that the latter was attempting to force a passage through his lines. With Taylor's Brigade formed in line south of the village, Jackson brought up his guns, supported them by Campbell's Brigade, and replied to the fire of Hatch's guns. After a short skirmish, a column of flame and smoke was seen arising from the bridge over Cedar Creek. The Zouaves d'Afrique, having been attacked

\* Cooke's Life of Jackson, p. 146. Dabney's Life of Jackson, p. 99.

† Cooke's Life of Jackson, p. 146.

‡ Cooke's Life of Jackson, p. 146.

by the part of Jackson's force that had swept southward, had fired the bridge and retreated to Strasburg. Then Hatch, convinced of the uselessness of the effort to cut his way through the enemy, turned to the left with his artillery, and made his way by narrow and obscure roads westward and northward, to effect, if possible, a junction with the main column. Six companies of the Fifth New York Cavalry and six of the First Vermont Cavalry, after repeated efforts to join the column, fell back to Strasburg.

The subsequent history of this force we may as well give here. The six companies of the Fifth New York Cavalry, under Col. De Forest, came into our lines *via* Hancock, at Clear Spring, north of the Potomac, bringing with them thirty-two wagons and many stragglers; the Zouaves joined us at Williamsport; the Fifth Vermont joined the column at Winchester, with six pieces of artillery, in time for the fight; and Gen. Hatch joined us in a few hours, as will appear. Major Collins of the cavalry, with three companies, attempted after dusk to proceed up the road towards Middletown, intending to turn off where the main body under Hatch left the pike; but mistaking the point, he dashed upon a barricade of wagons, and was received by the enemy with a tempestuous fire of infantry and artillery, from which he suffered grievously. This disposes of the entire force which was cut off from our column when Jackson struck us at Middletown.

If it was not apparent at this time to Gen. Stonewall Jackson that his game was not on that hunt, it was not for lack of evidence of that fact. The citizens of Middletown "informed Jackson that dense columns of infantry, trains of artillery, and long lines of baggage-wagons had been passing through there from Strasburg since early morning." \* Indeed, there was better evidence of this fact; for upon casting his eyes northward, our wagons were seen as he first entered the town, disappearing in the distance towards Winchester. †

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\* Cooke, p. 146.

† Dabney, p. 99.

As bitter as Jackson's disappointment may have been at this time, at the utter failure of his plans, he did not pause for a moment to bewail his fate in either prayers or sighs, but turning to Ashby, and ordering him to pursue with his cavalry, artillery, and Taylor's brigade of infantry, he turned his own face towards Winchester, and with the Stonewall Brigade in front, advanced with his whole army towards Newtown.\*

For a description of the six miles between Middletown and Newtown, we must rely upon the enemy. That their narrative is unhappily too strongly founded on facts of our own knowledge, we must admit. The six miles of wagons that were strung along the road, when, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Banks had his first skirmish with Stewart's cavalry, had followed on at the rear of my brigade, so that when I reached Newtown they were mainly scattered from Middletown to that place. But the manner of it is given as follows: "The deserted wagon-train of the enemy was found standing in many cases with horses attached, and occupying the road for a mile."† "The whole road was strewn with broken-down wagons, guns, knapsacks, oil-cloths, and accoutrements of every description."‡ When the unarmed and unescorted teamsters saw our cavalry scattered to the four winds at a breath by Jackson's sudden attack at Middletown, there is not much doubt that all of them made off without any retarding attachments of wagons; and as little, when Ashby came up with the rear of our trains, and opened fire with his batteries all along the turnpike, that the first confusion was like a saint's rest to the last. "A shell or round shot would strike one of the wagons and overturn it, and before those behind could stop their headway, they would crash into the ruins of the first, then others would tumble in, so as to block up the road completely."§ Thus did

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\* Dabney's Life of Jackson, p. 99.

† Dabney, p. 99.

‡ Cooke's Life of Jackson, p. 146.

§ Cooke, p. 146.

Ashby's cavalry thunder down on the defenceless wagons lining the road between Middletown and Newtown.

It was this contest I had heard. The fugitives from this unequal combat of cavalry, artillery, and Jackson's infantry, with our cavalry and six miles of teamsters, were those who had been sent by me to pour into the ears of Banks the story of our disaster, the crime of our wretched halt at Strasburg during the preceding night. It was this General Stonewall Jackson at the head of his army that I was now confronting at Newtown.

The time occupied in returning to Newtown from Bartonville,\* and driving the enemy out of the town, brings this narrative up to nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Four o'clock, five, six, seven, and eight at night found us still holding the town. The fight had settled into an artillery combat, and to this there was no cessation. Again and again, a pause for a few moments gave me hope that I had silenced the enemy's guns; but again and again their fire was spitefully resumed. For hours I held no communication with Gén. Banks, had not seen or heard from him since we left Bartonville. I looked upon my position as most perilous: my force was small, could cover only a small front. How long before I should be surrounded, cut off from Winchester, and captured!

It was after sunset, when, in the growing twilight, I saw, to my joy, Gen. Hatch approaching. In a few words he acquainted me with his escape. He had come in by a circuitous road to the left, bringing with him the greater part of his cavalry, which was then safe at Winchester, but all his baggage had been captured. Gen. Hatch confirmed my fears of the numbers of the enemy; he told me that they had set upon him in strong force; that they had taken a portion of the rear of our train, and such stores as

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\* So called on the Government map of our operations in the valley.

were left at Cedar Creek, and such forces as had not haply escaped. Gen. Hatch also dwelt with much feeling upon the mistake made by Capt. Collins of the cavalry in charging upon the enemy's barricade; his losses were mourned with more than ordinary expressions of sorrow. The command of the rear properly belonged to Gen. Hatch, for two reasons: it had been assigned to him by Gen. Banks; and he was my senior in rank. I tendered to him the command, but with much courtesy the general replied that he could not do better than I was doing, and he should decline to take it. Of course I assented, and Gen. Hatch, after leaving with me six companies of the cavalry that attended him, left with his staff for Winchester. Throwing the cavalry well out on my flanks, I continued the fight.

It was sometime after sunset, near eight o'clock, when an unexpected visitor came into my lines, and was brought before me. It was one of Jackson's medical officers, a surgeon attached to one of our enemy's Maryland batteries. While more than half drunk, probably on our liquor found in the captured wagons, the non-combatant surgeon stumbled into one of my batteries, supposing it to be his own. Not too much intoxicated to recognize the blue uniform of the Federal troops, and with wits quickened by danger, he demanded with admirable coolness the surrender of the first man he confronted.

"Surrender!" replied the burly sergeant. "Who are you?"

"I am a Confederate officer," replied the man.

"I guess you'd better surrender yourself, then," was the retort, with a revolver presented at the surgeon's head. Without more ado he was detained in the heavy grasp of his captor, and brought before me. Our commissary whiskey had so cheered his spirits that our captive was without prudence. In a word, he let out that our position was most perilous.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.



"Don't you see," I replied, "what we are doing?"

"Why," exclaimed my inebriated prisoner, "you'd better get out of this. We are all around you!"

Glimpses of sobriety followed a partial shock, as he realized his situation, and he mingled exclamations of surprise, regret, and self-condemnation with a caution to treat him well; "for," said he, "you will all be in the same condition as myself before morning."

"You have no idea of our force," he added; "they are all around you, and will have every one of you, and Winchester, too, if not to-night, certainly in the morning."

"What are the numbers of your forces?" I asked.

"From 20,000 to 40,000 men, under the command of Generals Jackson, Ewell, and Johnston, with Gen. Jackson as commander-in-chief," was his reply.

I could not doubt that the enemy were making their way slowly around us, — were even so near that they could easily stray into my lines for their own. I had driven them from Newtown, and held it for nearly four hours; all our trains in advance were secure and in Winchester; Gen. Hatch and his rear-guard, save those captured or in flight over the mountains to the west, were safe; and ample time had been afforded Gen. Banks to remove all the public property in Winchester or destroy it. All that I could do was done, and I determined to withdraw.\* My dispositions were soon made.

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\* It is pleasant to find Southern writers confirming all I have here claimed to have accomplished. "They brought up four pieces of artillery and planted them in the outskirts of the town, opening a furious fire upon the Confederate batteries. . . . Jackson hastened to the front, and when he arrived at Newtown found Poague with two guns engaged in a hot combat with the Federal artillery, which continued to check his further advance until dark. . . . At nightfall the Federal artillery, which had held the Confederate advance in check at Newtown, retired from the field, and Jackson determined to push on after Banks to Winchester." — *Cooke's Life of Jackson*, pp. 147, 148.

"The rifled guns of Poague were immediately placed in position, upon arriving near Newtown, on an opposing eminence, and replied to the Federal batteries on"

The Second Massachusetts I ordered to cover our march; the Twenty-Seventh Indiana I directed to burn the disabled wagons, distribute among the men all the clothing and material they could carry, and haul in by hand such wagons as were whole, if the animals I had sent for did not arrive. With cavalry and one section of artillery, followed by the Twenty-Eighth New York Regiment and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, I prepared to move forward in the darkness upon my march of about five and a half miles to Winchester, not knowing at what moment I should be intercepted from the many roads that were open to the enemy. To aid Lieut.-Col. Andrews, in command of the rear-guard, I strengthened him with cavalry and one section of artillery. There was delay in withdrawing, but we got off well and with a compact column. How we progressed will follow after we have seen why we were allowed by Jackson to hold his immensely superior numbers in check for so many hours at Newtown.

Ashby's cavalry, Taylor's Brigade of infantry, and a rifled battery of six guns we left at Middletown, as advance-guard to the force, commanded by Gen. Jackson in person, that was starting in pursuit of our retreating wagon-train.

To Newtown, as we have said, it was six miles; the hour was between two and three. Although a wagon-train of six miles is not usually a formidable opponent to such a command, in this case, according to Southern writers, it proved a very devil in their path; for after Poague's guns had bowled down wagons enough, the whole Southern army became at once intent only on pillage. In vain did Ashby attempt to rally them, to push on after the disordered baggage-wagons: they would neither hear nor obey, but scattered in pursuit, not of the enemy, but of plunder; and thus Ashby was obliged to arrest the pursuit. "Alas!" groans the Southern his-

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the right of the village with effect; but it was sundown before they were dislodged and the pursuit resumed." — *Dabney*, p. 102.

torian, with agony somewhat allayed by the "curious inefficiency of discipline in the Confederacy,"\* "the firing had not ceased in the first onset upon Federal cavalry at Middletown before some of Ashby's men might have been seen, like horse-thieves, seizing two or three captured horses, and making off with them across the fields, and not stopping until they had carried their illegal booty to their homes, in some instances two or three days' marches." †

The artillery of Poague had, however, resisting the allurements of plunder, pushed on ahead, and arrived near Newtown without any species of support. ‡

We may now follow the course of our column to Winchester. The silence of our guns had hardly given warning to the enemy of our withdrawal, when the growing darkness was illuminated by our burning wagons, which, lighting up the surrounding country, shed a lurid glare even up to the streets of Newtown itself. All that had not been removed were destroyed. As Jackson, at the head of his column, rode through the streets of Newtown, the people gave him the welcome of a conqueror. "They illuminated their houses; they embraced the soldiers; and bringing into the streets bread, meat, pickles, pies, and everything they could raise, they forced them upon their half-starved soldiers. . . . They were crazy with joy at the sight of the gray uniforms." § Truly, a striking contrast this to the lifeless desertion that reigned during our occupancy.

As the red light of our burning wagons mingled with the cheerful illumination of the town, we heard the resounding

\* Dabney's Life of Jackson, p. 102.

† Cooke's Life of Stonewall Jackson, p. 147.

‡ Gen. Jackson was disappointed to find his artillery unattended and wholly unsupported by his cavalry. "This misconduct nearly prevented him from securing the fruits of all his marching and fighting." — *Dabney*.

"He was much displeased with Ashby, with whom he had many hot words,"

— *Cooke, p. 148.*

§ *Cooke, p. 148.*

cheers of our enemies, who moved rapidly on to find the coveted stores reduced to blazing wagons \* and pontoon boats, blackened heaps of rice, beef, and bread intermingled with bands and bars of glowing iron. † Jackson made no halt in his march; but at the head of his column, without a moment's pause for food or sleep, with a small advance-guard of cavalry, he pushed on, to prevent, if possible, our occupancy of a range of hills to the south and west of the town of Winchester, which would command his approaches. ‡ The night was calm, but dark. Pursuers and pursued had passed over the half-mile to Bartonville, and reached the creek which crosses the road south of the town, when the enemy, with their commander at their head, was upon us.

Lieut.-Col. Andrews had thrown out as his rear-guard three companies of the Second, Captains Abbott and Cogswell, with a third company, Captain Williams, as flankers. At a short distance in advance were the remaining companies of the regiment, and before them artillery, infantry, and cavalry, as described. The rear-guard was on the south side of the creek. In this posture of affairs, Jackson with his escort came unconsciously almost up to them. He was received by Major Dwight, who commanded the rear, by a volley delivered at short range with perfect coolness and great effect. Major Dwight's formation was judicious: Capt. Abbott commanded one platoon, posted on one side of the road; Capt. Cogswell another, on the other side; while in the centre were two platoons from these companies formed in square, under command of Lieut. Grafton. The effect

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\* I burned the seven or eight wagons which had been overthrown, and could not be transported for want of animals. — *Gordon's Report*.

† Cooke says, p. 148, "Beyond Newtown the spectacle along the roads was even more striking than that presented near Middletown. Hundreds of abandoned, overturned, or burning wagons, filled with stores of every description, were encountered by the troops.

See also Dabney, p. 102.

‡ Dabney, p. 104.

of this fire was such a surprise to the enemy that Jackson's cavalry escort, upon whom it fell, drew rein, wavered for a moment, and fell back out of range. Then came a single shell from the enemy's battery, which was replied to by another volley from the rear-guard, delivered without seeing the enemy.

Col. Andrews now changed the rear-guard, supplying their places with Company I, Capt. Underwood, and Co. D, Capt. Savage, as flankers. The remainder of the regiment then moved on to where their knapsacks had been deposited, while the new rear-guard was stationed on the north side of the creek. By this time Jackson had again brought up his cavalry escort, and commanded, in crisp, sharp tones, overheard by our men, "Charge them! Charge them!" Advancing, but unsteadily, for a little space, they came again in good range of Company I, and were received by Capt. Underwood with a hot fire, delivered, like the first, with perfect coolness, upon which a second time they turned, and fled past Gen. Jackson himself, carrying him and his attendants along with them,\* and riding down several cannoneers, who had been brought up to their support, thus leaving Jackson with his staff alone in the road.† Towering with indignation, Jackson turned to the officer next him exclaiming, "Shameful!" then added, "Did you see any one struck, sir? Did you see anybody struck? Surely they need not have run, at least until they were hurt!"

Jackson then called up a Virginia regiment, the Thirty-Third Infantry, Col. Neff, and sent it in to attack Co. I. Advancing abreast of Jackson's column, the infantry threw out skirmishers, who were soon engaged with Capt. Underwood. The skirmish lasted about ten minutes, and was very severe, but it was sustained and replied to by Company I in a most creditable manner. The heat of this engagement caused Col. Andrews to send forward, in support of

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\* Dabney, p. 103.

† Dabney, pp. 103, 104.

this Company on the right and left, platoons from Companies B and C, Captains Cogswell and Williams. The increased fire produced a marked effect upon the enemy, but it did not destroy him. In the few minutes of the fight our loss was severe. When the men had all taken their knapsacks, the march of the rear-guard was resumed, and Jackson's column for a time saved from further "insult," as his historian called it. So pertinacious was our stand here that the enemy admit that they brought up three regiments of the Stonewall Brigade, the Twenty-Seventh, Second, and Fifth Virginia Regiments, and that the affair grew to the dimensions of a night combat before we gave way.\*

Necessary delays in burning the wagons and abandoned

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\* Dabney, p. 104.

An officer of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, Major Francis, places the fighting part of the rear-guard nearly as I have given it, but he says that Companies A and C formed square after the skirmishers had rallied,—the former one hundred feet from the road on the eastern side, and the latter the same distance on the western side. When the rebel cavalry came down, he says, "Both companies could plainly see them, though not visible themselves. A treacherous gun fired by one of our men in the road prevented our companies from doing the execution they otherwise would. This one shot brought the cavalry to a halt, at the top of the small hill south of the bridge, and it was time for Companies A and C to fire, if at all, and they each fired one volley, which sent the rebels flying back over the hill, and all was quiet for the space of half an hour or more. Both companies were now placed in the road, and here a prisoner was captured. He came down the road thinking we were Confederates, but upon discovering his mistake tried to pass himself off as belonging to a New York Regiment, and then confessed that he belonged to a Virginia Regiment. He was then put under a guard of two men from Company A. Soon afterwards Companies A and C were relieved by Company I, which took up a position across the road on the northerly side of the creek close to the bridge, and he thinks Company D deployed as skirmishers on both sides of the road. While the rear-guard was in this position, and the other companies getting their knapsacks, a second attack was made by the enemy, but this time it was with infantry skirmishers. The firing was sharp, but we maintained our position." There was some confusion here: our own cavalry rode into us, and the prisoner took advantage of it, and tried to escape, but was promptly shot dead by private Huntley, of Company A, one of the guard. Major Francis's horse was wounded in this last attack, two slight wounds by buckshot.



property, and recovering the knapsacks, had caused the head of my column to advance faster than the rear-guard ; so that when I heard the single gun followed by volleys of infantry, I sent to inquire as to the force attacking, and received the reply from Col. Andrews that he was somewhat annoyed with skirmishing cavalry. I sent back the two companies of our cavalry which I had retained, and a section of Best's Battery, with instructions to give the enemy a heavy fire of grape if they closed upon the rear. This pressure did not allay my apprehension for the safety of my column ; for although there were many roads through which, in the darkness, the enemy could pass unperceived between my command and Winchester, the most threatening, and the one from which I was most fearful, was that in which both roads, on which the enemy were marching, converged at Winchester. Either there, of on a road which joined the pike east of Kernstown, my information led me to believe the enemy would make this attempt.

Feeling that Col. Andrews had been sufficiently reinforced, I pressed on with the Twenty-Seventh Indiana and Twenty-Eighth New York, arriving at the outskirts of Winchester between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. The road was then clear. I had hardly selected a bivouac for the regiments of my brigade, when a messenger from the rear announced that Col. Andrews was in want of ambulances. Sending my aid, Lieut. Scott, in search of them, I seated myself by a few embers by the roadside and waited impatiently for Col. Andrews's arrival. Frequent reports from that officer had advised me since his skirmish at Bartonville, of his good progress ; but that progress was slow. He was impeded by his wounded, who were being transported on gun-carriages, and by the necessity of keeping his skirmishers well out to his rear and on his flanks. In this manner Col. Andrews reached Kernstown, two and a half miles from Winchester, without further molestation. Here he determined to con-

vey his wounded no further on gun-carriages, but await the arrival of the ambulances. And here again the regiment was overtaken by the enemy.

The rear-guard was, as it had been, under command of Major Dwight, the remainder of the regiment in column in the road, and the wounded just transported into a brick house to be used as a hospital. Impatient at the delay, I returned to Kernstown with a single orderly, and came up to our regiment at about one o'clock at night. Rather a severe skirmish was then going on between Captain Underwood's company, then rear-guard, and the enemy. The darkness of the night concealed the foe, while our column, formed in the middle of the road, offered a good mark. As the enemy approached they were greeted with a warm fire upon their right, left, and front, from the rifles of the Second.\*

The halt here was short, as delay was dangerous. To wait longer for ambulances would have been folly, so the march was resumed; but we were obliged to leave our wounded in the hands of the enemy, and with them Dr. Leland, surgeon of the Second. The remaining two and a half miles to the outskirts of Winchester were made without molestation. It was two o'clock in the morning of the 25th of May when, with the other regiments of my command, the Second sank down to rest just outside the town. Our loss during the night had been three killed and seventeen wounded in the Second Massachusetts alone. Without fires and without food, or so little that it served to tempt, not satisfy the appetite, the troops, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep where they were halted, — all except Captain Cogswell, who was ordered, with

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\* We have, in the histories we have quoted, strong admissions of the plucky fight made here by our regiment, in that we attacked Jackson with great gallantry, our fire appearing dancing along the top of the walls (stone walls), accompanied by the sharp explosion of the rifles, and the bullets whistling up the road. (See Dabney, p. 102.)

his company, upon outpost duty. It was with regret that I was compelled to hurry the regiment off from Kernstown, leaving in the hands of the enemy those of their wounded comrades whom they had supported while so faithfully guarding the rear of my column.

I had sent my aid for ambulances as I have said, and he had, in the night, found three full of wounded, which he had taken to the hospitals, emptied, sent off, and then searched for more; but one surgeon sent him to another, who referred him to a third, with as much interest as if he were in search of forage for his horse. Finally, he sought for Gen. Banks, but could not find him; then he came across Gen. Shields's surgeons, but they had no appliances for any one but Gen. Shields's sick. Then he searched unknown places, and found an ambulance, but the driver was afraid to go back, so my aid procured a soldier to drive, and came to where I had been, to find that I had become anxious at the non-appearance of the Second, and had gone out to meet it. Following with his single ambulance, he got well out beyond the pickets; but finding that the regiment was still farther out, how much he could not imagine, he returned again to town.\*

We had thus reached Winchester. From between two and three o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th, to between two and three o'clock in the morning of the 25th, we had held back the enemy. Though we could not cut through their columns, we had not only snatched from them much valuable property that they were just ready to grasp, but had so delayed their march that ample time had been afforded Banks to remove all the public property in town to a place of safety, and take such measures for the future as sound judgment should dictate. I determined to hunt up Gen. Banks, and give him such facts as the experiences I have related revealed. With-

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\* Lieut. Francis, then acting as regimental quartermaster, had been more fortunate, and met the regiment with half a dozen ambulances, but the wounded had been captured.

out much difficulty I found the house he occupied in town. He was in a bedroom, but had not retired ; before him was a bathing-tub, giving evidence that he had found time to enjoy that luxury. To confirm, so far as he would reveal, my own belief in the force of the enemy, and that they would attack at daylight with a force that could overwhelm us at once, I brought with me my once inebriated surgeon, now, however, completely sobered. In a few words I told Banks all that had befallen us, urging that this afforded confirmation of the belief I had expressed to him the preceding night at Strasburg, and then bringing forward my prisoner, I presented him as a man who, if he would speak at all, would tell the truth. I appealed to him. He replied that, filled with regret as he was at the circumstances of his capture, we could hardly expect him to reveal the number of Gen. Jackson's army ; still he would say that he believed his force to be greatly superior to ours, and further that it was Gen. Jackson's intention to attack us at daylight, that is, he did not doubt such was his intention ; and then, said he, with a show of humor, "If you can whip him, he won't whip you." If my own assertions, backed up by my prisoner, made any impression on Gen. Banks, I did not perceive it. To my appeal that now, even at this hour, all the public property in the town should be sent forward to the other side of the Potomac, and preparations made to retire in proper order, before the tremendous odds against us, destroying public property that could not be transported, Banks preserved the same stolid front, the same or a more unintelligible silence than had met me at Strasburg. Informing him, if he asked me, of the position of my brigade, I withdrew without a word from him of his plans.

Gen. Williams, commanding our division, was calmly sleeping in the principal hotel in Winchester. It required loud calls, added to the sound of my cavalry boots and spurs, as I stalked heavily along the halls in search of his room, to bring

him at last to the door of his apartment, where, as his red face beamed above his long flannel night-shirt, he was a spectacle to behold. To advise him of the situation, to represent how uncomfortable his interview with Gen. (Stonewall) Jackson would be in such apparel, was the work of a moment. Other brigadier-generals, unattached to any command, — Greene and Crawford, — in night array, had listened to my interview with Williams; but under the circumstances these gentlemen were men of leisure. It was still dark, though near daylight, when I turned from the hotel, and sought my old Winchester quarters, if haply I might seize a few moments' rest, the first in forty-eight hours.

I found the place my aid had selected for a very temporary headquarters, and threw myself upon a bed without removing an article of clothing; but hardly had I touched the blankets when there came to my ears the sound of a horse's gallop, drawing nearer and nearer, until it ceased at my door. The rider was Major Dwight, and his greeting, "Colonel, the pickets are falling back! the enemy is advancing!" It was four o'clock in the morning.

Gen. Jackson closely followed up from Kernstown my retiring column. Not until he had advanced so far that the coveted heights were within his easy grasp did he halt, and then, allowing the main body of his army to lie down upon the roadside for an hour's sleep, he pushed forward his skirmishers, who, although drenched with the dew, waded through the rank fields of clover and wheat, and stumbled across ditches in the darkness \* until they encountered my outlying line of pickets, with whom for an hour they kept up a constant fire. Although through all the fatigue of the two days through which our regiment had passed, Capt. Cogswell maintained stoutly through the remainder of the night his unequal combat with the enemy's skirmishers, holding them on his front at bay. But not much to be envied were those com-

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\* Dabney, p. 104.

panies of my brigade who, during that brief hour, were allowed to rest. The constant firing at the outposts ; the weary march of over twenty miles, prolonged through fifteen hours, and the fight of one of them, the Second, from 3 P. M. until 2 A. M. of the next day ; the coldness of the night, and the want of shelter and blankets, combined to make sleep almost impossible.

"Yes, I will be there instantly," I replied to Major Dwight, as I jumped from my blankets and threw myself into the saddle. Galloping rapidly to Banks's headquarters, I rushed into his bedroom, and exclaimed, "Gen. Banks, the question of what is to be done has now settled itself. The enemy, now moving in force, has almost reached the town. I shall put my brigade instantly in line of battle upon the heights I now occupy. If you have any orders to give, you will find me there to receive them." Banks replied, "Yes, sir." Was he thinking, I wondered, of the opinions of his friends, or of the bayonets beyond the dark crests of the hills ; where for more than an hour, in the early dawn, without a cloak to protect him from the chilling dews, standing as a sentinel at the head of his column, listening to every sound from his front, looking at the figures of the Federal skirmishers as on the hill-tops they stood out in distinct relief against the faint blush of the morning sky, was the figure of Stonewall Jackson. In a quiet under-tone the word "Forward !" had now fallen from his lips, was passed onward down his columns, and his hosts arising from their short slumbers, chill and stiff with the cold night damps, were advancing to battle.\* Ere the word was given, a dispatch from Ewell announced that he too was ready ; that early in the night he had reached a position three miles from the town, on Jackson's right, and that his pickets were yet one mile in advance.†

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\* Dabney, p. 104.

† Cooke, p. 149.



## CHAPTER VI.

ON the north and west, within about one third of a mile from the town, a commanding ridge partially surrounds Winchester, and extends southwesterly parallel to the pike-road to Strasburg. South of the town the country is broken up into hills, which reach to within a mile of Kernstown. As you stand on the southern end of the ridge, facing southward, there is on your left the turnpike gradually surmounting a gentle ascent, in your front a valley, and beyond, the crest of a higher ridge, perhaps four hundred yards distant. Turn to your right and look up the valley, and you will see that it leads to the summit of a hill to the west, of about the height of the ridge on which you stand, but lower than the one beyond the valley, and, perhaps, a hundred yards from you.

When I arrived at the spot where the regiments of my brigade had dropped down to sleep, I found them forming in line in the valley I have described. Posting my battery of Parrotts (six guns, under command of Lieut. Peabody) on the bluff end of the ridge, I moved my brigade up the valley, and occupied the summit of the hill to the right and a little farther to the front, with the Second Massachusetts Regiment; next came the Third Wisconsin, farther down the ravine the Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania, and on the left the Twenty-Seventh Indiana. Before us, just over the crest of the hill opposite, was the enemy, but they could not show themselves without being in sight and range of my command. From one and a half to two miles on my left, on the Front Royal road, Ewell was confronted by Donnelly's Brigade

of three regiments, the Twenty-Eighth New York, Fifth Connecticut, Forty-Sixth Pennsylvania, and Best's United States Battery of six smooth-bore brass pieces, under command of Lieut. Crosby. The country in front of Donnelly on the south and east is almost level.

From this description it will be seen that, with Winchester as a centre, we occupied at daylight of the 25th a portion of an arc the whole of which was at least two and a half miles in length, or 4,400 yards. We could with our command occupy only 1,750 yards of the 4,400; for 3,500 men in two ranks will cover no more. In other words, we could extend over a little more than one third of our front. With 16,000 infantry in two ranks in line of battle, the enemy could not only encircle our entire front, but extend beyond our right and left flanks 1,800 yards, or forty more than a mile. With my brigade and Donnelly's we could occupy only the flanks of our line; the centre was unprotected, except by a fire from Best's Battery, which was so posted as to bear upon either flank of the enemy's line.

My picket line, which had occupied the summit of the hill opposite our position, had been driven back upon the main body just before my arrival. Gen. Jackson had hoped to seize those hills, before daylight warned us of his presence;\* but if the detention of the previous day did not show the futility of such a wish, the strong line of pickets that confronted him must have been more convincing. Jackson, looking upon this position as the key-point upon the field, and determining to possess it, threw forward, after a careful examination of a few moments, a brigade of infantry, under Gen. Winder, — the Stonewall Brigade, — and strengthening this on its right with the Fifth Virginia Regiment, he threw this force, larger than my whole command, against my pickets on his front. This was the contest that aroused me from an attempt to secure a moment's

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\* Cooke's Life of Jackson, p. 149.

sleep. Of course my pickets gave way, and when I reached the ground the enemy were in possession of their coveted prize,—the hill beyond the ravine, in front of my battery and my line of infantry.

“That the enemy did not post their powerful artillery upon the foremost of these heights, supported by their main force, was,” ejaculates the pious Dabney,\* “due to the will of God.” To which I reply that it was due to the will of the War Department, which deprived us of the requisite numbers of troops to hold any position against the overwhelming force in our front.

To continue: As soon as Jackson got possession of this hill, he advanced there, just below its crest, a strong detachment of artillery, composed of the batteries of Poague, Carpenter, and Cutshaw, and these he supported with two brigades of infantry, the Stonewall Brigade and that of Gen. John A. Campbell.

As the Second Regiment moved up on the right of the line to the crest of the hill, the enemy opened upon it with grape; but this did not disconcert or cause it to waver; steadily it moved on and took up its position. Col. Andrews then threw out to his right and front his right company, commanded by Capt. Savage, as a covering skirmish-line. Soon, however, this company was sent forward to a stone wall a few rods in advance.

It was now five o'clock in the morning. As my eye fell on the enemy's columns, under Winder, moving up in support of their batteries, I ordered my gunners to fire upon them; and at the same time Capt. Savage, finding the enemy's artillery within good range from his stone wall, opened upon their gunners. Now, Col. Andrews strengthened Capt. Savage by Capt. Cary's Company.

While the fire from my battery was incessant and effective, the two companies of the Second behind the wall poured an

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\* Dabney's Life of Jackson, p. 104.

annoying fire into the enemy's gunners, and the two right companies of the regiment added to the effect by firing volleys at their battery. The effect of our artillery fire was to drive the enemy's columns back over the crest of the hill, where they had for a moment vauntingly showed themselves, and to cause one of their guns to be abandoned by their cannoneers. From five until almost seven o'clock in the morning, a fire of shell, round shot, and canister was poured forth upon my command, from which nothing saved us but the accurate aim of our men of the Second, who from behind the stone wall and the crest of the hill drove the enemy's gunners under cover so that their firing was wild.

The Southern account of this two hours of the fight bears testimony to the pluck with which we responded to our enemy's challenge.\* Gen. Jackson, it seems, had been an observer of our movements. He is described as having ridden forward with two field-officers, Campbell and another, to the very crest of the hill, and amidst a perfect shower of balls observed the position. It is said that though both the officers beside him were speedily wounded, he sat calmly on his horse until he had satisfied himself of our dispositions. He saw, it is said, my battery, as I was posting it on the edge of the ridge; he saw, nearer to his left front, Captains Cary and Savage just seizing a position behind an oblique stone fence; and he saw these gallant fellows pouring a galling fire upon his gunners that struck down many men and horses. He saw his battery, sometimes almost silenced, holding well up to punishment, until Winder ordered it to change front to the left and bring part of their guns to bear with solid shot, to shatter the wall, behind which were the two

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\* This part of the contest is spoken of as a "fierce cannonade, intermingled with a sharp, rattling fire of rifle-men," the smoke of which "melted away into the silvery veil of May dews, exhaled by the beams of the rising sun." (See Dabney's Life of Jackson, p. 104.)

companies of the Second. With solid shot crashing into and over them, and with canister raking them, Gen. Jackson found that not one inch could he make Savage or Cary turn back, although Cary was knocked over by a flying stone, hit by a shell that killed a man by his side.

As Jackson looked upon the scene, it is represented that he did not doubt that the enemy would attempt to drive his artillery from this vital position and occupy it with their own ; and so turning to Col. Neff, commanding the Thirty-Third Virginia Infantry, then supporting Carpenter's Battery, he asked him, —

“Colonel, where is your regiment posted?”

“Here,” he replied.

“I expect,” answered Jackson, “the enemy to bring artillery to this hill : they must not do it. If they attempt to come, charge them with the bayonet.”\*

Then after this survey, leaving two more of his batteries to reply to my single one, Jackson, glancing again at the scene, planned his attack and turned to his command.†

\* Dabney relates this incident as of such powerful cast, that he uses the words “strident voice” and “blood tingle” to convey its effect. (See Dabney's *Life of Jackson*, p. 104.)

† There is still another account of the forward movement of the enemy to the hill upon which our pickets were stationed, of their reception by my brigade, and of Jackson's observation of the scene: “When the Fifth Virginia was thrown forward as skirmishers in advance of Winder's Brigade, which was deployed in line of battle, a rush was made for the hill, and they [our three or four companies on picket duty] recoiled before the Confederate fire, and the Southern troops, uttering loud cheers, gained the crest and were in possession of the hill. Prompt measures were then taken to improve this advantage, and open the attack with an energy which should give the Federal forces no time to prepare. They had hastily opened with a battery directly in front, and to dislodge these guns, Carpenter's and Cutshaw's Batteries, with two Parrott guns from the Rock-bridge Artillery, were rapidly placed in position and opened fire. The battle speedily commenced in good earnest. It was absolutely necessary, if the Federal forces expected to hold the town of Winchester, that the Confederates should be dislodged from their commanding position, and a body of Federal sharpshooters was promptly thrown forward to feel Jackson's left, and drive him, if possible,

Turning now to the southeastern part of the town, the left of our line of battle, we find Col. Donelly confronting Ewell. Having reached his position within two miles of Winchester at ten o'clock the preceding evening, Ewell at dawn had continued his march until he confronted our outlying pickets. This command consisted, as will be remembered, of a North Carolina brigade, under Gen. Trimble, the First Maryland Regiment, and two batteries, Courtney's and Brockenbrough's. As Ewell advanced his brigade, the left regiment, under command of Col. Kirkland, encountered Donelly's Brigade in line,

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from the hill. [So the enemy seems to have interpreted the movements of Captains Savage and Cary.] At the same moment another Federal battery began to thunder on the left, and a dangerous enfilade fire was poured upon the Southern lines. This advance of infantry and the fire of the new battery was promptly responded to by Jackson. The battery in his front had been reduced to silence, and his guns were now turned upon the enemy's sharp-shooters, who hastily retreated behind a heavy stone fence that protected them. From this excellent position they opened a galling and destructive fire on the cannoneers and horses attached to the Confederate batteries, which were now engaged hotly on the left. The combined fire of sharp-shooters and artillery was so heavy that Capt. Poague, who was most exposed to the enemy, was compelled to change position in the midst of a storm of balls. He rapidly withdrew his guns, moved to the left and rear, and again taking position, poured a determined fire upon the enfilading batteries of the enemy. The Federal sharp-shooters continued to fire from their position behind the stone wall with a precision which was galling and dangerous in the extreme. No one could mount to the crest of the hill without hearing the sudden report of their excellent long-range guns, succeeded by the whistling of balls near his person. Col. Campbell, commanding the Second Brigade of Jackson's division, went up to the summit to reconnoitre, and was giving some directions to Col. Patton, the senior officer under him, when a ball pierced his arm and breast, and he was borne from the field, leaving Patton in command. To drive out these persistent and accurate marksmen, Capt. Poague threw several solid shot at the wall which protected them, but in spite of the missiles and crashing stones around them, the line of sharp-shooters still gallantly held their position." — *Cooke's Life of Jackson*, p. 149.

[NOTE. — The battery upon which Dabney says "Carpenter and Cutshaw also kept up so spirited a contest with the batteries in the direction of the town as to silence their fire," was Best's smooth-bore battery, which alone, near the Strasburg pike and to my left, formed the centre of our line of battle. The battery which Cooke says began to thunder on Jackson's left with a dangerous enfilading fire was my battery of Parrotts. — AUTHOR.]



covered by a stone wall. Donelly's fire was terrific. We claim that Kirkland's regiment was nearly destroyed. The enemy admit that all the field-officers were wounded, and that the "gallant regiment was obliged to recoil"\* (run away). Ewell then sent in the Twenty-First Georgia Regiment. Approaching with caution, its fate was better than that of its predecessor; but yet Donelly was not routed nor in danger of it, either from that mode of attack or from any other that the small force Jackson had given Ewell could make. Seeing this, Trimble suggested throwing forward the right and turning Donelly's flank. It was done, and the enemy claim that Donelly, who had been driven from his cover by the Georgia regiment, now gave way entirely. † In his report Gen. Banks thinks that Trimble's flank movement was abandoned, because Gen. Williams, our division commander, seeing the movement, sent a detachment of cavalry to intercept it. ‡

Could Donelly have held Ewell back? It is more than probable, if there had been no other force confronting us. Did Jackson's movements on my flank, by causing me to withdraw, compel Donelly to retire? It is quite probable: Banks so writes in his report. Why then did I withdraw? To answer

\* Dabney, p. 109.

† "Meanwhile Ewell had not been idle. As soon as Jackson's guns were heard on the left, he rapidly advanced towards the southeast side of the town, and became engaged with the enemy, who were posted on the hills, and in the farm-houses which here dot the rolling landscape. The Twenty-First North Carolina and Twenty-First Georgia attacked and drove back the advanced force of the enemy, and Ewell pushed rapidly forward. But here, as on the left, one of these obstinate stone walls which appear so often in the narrative of battles in the valley, offered its bristling front to his purpose. The Federal sharpshooters lined it, and resting their guns on the top poured into the ranks of the Twenty-First North Carolina, which were in advance, so destructive a fire, that they were forced to fall back with heavy loss. This success was, however, brief; taking the place of the repulsed regiment, the Twenty-First Georgia made a determined charge, the enemy were driven from their cover, and the main body of Ewell's forces, which had been arrested by this obstacle, swept forward amidst the thunders of artillery to the assault." — *Cooke, p. 153.*

‡ Banks's Report.

this, I resume my narrative. For two hours the Stonewall Brigade (Jackson's own, under Gen. Winder) with Carpenter's and Taliaferro's Brigades, and three batteries, had been held in check on the heights opposite by the rifles of the Second Massachusetts and by the battery of six Parrotts on our flank. During this time the roar of artillery and infantry on our left before Donnelly was continuous. And now Gen. Jackson, thinking the battle had reached a critical stage,\* determined to strike a final blow. For this purpose he ordered forward one of his reserve brigades, the one commanded by Gen. Taylor. This, with Elsey's Brigade, was in reserve behind the mill-house on the turnpike, about three fourths of a mile from town. Burning with eagerness, Jackson's impatience outstripped the speed of his messenger, and he rode rapidly to meet it; then conducting it by a hollow way in rear of the two brigades before us, he gained the cover of a wood to our right, and here directing its rapid formation in line of battle with the left regiments, thrown forward† to gain our rear, he was ready for his assault.

The moment the enemy began to emerge from the woods, Col. Andrews, through Major Dwight, reported to me that he could see them advancing in line of battle directly upon our right flank. Receiving this message while opposite the centre of my brigade line, I dashed up to the head of our regiment, jumped from my horse, and with Col. Andrews crawled forward to the crest of the hill, just behind which our regiment was in line. On any day in spring the view from that summit would have been most fascinating. There to the south and west were a cluster of beautiful hills, commanding the town, and covered with luxurious clover and pasturage, with here and there a forest grove crowning the eminences. Everywhere the fields were enclosed with fences and stone walls. The verdure of the forest trees, the rich green of the grasses, the blue sky overhead, and the soft beams of the morning sun-

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\* Dabney, pp. 108, 109.

† Dabney, pp. 104-109.

light, lent all their beauties to adorn the picture. But to all that Nature offered, man had added his touch to stamp forever the scene upon my mind. There, just below us, in good rifle-range, preceded by swarms of skirmishers, regiment after regiment of the enemy were moving in good order steadily but rapidly up the hill.\* Farther south, coming from the direction of the Strasburg pike, and galloping across the fields, I saw a new battery urged forward to a new position to support this attack ; while nearer my centre, the crest of the hill was wreathed with the smoke of the three batteries that for two hours had tried, in vain, to drive us from our position. There was no time to linger. In an instant I again mounted my horse ; ordered the Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana to move by flank on the run and extend to the right of the Second, at the same time directing a section of my battery to the front, where the guns could bear upon the enemy's columns. But at this time a shell killed one man and three horses, so that the guns were pulled up by hand, and progress was necessarily slow. Before the arrival of these regiments the Second had opened upon the enemy a heavy fire of musketry, which was taken up and continued by the new regiments as they came into position. Although the enemy claim that their flanking column was greeted with a shower of shells and rifle-

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\* This was Taylor's Brigade, numbering 4,000 men (about five hundred more than the whole of Banks's army), as appears from the following letter to me from Gen. Geo. L. Andrews, my former lieutenant-colonel : —

" WEST POINT, N. Y., June 14, 1875.

" *Dear General*, — . . . After the surrender at Meridian, on the borders of Alabama and Mississippi, where I went to receive the parole of General Taylor's army, I had a conversation with the latter about the Winchester fight. In the course of it, I said that if we could have opposed his whole brigade with a battery, and reserved the infantry fire longer, I thought we might have checked him.

" He replied in substance that no doubt we should have hurt them a good deal, but he thought we could not have stopped him ; adding, ' I had 4,000 men in that brigade.' "

balls, it is true to history to state that when the Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania and Twenty-Seventh Indiana reached their position, they were imperfectly formed; their fire was hasty and less effective than it should have been. At all events, the fire did not check the advance of the enemy, who, somewhat favored by the ground, formed his lines with the accuracy of a parade.

When Jackson saw Taylor in motion, he galloped along the rear of his line to the centre, and ordered a general advance; then again moving to the hill where Carpenter's Battery was firing upon our lines, the same from which he had exposed himself at the beginning, he is represented as mounting it with an air of eager caution, and peering like a deer-stalker over its summit as soon as his eyes reached its level.\* What Jackson saw ought to have encouraged him; for now, looking down upon the steady movement of Taylor (despite the fire we poured into him), he saw the Twenty-Ninth and Twenty-Seventh of my brigade break into disorder and begin to fall to the rear; he saw the Second holding on for a moment, then turn, and we were in retreat.†

"I can't help it," replied Col. Andrews, as I rode hastily up to him with the question, "Why are you falling back?" It was true. With his right uncovered it would have been madness to remain. "Move in order, then, and retreat steadily," I replied, giving the same caution to the Third

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\* Dabney, p. 109.

† Gen. Andrews says, in letter of June 14th referred to, "The fire of the two regiments (Twenty-Seventh Indiana and Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania), opened at first at too great a distance from the enemy, suddenly ceased; the men broke ranks and fell to the rear. I now gave the command to the Second Massachusetts, 'By company, right wheel, march!' intending to deploy forward and support what was left of the line opposed to the enemy; but I soon saw that there was nothing left in line to oppose the enemy. The Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania had partially rallied in a line oblique to the front of the Second Massachusetts, before the wheel into column, having their backs turned towards us. The Second Massachusetts being now in column of companies, I moved it to the rear towards the town by the right of companies, the organization being perfectly preserved."

Wisconsin, as it too turned. The scene unfolded to Jackson was one in which two regiments were retiring, somewhat in disorder, down the hill towards the town; another, the Second Massachusetts, was breaking to the rear in columns of companies as quietly and orderly as if on parade; while the fourth and last, the Third Wisconsin, with line of battle formed to the rear by an about face, was moving leisurely in retreat. Seeing this, Jackson, setting spurs to his horse, bounded upon the crest, and shouted to the officers nearest to him, "Forward after the enemy!" Then, on right, left, and centre, they swarmed in pursuit. There in front were the Stonewall, Carpenter's, and Taliaferro's Brigades; to my right was Taylor's Brigade; and hurrying up from the reserve was Elsey's, — all in pursuit of my four regiments, who were now in full retreat for the town.\*

On right, left, and centre, immensely superior columns of the enemy were pressing upon my brigade, which numbered at the beginning of the fight, all told, exactly 2,101 infantry and one battery. Not another man was available. There was no support between us and the Potomac.† Above the surrounding crests surged the enemy, who opened upon us a sharp and withering fire of musketry. A storm of bullets from the hill where we had so long confronted the main body of Jackson's forces crossed their fire with that from Taylor's Brigade now on the crest in our rear. Above the din of musketry, a yell of triumph rose from the endless columns that seemed to gird the town. My troops were not dismayed, though many had fallen. We had not yet gained the cover of the streets, and some of my brigade, notably the Second

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\* Dabney, p. 109.

† During our whole fight the Tenth Maine Regiment, on duty as a provost-guard at Winchester, was allowed to perform this duty. If Banks knew they were in town, he did not call upon them. It is claimed that they were held in reserve; but it is manifest that if, in that battle of Winchester, it was proper to hold any troops in reserve, there was no lack of occasion to call upon them; and this was not done. See *Maine in the War*, p. 229.



Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin, disdained to do so until again they had turned in defiance upon the foe.\* In full sight of Jackson and his army, the Second kept its formation, and delivered its fire, while three companies of the Third Wisconsin, from behind a stone wall, emptied their muskets into the faces of the advancing lines.

Not until my acting adjutant's † horse was shot dead by my side, not until my aid returned to reply that he had given my message to Gen. Banks that my right had been turned, and I was falling back, did I, with the last of my command, leave the field and turn into the streets of Winchester. We had made our last stand, and though driven after a three hours' fight, in such a retreat there was nothing of shame. There were but fifteen rounds of ammunition left for my battery; and there was no ammunition-train from which to replenish the cartridge-boxes of the infantry. All this, if there were no other reasons for turning when we did; but there was another, even this: a delay of a few minutes from the time the Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania and Twenty-Seventh Indiana broke to the rear from the right would have caused our capture or destruction. It was officially reported ‡ that an order to these regiments to fall back was given. If so, it was without authority. I feel sure none was ever given; but in view of the results, I cannot condemn the want of discipline that caused it.

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\* It was about this time that Lieut. Crowninshield was wounded. Says Capt. Comey, of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, in a letter of April 24, 1875: "The right of the column had nearly reached a street on the outskirts of the town when Crowninshield was hit, and cried out, 'I am shot! Do not leave me!' Immediately we left the ranks and went to his assistance; found him trying to rise from the ground. Together we strove to reach the town, — had but little hopes of doing so, as the rebels were closing in on all sides but one. Sergt. McDowell came to our assistance, and picking Crowninshield up, we hurried him to one of the main streets, and placing him in an ambulance, he started for a safe place. The driver of the ambulance at one time was going to cut the traces and leave, but Crowninshield's revolver persuaded him to stand by."

† Lieut. Charles P. Horton, of the Second Massachusetts.

‡ Banks's Report.



As my troops faded away into the streets of Winchester, the scene, as painted in colored sketches by the imaginative Dabney,\* is represented as the most imposing sight that ever greeted the eyes of a victorious captain. "Far to the east," he says, "the advancing lines of Ewell rolled forward, concealed in waves of white smoke from their volleys of musketry, as they were rapidly passing the suburbs of the town. On the west, the long and glittering lines of Taylor, after one thundering discharge, were sweeping at a bayonet charge up the reverse of the hills with irresistible momentum. Nearer the general (Jackson) came the Stonewall Brigade, with the gallant Twenty-Third Virginia, who sprung from their lairs,† and rushed panting down the hillsides. Between him (Jackson) and the town the enemy were everywhere breaking away from the walls and fences, behind which they had sheltered themselves, at first with some semblance of order, but then dissolving into a vast confusion, in which the infantry, mounted officers, and artillery crowded and surged through the streets."

Vast confusion! Our artillery and infantry moved through the town in as good order as the crowded condition of the streets would permit. The Second Massachusetts Regiment, marching in order, passed through the lower part of the suburbs, and formed in line by Lieut.-Col. Andrews with perfect steadiness and regularity, in order to change the position of certain companies ‡ that they might be, if the fight were to be continued, in the order provided for by the regulations. To do this, he threw out his guides to secure a good alignment. A hot fire of grape and shell from the enemy's batteries close

\* P. 109.

† "Lairs" is good.

‡ In Gen. Andrews's letter, of June 14, he says, "I supposed the struggle might be renewed in the town itself, as I saw some troops apparently disposed to make a stand in one of the streets of the town. It was in one of the streets that I halted the regiment and rectified the position of some of the companies that had got out of place in filing into the narrow streets. Soon finding, however, that everything was in full retreat, I marched off the regiment."

to the town, the near approach of the cavalry, and the victorious cheers of their infantry about his ears, induced Col. Andrews to follow the retreating column, even though he sacrificed some paragraphs of the tactics. The Second, the last regiment to leave the town, followed the line of the railroad, which for some miles runs parallel to the road from Winchester to Martinsburg, and joined the main body of Banks's column a few miles out; but the enemy were so close upon them that Major Dwight fell into their hands. He could have escaped but for his sympathy with a wounded man, whom he aided into a house.\*

Return now to the main street, through which, towards Martinsburg, moved the main column of our troops. An eager enemy was close upon us; there was no time for any arrangement or defence. Pursuers and pursued were swallowed from view, and the rout roared through every street with rattling rifle-shots and ringing cheers † from the enemy. In the main street I found myself, with my staff, in rear of a battery. All around and in front, there was a confused mob. At the windows and on the piazzas there were more

\* After Major Dwight's capture, a very quiet and peaceable affair (given by Quint in "Second Massachusetts Record"), the major remained in Winchester, and of course was not inactive. He visited the scene of our fight, reviewed our position, comforted the wounded, and buried our dead. For some required conveniences Major Dwight was compelled to appeal to Gen. Jackson, of whom the major had often heard me speak as an old friend and classmate, as well as associate in our Mexican War. It was urged by Major Dwight, in his appeal to Stonewall Jackson, that he was a major in the Second Massachusetts Regiment, commanded by Col. Gordon, of Massachusetts, "who is, I believe," said the major, "an old friend of yours."

"Friend of mine, sir?" replied "old Jack." "He was, sir, once a friend."

Major Dwight retired, his request unheeded. As I write these lines, the name of "T. J. Jackson, of Virginia," confronts me from a sheet filled with the autographs of my classmates at the Military Academy at West Point, reminding me of that boy companion to whom the dawn of life was as serious as its close, — that honest, dear "old Jack," who as Lieut.-Gen (Stonewall) Jackson remembered me, in 1862, no longer as a friend. — AUTHOR.

† Dabney, p. 104.

men than I had ever before seen in the town. Women, too, were there, well dressed, rushing to their doors and windows with unrepressed expressions of joy at our defeat. Besides soldiers, horses, and batteries, there were men, women, and children in the streets, each making frantic efforts to get out of the way. Amidst the crack of rifle-shots and the bursting of shells ; \* through the fire of musketry and pistol-shots, which killed many of our men in the street ; and worse than all, under the humiliation of jeers and taunting glances of defiance from young and old, male and female, we at length came out of the town upon the north, on the Martinsburg road, where a long column of baggage-wagons, division, brigade, and regimental, were making their way in fair order towards the Potomac. Gen. Jackson was in possession of Winchester. Greeted with every demonstration of affection by the inhabitants, Jackson is represented as, for the first and only time in his life, tearing a greasy, faded old forage-cap from his head, swinging it in the air, and attempting to cheer ; then, with his face inflamed with towering passion and triumph, galloping amidst the foremost of his pursuers and urging them upon the enemy."

With all the baggage that we had saved from Strasburg, and with all that we had added at Winchester, leaving behind us the sick, the dying, the dead, and many prisoners, we moved rapidly northward for Williamsport to cross the Potomac. As we gained the hill north of the town, I turned to look back upon the ridge of which I have spoken as almost surrounding Winchester. The entire crest for three parts of this vast circumference was covered with the enemy. Now, for the first time, I saw Gen. Banks making a feeble effort to arrest the troops, and uttering some words about promised reinforcements. Turning his eyes backward I think there was no doubt in his own mind that the enemy had developed his force to him, — thus reversing the necessity

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\* One of which burst close to us, nearly demolishing a house.

with which Gen. Banks had met my most urgent appeals on the night of the 23d of May, — “I must develop the force of the enemy.” Gen. Banks had made no provision for a retreat, evidently believing that, with his inferior force, he should comply with his telegram to the War Department, sent the day before, and return to Strasburg.\* Why, encumbered as we were with baggage and wagons and all the material that hours before should have been sent away, we were not destroyed, must be answered by those who claim that, on this occasion, Jackson exhibited the highest order of military talent.

The pursuit was feeble in the extreme. Jackson with his whole force followed us to Bunker Hill, thirteen miles, but finding that he could not flank or cut us off, he halted his infantry and gave up the pursuit to Ashby, the untiring, who continued it with his battery and cavalry, sending shells, round shot, and grape into our rear, with destruction to some battery-horses and a few men; but even this was stopped at Martinsburg. After twenty-four miles of mounted pursuit of foot-men, even Ashby was tired. Where was Stewart with his three cavalry regiments, Ashby's, Mumford's, and Flournoy's, to oppose Gen. Hatch with less than one (he had, as it will be remembered, less than nine hundred men at Strasburg). Undoubtedly a feeble pursuit by cavalry was made on the Beryville road and on the railroad, where broken parts of our command were seeking to make their way to Harper's Ferry: many stragglers, and men wearied from long marching, fasting, and fighting, also the wounded “who had sunk on the ground overpowered,” — many such were picked up by the enemy's cavalry; but what else? What, that any commander of even ordinary ability would have done, under similar circumstances?

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\* Such a telegram was in the hands of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and an explanation asked of a witness who was attempting to show that Banks knew before he left Strasburg, the number of Jackson's forces. When Banks in his official report said he did know the number, he forgot this telegram.

Feeling the necessity of defending him, Dabney or Cooke, or both of them, aver that Gen. Jackson ordered Gen. Stewart to follow with his cavalry, and capture us, even as Flournoy had ridden down and captured Kenly on the 23d in his attempt at escape ; and Stewart would not obey, because he was under the immediate command of Ewell, from whom he had received no orders. What man of military fame would not blush at such an excuse ! It is with amazement that I, even now, recall that retreat from Winchester. Encumbered with baggage, a wearied, defeated, overworked, and desponding force plods on its foot-march for fifty-four miles to the Potomac, receiving a constant fire of artillery in its rear for twenty-four miles, and is permitted to cross, its material and its troops occupying in so doing until ten o'clock of the next day ; and this without an attempt to waylay, to flank, or to surprise it with a cavalry force in numbers quite equal to if not exceeding one half of all Banks's command.

It was eleven o'clock at night when the last of our column reached the banks of the Potomac, opposite Williamsport. Our men tumbled down upon the grass and slept until 2 A. M. of the 26th, when we were aroused to begin the passage of the river. The scene before crossing seems to have struck Gen. Banks\* as "of the most animating and exciting description." "A thousand camp-fires," he says, "were burning on the hillsides, a thousand carriages of every description were crowded on the banks ; and the broad river rolled between the exhausted troops and their coveted rest." The appliances for crossing were most inadequate. It was a mercy that Jackson's unwilling cavalry and too tired infantry did not follow us up ; it was a crime not to be forgiven that our passage of that river depended upon such contingencies. For the passage of the "thousand wagons" (if there were a thousand) by the "thousand camp-fires"† there was a single ferry, and over this the ammunition-wagons had precedence. In the ford,

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\* Banks's Report.

† One wagon to each fire.



too deep for safety, many hapless mules were drowned and many wagons lost. Only a few strong animals got through. Some of the pontoon-boats, saved from the burning, luckily were found in our wagons, and with these, the ferry, and the ford, some in one way and some in another, all got safely to land. At midday of the 16th the last of our command had crossed, and there were "never more grateful hearts in the same number of men," says Banks, \* "than when we stood on the opposite shore." I certainly can speak for one grateful heart, that of my colored woman Peggy, who with her child I passed among the first across the swollen river to a land of freedom.

Across the Potomac! Yes, we were again where, in July of the preceding year, we had made our march so gayly into Virginia. One more campaign was ended. There was now left from Banks's command on Virginia soil a feeble rear-guard of four companies from the Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin of my brigade.

The purposes and plans that animated Gen. Banks during this retreat were revealed to the world on the thirty-first day of May, 1862 (six days after the events here narrated had occurred), in his Official Report. In this paper I not only learned for the first time what his plans were (if he had any) at our conference in Winchester, but I further found out that before three o'clock in the morning of the preceding day, the 24th, while at Strasburg, he knew all about "the extraordinary force of the enemy," and fully appreciated that "to attack him, he being in such overwhelming force, could only result in certain destruction," and that "it was apparent that the enemy's troops, embracing at least 25,000 to 30,000 men, were close upon us." Now, with all this information and belief, Banks had arrived at Winchester, had heard all my statements in confirmation of his own opinions, had questioned my prisoner, had heard from all classes, — secessionists, Union men, refu-

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\* Banks's Report.



gees, fugitives, and prisoners, until as he says his "suspense was relieved, for all agreed that the enemy's force at or near Winchester was overwhelming, ranging from 25,000 to 30,000 men." With all this information, and conclusions based upon such incontrovertible testimony, Banks states in his Official Report that then and there at Winchester, he "determined to test the substance and strength of the enemy by actual collision."

Everything was confirmed at Winchester that was known at Strasburg of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and yet Banks "determined to test by actual collision the substance and strength of the enemy"; to attack an enemy known to be "in such overwhelming force that our attack could only result in certain destruction" — to ourselves. And therefore upon his arrival at Winchester, Banks sent off his telegram to the War Department that he would return to Strasburg the next day.\*

In conclusion, I may say that it was not until the scenes of that march from Strasburg had been carefully reviewed, not until the terrible fatigue, the heat and dust, the rack and roar of battle, the feared attacks of cavalry hovering around the long miles before us, the wide and dangerous river in our path, and the panic-stricken crowd of fugitives; not until these were over could we fairly estimate our achievements. From the 24th of May, at eleven o'clock, A. M., until near midnight of the 25th, my brigade had marched from Strasburg to Williamsport, a distance of fifty-four miles. To this, two miles more should be added to the march of the Second Massachusetts, on its return from Bartonville to Newtown, where we turned upon Jackson. Without sleep on the night of the 23d, the brigade marched the next day eighteen miles to Winchester. On this same day the Second Massachusetts not only marched farther than any other regiment of the brigade, but from three o'clock, P. M., until two o'clock of the next day,

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\* Alas for history when made up from Official Reports !

it was engaged in an almost continuous skirmish with the enemy, holding back alone, in the most plucky manner, as narrated, the head of Jackson's army, materially defeating his plans, and giving ample opportunity, which might have been availed of, to remove much government property, that was destroyed or captured. And on the 25th, after two hours' rest, my brigade maintained its unequal contest for three hours against almost the whole of Jackson's army. In this the principal share of the fighting in the infantry fell to the Second Massachusetts. It was entirely due to this regiment that Jackson was unable to, or at any rate did not, seize the crests of the hill from which he had driven our pickets,\* and render untenable the heights from which we at last fell back into the town. After their three hours' fight, my brigade marched thirty-six miles in about twelve hours.

On the evening of the same day in which we crossed the Potomac, Jackson's army, prostrated with fatigue and helpless as children, reached the vicinity of Williamsport. They had been overworked by their great commander, and to this we owed our safety.

There remains to consider our losses in this retreat,—first of men, second of material.

Banks, in his Official Report of Losses on the 24th and 25th, gives as total killed, 38; wounded, 155; missing, 711; total, 904; he thinks the number of killed and wounded may be larger than this, while many missing may return, but that the aggregate will not be changed.†

Lieut.-Col. Andrews reports the loss in the Second Massachusetts Regiment on the 25th, as 7 killed and 28 wounded; among the latter are included two commissioned officers, Capt.

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\* Major Dwight, while on parole at home, saw a Confederate captain at Fort Warren, taken at Cross Keys. This captain said to Dwight, "I have been in every battle in Virginia since Bull Run, and I never was under such a fire as that of the Second Massachusetts at Winchester."

† To our own force, as enumerated, should be added five companies of Maryland cavalry that were stationed at Winchester.

Mudge and Second Lieut. Crowninshield. He also reports 131 missing, "though many are coming in daily, having been compelled to halt from exhaustion, and after recovery finding their way in by different routes." On the 24th, Lieut.-Col. Andrews reports his total loss to have been 3 killed and 17 wounded. Banks also reports that there were 189 men of Williams's Division sick in hospital at Strasburg, and that 125 of them were left in the hospital at Winchester and 64 not removed from Strasburg, — left there with two surgeons and attendants. At Winchester, Dr. Stone of the Second was left in charge. In addition to these surgeons, there were 8 others who fell into the enemy's hands. Gen. Shields, when he marched for Fredericksburg, left 1,000 sick and disabled men at Strasburg. Banks says, "Surgeon King, division surgeon, exhibits the disposition of them," but does not say what it was.

Of material, Banks states, "All our guns were saved. Our wagon-train consisted of nearly five hundred wagons, of which number fifty-five were lost. They were not, with few exceptions, abandoned to the enemy, but were burned\* upon the road. Nearly all of our supplies were thus saved." But the stores at Front Royal, of which he "had no knowledge until" his visit to that post on the 21st inst., "and those at Winchester, of which a considerable portion was destroyed by our troops," are not embraced in this statement. Quint† says, "A wagon-train eight miles long lost only fifty wagons, and we brought off all our artillery, losing only one caisson."

The enemy's account of his captures is put with force: "The complete success of our efforts can never be known. We have captured thousands of prisoners, killed and wounded

\* I never heard of any wagons burned upon the road but the nine I destroyed near Newtown. I never heard of our recapture of the six miles of wagons, taken by the enemy between Strasburg and Middletown. — AUTHOR.

† Chaplain Second Massachusetts, in "Record of Second Massachusetts Infantry."

hundreds more, seized miles of baggage-wagons, immense stores of every imaginable description, together with many cannon, thousands of small arms, ammunition by hundreds of tons, medicines, and public documents of value, thousands of shoes, and have burned millions of property for want of transportation.”\* Says another Southern writer, “Banks had abandoned at Winchester all his commissary and ordnance stores; he had left in our hands 4,000 prisoners, and stores amounting to millions of dollars.”†

Our own papers reported our losses as very heavy. This excited Banks, who sent on the 31st of May, through the Associated Press, from Williamsport, a despatch that “Great regret and some indignation is felt here, that exaggerated and unauthorized and unfounded statements of losses of public property sustained by our retreat from Strasburg and Winchester have found publicity through papers at a distance. At present the figures cannot be accurately ascertained; but the *heaviest losses are known to be very light* compared with the amounts exposed to capture or abandonment by such a rapid retreat as it was necessary to perform.”

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in his order of May 29, 1862, announcing another brilliant victory by the combined divisions of Major-Generals Jackson and Ewell, constituting a portion of this army, over Gen. Banks at Front Royal, Middletown, and Winchester, declares “that several thousands of prisoners‡ were captured, and an immense quantity of ammunition and stores of every description.”§ Among other captures the enemy claimed to have taken a large amount of baggage at Cedar Creek, with all the knapsacks of the Zouaves.

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\* Ashton's Letter from Battle-Fields of the South, p. 324.

† Pollard's Lost Cause.

‡ In Johnston's Narrative he puts the prisoners at 2,000 [probably nearly correct. — *Author*]. See Narrative of Military Operations, by Joseph E. Johnston, Gen. C. S. A., 1874, p. 129.

§ Richmond Examiner of June 5, 1862.

The original reports of this retreat, my own among the number, attributed many cold-blooded atrocities to the enemy. In the excitement of such a retreat, and thus early in the war, it was not strange that we put faith in improbable stories. I have before me the account of one of the theatrical company, whom I met in flight at Strasburg. He got through to Winchester, slept through the fight there, and was captured. Taken for a Southerner, which he was by birth, he volunteered to drive Ashby to Martinsburg in an ambulance: Ashby, it appears, was wounded at Front Royal in the shoulder, and could not mount a horse. Following in the rear of our retreating army amid cannonading and dust, he saw nothing of the reported cruelties, but upon one occasion was directed by Ashby to see if one of our men lying by the road-side was alive. He was of the Tenth Maine, — was dead. "Carry him over into the adjoining field to prevent mutilation by animals," was Ashby's orders.

It does not come within the scope of this narrative to follow the fortunes of the enemy under Stonewall Jackson further than to say generally, that for one week he held high carnival all along the Potomac. He concentrated his troops in and around Charlestown; he attempted with his infantry to ford the Potomac two miles above the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry, and was driven back by our shells, fired from batteries established where we first pitched our encampment in July of 1861; he ascended Loudon Heights between the Shenandoah and the Potomac, but was driven off by our guns from across the river. Information of the numbers of Stonewall Jackson's forces given by observers during his occupation of towns between Winchester and Martinsburg, shows that we had not exaggerated his strength. Ewell's Division, consisting of Taylor's Brigade, 5,000, Johnson's, 4,000, and Trimble's, 4,000, was estimated at 13,000. Jackson's own immediate column was given as 9,000 or 10,000. The lowest estimate placed the combined strength of the enemy at 20,000. In



the pursuit of Shields and Fremont, the battles of Cross Keyes and Port Republic, the march of Jackson to unite with the Army of Virginia, we did not participate ; therefore I leave them with no other allusion. On the 31st of May, the enemy at Bunker Hill, Martinsburg, and Charlestown were apprised that Fremont from the west and McDowell from the east were closing in upon his rear. In one week after our fight at Winchester, Jackson, with his whole army, turned southward in flight.

The effect of our retreat upon the country was startling. Here in Massachusetts the people were aroused by a proclamation. Hardly had "the thousand camp-fires" begun to glow around "the thousand wagons upon the banks of the Potomac," at eleven o'clock at night of the 25th of May, when Gov. Andrew at Boston penned the last words of a proclamation, calling upon Massachusetts to rise once more for the rescue and defence of the capital. The whole active militia of Massachusetts were summoned to report on Boston Common "to-morrow," from thence to "oppose with fiery zeal and courageous patriotism the march of the foe." \* The next day the public was again excited by an appeal from Major R. Morris Copeland, Banks's adjutant-general, who happened to be in Boston during the fight. Copeland blamed the War Department for leaving Banks defenceless.†

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\* This was dated the 25th of May, Sunday evening, at eleven o'clock.

† This appeal came out in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," of which C. F. Dunbar was then editor, on the 26th of May, 1862. As soon as it came to his notice, Banks, in a telegram to Dunbar, offered up Copeland as a propitiatory sacrifice, as follows : —

"WILLIAMSBURG, MD., June 2, 1862.

"TO MR. C. F. DUNBAR,

"*Boston, Mass.*

"Major Copeland should secure some position in the Massachusetts Regiments of equal rank to that he now holds. It is not consistent that he should return to his post here after his proclamation in Boston. Please convey to him this information.

"N. P. BANKS, *M. G. C.*"

See Statement of R. M. Copeland, p. 17.



"The hands that hold the pen, the ruler, and the hammer were made in these days," says Copeland, "for better things." "Seize the musket and the sabre!" he continues. But alas for Copeland! that he should have told the country to blame the Secretary of War for our retreat; for this was given by the President as one of the reasons \* why Copeland's hands, during the remainder of the war, held nothing more belligerent than "the pen, the ruler, and the hammer." †

In other States the excitement was scarcely less intense than in Massachusetts. New York sent her Eleventh Regiment of State Militia. They arrived at Harper's Ferry on the 30th of May, and refused to be sworn into the service of the United States unless they could dictate terms, which were, that they should go to Washington and be placed in a camp of instruction. This being refused by officers of the United States army, the whole regiment marched over to Sandy Hook, where they slept upon it, with the result that eight companies took the oath, one asked for further time, and one started for home.

On the 28th of May, Gen. Banks thought it his duty to assign a full brigadier-general to the command of my brigade, and make the War Department responsible for the change. For this he selected Gen. Greene, one of the two

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\* After Copeland's dismissal from the army, in August, 1862, he sought an interview with Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States, at which the following occurred:—

"The President replied, 'Well, sir, I know something about your case, and I'll tell you what I know. You're the man who went to Boston about the time Jackson broke through at Front Royal, and wrote letters and editorials abusing the administration, and made speeches, and did all that you could to make a fuss.'"—*Statement of R. M. Copeland*, p. 30.

"And then the President replied, 'Well, I did not know you were dismissed. I never saw the order, that I know of, until to-day, though of course it has been laid before me and received my official sanction.'"—*Statement of R. M. Copeland*, p. 32.

† See a letter vindicating Secretary Stanton, written by Horatio Woodman, Esq., in "Boston Daily Transcript" of June 2, 1862, supposed to have been inspired by Gov. Andrew.

supernumerary brigadiers who had accompanied us from Strasburg. In his order Gen. Banks takes especial care to speak in praise \* of the part taken by my brigade during the retreat. Without the services rendered by my own Second Regiment, I could not have been commended.

\* HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SHENANDOAH, }  
WILLIAMSPORT, MD., May 28, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. 26.

I. Brig.-Gen. Geo. S. Greene, U. S. A., having reported for duty at these headquarters in accordance with the orders of the War Department, is assigned to the command of the Third Brigade, Gen. A. S. Williams's Division, and will relieve Col. Geo. H. Gordon, Second Massachusetts Volunteers, who on being relieved will assume command of his regiment.

II. In announcing this change in the organization of the Third Brigade, under the general direction of the Department of War, the commanding general desires to express his unqualified approval of the manner in which Col. Geo. H. Gordon has discharged the duties of brigade-commander. In organization, discipline, instruction, and equipment he has maintained and elevated the standard of his command. In the execution of his orders, often, from the extreme necessities of our position and the great reduction of our forces, sudden and difficult, he has been prompt and successful, exhibiting on all occasions the qualities of a prompt and patriotic officer.

The commanding general has also the pleasure of expressing his approval of the manner in which the Third Brigade and its commander discharged most important duties on the march from Strasburg, on the 24th inst., in the affair with the enemy, as the rear-guard of the column, on the evening of the same day, which contributed so much to the safety of the command, and in the engagement of the twenty-fifth at Winchester, Virginia. He has the strongest confidence that its distinguished character and reputation will be maintained hereafter. The commanding general commends to the just consideration of the brigade its new commander, Gen. Geo. S. Greene, as an officer of large experience and distinguished character.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL N. P. BANKS.

D. D. PERKINS, *Major and A. A. A. Gen.*

By command of

GEN. A. S. WILLIAMS.

WM. D. WILKINS, *Capt. A. A. G.*

Official,

S. E. PITTMAN, *1st. Lieut. and A. D. C.*

On the 31st of May a paper was handed me by Gen. Hatch\* signed by all the officers of rank who were cognizant of or had participated in the events of the 24th and 25th of May. This paper, containing most flattering references to our brigade, was the more acceptable, as without any knowledge whatever of it or its contents, it was presented to me with all the names it now bears, save that of Brig-Gen. Crawford, which was placed there afterwards. My own regiment shares with me in the not fulsome but discriminating praise bestowed, and again my heart speaks its thankfulness to the Second.

The feeling among the troops themselves, as indicating their opinion of the part taken by our regiment, is here recorded as of more worth than any praise bestowed upon us by others.

The 31st of May found Mr. Dwight, of Boston, the brother of our captured major, at our camp *en route* through Martinsburg to Winchester, to learn his brother's fate. Col. DeForest, then in command at Martinsburg, was ordered by Gen. Hatch to send with Mr. Dwight an escort of ten men, — "men who can remember what they see of the enemy and his

\* WILLIAMSPORT, MD., May 31, 1862.

TO THE HON. EDWIN STANTON,

*Secretary of War.*

The undersigned officers of the army, serving in the Department of the Shenandoah, take great pleasure in recommending for the appointment of brigadier-general, Col. George H. Gordon, commanding Second Massachusetts Regiment.

Col. Gordon has for the last three months filled the position asked for him, having been in command of the Third Brigade of Williams's Division. The high state of discipline attained by his brigade, together with its admirable drill, have proved his competency for the position.

The appointment is more particularly asked as a reward for the military skill and good conduct shown by him at the battle of Winchester on Sunday last, and throughout the retreat from Strasburg to this place.

A. S. WILLIAMS, *Brig-Gen.*

*Comd'g 1st Division.*

JOHN P. HATCH,

*Brig-Gen. Cav'y.*

N. P. BANKS,

*M. G. C.*

GEO. S. GREENE,

*Brig-Gen. U. S. V.*

S. W. CRAWFORD,

*Brig-Gen. U. S. V.*

strength." "Let them move," said the order, "with a white flag twenty yards in advance of the main body, and waving the flag, wait to be recognized by the enemy's pickets."\*

A telegram from the Secretary of War, that my promotion from colonel to brigadier-general "could no longer be deferred," was sent immediately after our arrival at Williamsport to Gov. Andrew of Massachusetts. This final act connected with the days of the 24th and 25th of May requires explanation.

In July of 1861 it came to my knowledge that the congressional delegation from Massachusetts had recommended my promotion. The President of the United States in a personal interview informed me that the reason why he did not heed this recommendation was because "the governor of your State protests against it." Mr. Lincoln, at the time of making this reply, held in his hand a paper, from which he assumed to read the protest.

On the 4th of June, 1862, Gov. Andrew, in acknowledging my application for two surgeons, and informing me that he has sent Doctors Heath and Davis, adds, "Permit me in closing to congratulate you, Colonel, upon your nomination for promotion to the rank of brigadier-general, and also upon the brilliant success achieved by the withdrawal of our forces, with so little loss, from the heart of the enemy's country and against a force so completely overwhelming."

On the 10th of June Gen. Banks's corps recrossed the river at Williamsport, moved through Martinsburg and Winchester, over historic ground, and went into camp at Bartonville, where the Second had so ably arrested Jackson's march in the night of the 24th of May.

On the 12th of June, at Washington, my commission as

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\* How our major escaped from captivity without aid from his brother, has been told too many times to repeat. On the 21st of June a despatch came to me, "Dwight is safe, prisoner at Winchester."

(Signed)

F. d'HAUTEVILLE.

brigadier-general of volunteers was handed me, accompanied with an order from the Secretary of War to "report immediately for duty to Gen. Banks, wherever he might be found," and this proved to be at Winchester, where I arrived the next night to learn from him that he could not remove the brigadier-general commanding my brigade without a special order from the Secretary of War.\* The next day, therefore, I returned to Washington, carrying with me on her way to her new home, my negro woman Peggy and her child. Before I could purchase tickets for the woman I was compelled to give a bond to save the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad harmless from any lawful claims that might be hereafter brought against it by the owner of this colored property. I readily gave my bond, secured the tickets, placed the bewildered woman and child in charge of a faithful expressman, and soon heard of their safe arrival at the North, where, since then, they have in prosperity continued.

On the 18th of June the Secretary of War specifically assigned me to the command of my old brigade;† and on the 22d, after a fruitless effort on the preceding day by rail *via* Manassas, to reach Front Royal, to which place my command had moved from Bartonville, I shook the dust of Washington from my feet, not to return to it again for two months, when, as part of a wrecked and broken army, we

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\* WINCHESTER, VA., June 15. Brig.-Gen. Gordon will proceed at once to Washington, and report to the Secretary of War for further orders.

By command of

N. P. BANKS, *M. G. C.*

† WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJT-GEN.'S OFFICE, }  
WASHINGTON, June 18, 1862. }

SPECIAL ORDERS, NO. 138.

9th. Brig.-Gen. Geo. H. Gordon, U. S. Vols., is assigned to duty in the Department of the Shenandoah, to take command of the brigade now under Brig.-Gen. Greene, and will report in person to Major-Gen. Banks.

By order of the Secretary of War.

L. THOMAS, *Adjt.-General.*

made our way across the Potomac to fight under McClellan at Antietam for the safety of Maryland and the North. Before leaving Washington, I enlightened the Committee on the Conduct of the War upon the subject of Union guards over enemy's property, upon which political soldiers were much exercised.



## CHAPTER VII.

BEARING peremptory orders to Gen. Banks, I took the route by Harper's Ferry, delaying there for an hour to stray up to our old encampment on Maryland Heights. The campground had been converted into a flourishing wheat-field, in which the green bushes that once formed our shelter now lay in withered and unsightly heaps, testifying to the not too energetic efforts of the phlegmatic proprietor, the good old Dutchman, Unseld, from whom I received a cheerful and hearty welcome. Without pausing to moralize upon the events which our former bivouac recalled, and too hurried to hear any of the long stories which our old host delighted in telling in slow and measured tones, I recrossed to Harper's Ferry, where, taking cars for Winchester, I reached my command on the 25th of June.

My camp was located on the Front Royal and Winchester road, some seven or eight miles north of the former town, where we could watch the crossings of the Shenandoah. The officers of our regiment took the occasion of my arrival to offer their congratulations upon my promotion. In full uniform, but without other display, they came forward to my tent, led by Capt. Cary, who, in behalf of all, in quiet but feeling words, expressed for himself and others gratitude at my return. I replied very briefly, — there was no occasion for much speaking: every one knew how glad I was to come back, and how I had labored to overcome plans (if there were any) for my removal to another army. There was not an officer or private of the Second Regiment who did not

know, without assurance of mine, that my nearest, dearest, and strongest tie was just themselves ; they knew it then, they know it now, and if they do not die in that conviction it will be because they will never die at all. Alas ! how soon the kind voices, the sparkling eyes, the generous and manly hearts that expressed so much sympathy in my prosperity, were to be hushed and lifeless on the fatal field of Cedar Mountain, towards which, over the Blue Ridge, we were soon to move, unconscious of the impending doom !

It was while Gen. Banks's headquarters were at Middletown, and we were in camp near Front Royal, that we heard of the President's order of the 26th of June, 1862, gathering up all the stray and loose armies within the theatre of our operations, and placing in command John Pope, of the United States Engineers, with the rank of major-general. I well remember the day when this order came to my headquarters. An intense heat was followed by a terrific storm, in which heavy clouds, obscuring the sun, spread over the landscape an unnatural gloom. The lightning flashed, and the thunder roared in incessant peals, — a fitting prelude to almost any following tragedy. It was for us, at the beginning of our new campaign, a storm of ill omen, foreboding and portending dire ills. Whatever the future might be, we now, however, addressed ourselves to instant preparation for an active and important duty.

The three corps of the new army were to be commanded by Generals McDowell, Banks, and Fremont. Our corps, no longer the Fifth of the Army of the Potomac, was to be known as the Second of the Army of Virginia, and was to be commanded by Gen. Banks. Pope, at the date of this promotion, was Fremont's junior in rank, — a fact which the latter considered so offensive to his dignity that he refused to take the command assigned him ; therefore, Sigel was substituted, and Fremont retired, carrying with him all but our regrets.

Gen. Pope's department covered the region which holds,

east of the Blue Ridge, the great battle-fields of the war. The troops were organized and posted to cover the city of Washington from any attack in the direction of Richmond; to assure the safety of the Shenandoah Valley; and to operate upon the enemy's lines of communication in the direction of Gordonsville, thus hoping to draw a considerable force of the enemy from Richmond to the relief of the Army of the Potomac.\*

It is affirmed by Pope, and established by many facts that form the groundwork of the history of that period, that McClellan's refusal to correspond with Pope, or to unite with him in the execution of his plans, caused his removal from the chief command of all the armies of the United States, and the substitution of Gen. Halleck as commander-in-chief.

The strength of the three corps commanded by Pope, was as follows: Sigel's Corps was reported as 11,500 strong; Banks's Corps as 14,500, although in reality it numbered only about 8,000; and McDowell's Corps was given as 18,400, — a grand total of 38,000, to which add for cavalry about 5,000.†

July came, to find us quiet in our camp, with Banks in Washington; from whence, on the 2d, he telegraphed to his assistant adjutant-general to be in readiness to march. On the 5th, despite holding back and suppression by the War Department, we knew that the Army of the Potomac was driven back to Harrison's Landing, and that its struggles for Richmond had, for a time, ended. This adversity caused such a departure from the plan Pope had formed, that it was now, not how to aid the Army of the Potomac in the capture of Richmond, but how to unite the two armies to save the national capital and provide for a further prosecution of the attack upon Richmond. After consideration, it was determined to use the Army of Virginia mainly, while covering the front at Washington and securing the valley of the

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\* Pope's Official Report.

† Pope's Official Report.

Shenandoah, in forcing such heavy detachments from the main force of the enemy as to enable the Army of the Potomac to withdraw from its position at Harrison's Landing, and take shipping for Aquia Creek or Alexandria,\* and so to embarrass the enemy, should he move northward, as to give all time possible for the Army of the Potomac to arrive behind the Rappahannock.†

On the 6th of July, with our part in the coming tragedy not yet revealed, we took up our line of march, halting the first night one mile south of the town of Front Royal ; and the next day crossed the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap, to begin our campaign within the region bounded by those mountains and the sea. We rested at night in a pleasant woods, just before reaching the little town of Flint Hill, where I had an amicable discussion with a Virginian upon secession a Constitutional right. On the 8th we encamped near Amissville, from whence, after a short day's march, I pitched my tent in the front door-yard of an unwilling host on the Warrenton road. Our camps generally were established in the neighborhood of quiet farms, which we occupied and overran, until we became a great, unnatural plague to the people. We filled their woods with our tents, we killed their sheep and calves, and substituted, for the "drowsy tinkling of their lowing herds," the beating drum, the ear-piercing fife, and all the loud alarum of war. My sympathies were often touched as our cold-eyed commissary seized the cattle, as they were moving from their quiet folds in the early morning to their well-known pastures, and doomed them to the shambles for our troops. We were beginning to live upon the country.

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\* The general-in-chief, accompanied by Gen. Burnside, who had come from North Carolina to Fortress Monroe with his army, visited Gen. McClellan at Harrison's Bar. The question of the withdrawal of that army was submitted to a council of officers, and, against the wishes and protests of McClellan, was determined upon. It was to be removed at once to Fredericksburg. See Report of Congressional Committee, Operations of Army of the Potomac, p. 13.

† Pope's Official Report.

When Gen. Banks, on the 5th of July, returned from Washington he was despondent. At his mess-table the next morning, in the presence of some eight officers and their servants, with an indiscretion unusual to him, he spoke of rumors afloat in Washington of disaster to McClellan, and fears of the capture of his whole command. He said that the President was believed to be much alarmed and uncertain what to do, and that some one commander should be placed in charge of the War Department and the army in the field.\* The relation of such matters was too much for one of Banks's listeners, the unlucky Major Copeland, who, despite the telegram for his removal after the unfortunate proclamation, was here again with Banks, temporarily abiding until service could be secured with Gen. Hunter in the Southern Department.† Copeland, listening to the promptings of the evil one, believed that now was the time for him to make the United States Government abandon conservatism, as he called it; ‡ so he determined to take the first step, and send a dispatch in secret cipher to his friend Dunbar of the "Boston Daily Advertiser," § which should not only accomplish that result, but perhaps effect changes in Washington that might restore his status with officials in the War Department.

The despatch|| was sent, and Copeland's doom was sealed. Within a few days, while preparing to sail from New York for

\* Pamphlet Statement of R. Morris Copeland, formerly assistant adjutant-general to Banks, p. 21.

† On the 2d of July Banks telegraphed Copeland from Washington, "There is nothing to communicate upon affairs South. Have received your despatches. The secretary will assign you to Gen. Hunter. Put our force into condition to move as soon as possible. Will send you word when I return, think to-morrow.

"N. P. BANKS, M. G. C."

‡ Copeland's Pamphlet Statement, p. 22.

§ Copeland's Statement, p. 22.

|| "Gen. Banks returned. McClellan, defeated and liable to be captured, the President, alarmed and uncertain what to do, urge that 'a strong man be placed at the head of affairs, and troops be sent rapidly forward from west.'" — *Copeland's Statement*, p. 23.



the Southern Department, he read in a New York paper that he was dismissed from the United States Service. The only reasons for this ever given him by the President were founded upon the proclamation and despatch.\*

My own experience with Banks, in an interview after his return from Washington, in which I labored hard to get some hope out of our heavy despair from disastrous reports, was so *intensely satisfactory* that I cannot forbear giving it in this history.

It was on the evening of the 5th of July, the day Banks arrived at the headquarters of his corps, that I rode to his tent, dismounted, and engaged with our austere chieftain in the following animated conversation : —

“What information have you brought back to us, General?”

“None, sir.”

“Nothing of this sad affair of Gen. McClellan’s, — this rumor of his defeat?”

“Nothing, sir.”

“Nothing of the purposes of the Administration in such an event?”

“Nothing, sir.”

“Nothing, sir? Nothing! Nothing! Can you, under these circumstances of our excessive anxiety and desire to know *something*, can you not repeat something? Surely the Administration must have some plans.”

\* “Continued the President, ‘I don’t know what the charges are, but I do know that you sent a most improper and malicious telegram in cipher to a Boston editor, which no officer had a right to do, saying I was scared, McClellan was to be captured, and we were all going to ruin. You thought you were very sharp, and put it into some kind of a cipher you made up; but we’ve got some very cute fellows in the telegraph office, and one of them found it out and sent it to me to read, and I could see plainly enough that you belonged to that class of men who are trying to make all the mischief for the Government that they can. Fact is, I believe you want to help run this Government, and because you don’t get as much notice as you think you deserve, you are trying to make trouble.’” — *Statement of R. M. Copeland, p. 32.*

[NOTE. — As Copeland was formerly quartermaster of the Second Regiment, this extract is part of the history I am following. — AUTHOR.]



With a great oath Banks broke his silence: "By God, sir, without honest men this country will be ruined, sir!"\* Gen. Banks delivered this irrefutable sentiment to the intense satisfaction of—himself.

At the camp near Warrenton (we moved there on the 8th) we sent to Alexander such superfluities as baggage and tents, for we were not only to live on the country, but were to sleep on it unsheltered, and clothe ourselves as might be. But the men were in good spirits, and soon threw off all depression, even if they had felt any, because of the defeat of the Army of the Potomac.

One of the memorable incidents that occurred at this camp was the recovery of a horse that had been stolen from me by some of the New York cavalymen, on the morning we crossed the river at Williamsport on our retreat before Jackson's army. The animal, noticeable for his flowing mane and tail and for his rich color, a mahogany bay, disappeared a few minutes after my servant had tied him to a fence on the Maryland side of the Potomac at Williamsport. There was a house near the fence occupied by a sergeant or two of the New York cavalry, but they had seen nothing of such a horse, they told my man, repeating their denial to me with an honest touch of incipient indignation at my cross-examination. It was certain the horse had not strayed off,

\* "MARCELLUS. How is 't, my noble lord?

"HORATIO. What news, my lord

"HAMLET. Oh, wonderful!

"HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

"HAM. No; you will reveal it.

"HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven!

"MAR. Nor I, my lord.

"HAM. How say you then: would heart of man once think it?

— But you 'll be secret?

"HOR. MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord!

"HAM. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

— *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, Act 1, Scene 5.*

nor had he committed suicide in the river, nor would any citizen of Williamsport, under the circumstances, have dared to steal him.

All search proving vain, I sought Gen. Hatch, who invited me to attend with him, in the afternoon, a review of his cavalry, "where," he suggested, "in riding between the open ranks, you will see your horse if he is there; and if he is not, he will be found, if taken by any of my cavalry men, among the horses left in camp, and there your groom can look during the review." — "Good!" I replied, "that is the thing. I'll find him."

After the review I rode along the ranks, seemingly criticising the troops, but really looking for the horse-thief. Returned to the reviewing officer's position, when the order "Rest!" was given, the cavalry command gave me three rousing cheers.

"That's for your accusing them of stealing your horse," said Hatch, laughing.

How the fellow that did steal that horse must have smiled! for the horse was there, but I could not recognize him. After a few days I gave him up.

On a lazy afternoon of the 13th of July, on Sunday, at this camp near Warrenton, my groom, Fuller, came to me, excitedly saying, —

"General, I have found your horse."

"When, where, and how?" I asked.

"Ridden by a private in the New York cavalry."

In a few minutes, in charge of my guard, the private appeared riding a horse with ragged mane and tail, — a gaunt, dejected animal, upon whose flank was stamped or branded the letter "A," thus denoting a public animal belonging to "A" Company of a cavalry regiment.

"Do you mean to tell me that is my horse?" I said to Fuller, as he and the private and the guard awaited in silence my decision.

"I think so, sir," replied Fuller.

"Think so? By what token? Wherein do you see anything like my bright-colored horse, his thick mane and waving tail, his spirit — anything! Tell me, where do you see it?"

Looking down doggedly, as if indignant at a suspicion that he could, through a mistake, have originated this scene, Fuller lifted the animal's fore-leg, looked intently at the shoe, dropped the foot, struck a defiant attitude, and exclaimed, —

"It's your hoss, sir!"

"Well, by Jove! so it is, or the remains of him," I exclaimed, after a critical examination.

Then followed a scene.

The private and the sergeant, the one who denied at the house in Williamsport any knowledge of the horse (and I have every reason to believe the captain of the company to which these worthies were attached), were accomplices in the theft; they were members of a gang of horse-thieves. When this fine-looking animal was espied tied to the fence in Williamsport, while Fuller was trying to get some breakfast after his long fast, it was the work of a moment to lead him to a secluded spot, and there to crop and notch his mane as if mules had fed on it; to dock and thin his tail until there was no waving curl about it; and then with sharp-pointed scissors to finish the work by cutting the letter A in the hair on his flank. One without experience cannot conceive the transformation thus effected. Add to this the rough riding of a cavalry-trooper from the 26th of May to the 13th of July, and gauntness, lack of fire, and dulness of coat complete the disguise.

After seeing the letter A of appropriate dimensions cut out of the shock of hair on the head of the private, I sent him away under guard, with the good intentions I entertained concerning the captain and sergeant, dissipated in the crowding events that thickened and darkened until Pope's campaign was at an end.

In carrying out the plans already referred to, Pope had ordered Gen. King of McDowell's Corps, at Fredericksburg, to send forward detachments of his cavalry to break up and destroy the Virginia Central Railroad, and at the same time, with a view of destroying the enemy's communications by rail in the direction of Gordonsville, Banks was, on the 14th of July, ordered to send an infantry brigade with all his cavalry to Culpepper Court House, from whence the cavalry were to take possession of Gordonsville and destroy the railroad for ten or fifteen miles east, while another detachment was to move on Charlottesville, destroy a railroad bridge there, and break up communications. But on the 17th of July, Banks reported that Gen. Hatch, commanding the cavalry, had started on his march with infantry, artillery, and train-wagons, and had at that date succeeded in getting no farther than Madison Court House. The arrival of the enemy at Gordonsville on the 16th of July rendered the contemplated movement impossible.

On the 19th of July we had moved our camp to Little Washington, a small town east of the Blue Ridge, on a line from Luray to Warrenton. The following are the points our army occupied on this line, which was in length thirty and one third miles. The two divisions of the Second Corps were at Washington. Gen. Sigel with the First Corps was at Luray, and Gen. McDowell with the Third Corps at Warrenton. We were concentrating on this base. There, in that summer season, scenes of rural loveliness became desolate and unsightly by the occupation and destruction that ever marks the devastation of armies. From my tent I could see on the west, the wondrous beauty, famous in Virginia scenery, of the Blue Ridge ; and towards the south a rolling country from which, on many fields, the grain, carefully shocked up upon our arrival, had all been appropriated by our soldiers as straw for bedding. Tents whitened the hills, and thousands of men were wandering around, knowing no man as owner of field,

forage, or domain. From the hill we could look for thirty miles towards Richmond, the bourn of all our hopes and many of our bodies.

The remaining days of July were passed in drills, brigade and regimental; and when the latter, Col. Andrews (who had received full promotion to the command of our regiment) practised his men in aiming, to enable them to do better than at Winchester, when not one of the enemy could show himself with impunity at a thousand yards. My military family consisted of officers taken from the Second Massachusetts Regiment. This was due to the kindness of the Secretary of War, who promoted at my request, to the rank of captains, Lieut. H. B. Scott as assistant adjutant-general, Lieut. Wheaton as commissary of subsistence, and Lieut. M. M. Hawes as quartermaster; Lieut. Robert G. Shaw, who subsequently, as colonel of the First Massachusetts Colored Regiment, was killed at Fort Wagner, served as an aid on my staff.

Although Gen. Pope was at Washington, in the District of Columbia, we began to receive at Little Washington, through the newspapers, furious orders, intended to inflame his army with zeal: "No lines of retreat," "No bases of supply," "Live upon the country," "We have always seen the backs of our enemy," "Discard your false notions," etc. etc.\* We knew well enough that this was a fling at the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and was intended to please the Chandlers and such-like war-horses of the Admin-

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\* On the 14th of July, 1862, Gen. Pope issued the following order to the officers and soldiers of the Army of Virginia:—

. . . "I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts. I have come from the west, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies. Dismiss from your minds certain phrases I hear constantly, — of taking strong positions and holding them, of lines of retreat, and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance upon the enemy. Let us study possible lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance."

istration, who were then comparing McClellan to an old woman with a broom.

Although the newspapers laughed at Pope, and criticised his Falstaffian pretences, and dubbed him five-cent Pope;\* and although every man in his army wondered if he were not a weak and silly man; there were none who fell away in fervor or determination to do all that mortals could to retrieve the losses sustained by the Army of the Potomac, be it under Pope or the Devil himself. On the 29th of July, we were favored with the actual presence of the commander-in-chief of the Army of Virginia. He had come to take up his abode with us. As recorded at that time by an observing officer of my staff, the following description of Gen. Pope may serve to recall him to your minds: "Pope is a thick-set man, of an unpleasant expression, of about fifty years of age, average height, thick, bushy black whiskers, and wears spectacles." The savage orders that had preceded our commander created an intense curiosity to actually look upon him, and we were gratified on the 3d of August, for he came to inspect the troops of our corps in a review. Upon this momentous occasion, which had been preceded by many drills, in some of which Gen. Banks attempted and performed creditably division movements, we were anxious to excel, as we knew we ought, and so were ready long before the arrival of *the* Pope, and long after the time assigned in orders. "Napoleon did not fail to keep his appointments to review his troops," said a critical officer, somewhat melted by the heat. "Nor did Wellington," was the

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\* HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, }  
WASHINGTON, July 26, 1862. }

Capt. Samuel L. Harrison, of the Ninety-Fifth Regiment of New York Volunteers, is reported by his commanding general as having deserted his company on the 21st of the month, and gone to New York. A reward of five cents is offered for his apprehension.

By order of

MAJ-GEN. POPE.

GEO. D. RUGGLES, *Chief of Staff.*



amiable reply of another. Further comparison was checked by a rising cloud of dust, within which Pope and a numerous staff drew rein, while the cannon roared, the drums sounded, and the horses pranced or *cavorted* so vigorously that it took about ten minutes to quiet their demonstrations of admiration for Pope. Then the review began in column of brigades, of which mine was the last.

As the General rode in turn in front of each brigade, he was to be received by each regiment in the orthodox style of the regulation,—three ruffles from the drum, the march, the colors drooped, and a present arms. Now when Pope was receiving these regulation tokens of respect from the left regiment of the brigade in my front, what did that incorrigible Twenty-Seventh Indiana, on the left of my line, do, but put the whole paragraph of ruffles, marches, and droops in, and all in the wrong place; the colonel commanding looking on meanwhile as blandly as did Pickwick when he awoke in the pound as a trespasser upon the lands of the fierce Capt. Boldwig. My feelings were indescribable. I fancied Pope looked like Capt. Boldwig, when that worthy discovered the handbarrow and heard the words “cold punch” muttered as his baptismal name by the unhappy Pickwick; at all events, we knew that we had lost what otherwise would have been an easy victory.

There was no reserve about Gen. Pope; he “let out” in censure with such vigor, that if words had been missiles our army would never have failed for want of ammunition. In a long talk with me at his headquarters on the 5th of August, he attributed our want of success at Richmond to mismanagement by McClellan, for whom he seemed to entertain a bitter hatred, which might have pleased the Administration, but found little favor with us.

I think Gen. Pope’s freedom of speech infected his command with a general mania for discussing men and measures. It was not an uncommon event for generals and colonels

to meet at my tent, and express their views in words stronger than those generally used in war councils, — “cuss words” of such vigor, when they fell from the lips of our division commander, that all were appalled into silence, save Col. Knipe of the Forty-Sixth Pennsylvania, and when he began, Williams was silent. Ordinary words being totally inadequate to express one’s feelings, swearing became an epidemic.

While here in our camp at Little Washington, we heard of the promotion of Capt. Underwood, of Company I, to the rank of major in a new Massachusetts regiment. Perhaps, had this officer encountered Stonewall Jackson, he might have addressed with hearty thanks the one who, when he drove us out the valley, did not make Underwood unhappy, since it seemed there were more compensations for Jackson’s acts in Massachusetts than he ever dreamed of.

On the 6th of August the Army of Virginia began its march for Culpepper Court House. Gen. Pope’s main purpose in thus moving forward was not to fight. His instructions required him to be very careful not to allow the enemy to interpose between him and Fredericksburg, to which point the forces from the Peninsula were to be brought; and it was to cover the Army of the Potomac that we were now in motion, following up with our corps a brigade of Williams’s Division that had moved from Culpepper on the 4th to support the cavalry. The day was hot, the roads were dusty; and when the men of my brigade came into bivouac at Woodville, some ten miles from where we started in the morning, they were so tired that they wilted away in a merciless manner, until the sun had turned his hot face towards another quarter of the world, when a cooler and more refreshing atmosphere replaced the fierce heat of the day. Then the crickets began to sing, and all the soothing sounds of night hushed our senses to such sweet repose that our men entered upon the next day’s march with refreshed spirits.

Our march on the 7th was short, but a very tiresome one.

Gen. Augur's Division of our corps encamped in advance of us the night before, and thus claimed the right of precedence. It was my wish to move at three o'clock, A. M., and thus complete our work before the heat began; but Augur did not get off until eight o'clock, as this was the time designated in one of Pope's long orders. When we were off, and had proceeded about ten rods to a corner, we found the rear of Augur's baggage-trains at a halt. After waiting fifteen minutes, we pushed the train one side and went on a quarter of a mile farther, until we came to another train standing still in the road. The sun by this time was pouring down so hot and fierce upon us that I put all my men in the woods, unhitched all my horses, and gave a general rest until twelve at noon, when, the road being clear, I pushed on. It was then the hottest part of the day. Clouds of dust hung over us, there was not a breath of air, and the road was like a furnace. We did get over the six miles that made that day's march, but many of our men fell out from weakness. Diarrhœa was more prevalent than usual. The atmosphere of our camp while we were at Little Washington was like that of a pest-house, from the number of dead animals lying about. In Augur's Division of our corps, two entire regiments had been sent to the hospital. In the Sixtieth New York, men died eight and ten a day. In a single day from that regiment two commissioned officers were buried. The drum and fife, constantly sounding the dead march, made the evenings seem sad and solemn. If we were not conforming to Pope's order to live on the country, we were doing the next thing to it, — we were dying on it. Gen. Augur's Division was made up of troops whose officers had little or no experience in discipline or hygiene. The men ate every miserable, crabbed green apple they came across, and, in short, so violated every sanitary regulation that it was no wonder typhoid fever marked them for its own. We suffered in the Second Regiment, but in a less degree. Poor Capt. Goodwin, having been sick for nearly two months, applied at

at Little Washington for a leave of absence ; but was answered, it is said, that if he was as sick as he represented, he had better resign.

On the 7th, Pope's army, a force numbering about 28,000 men, had assembled along the turnpike from Sperryville to Culpepper. King's Division of McDowell's Corps was still at Fredericksburg, on the Lower Rappahannock, but Rickett's Division arrived at Culpepper on the 7th from Waterloo Bridge. Pope's cavalry was distributed as follows : Gen. Buford, who had relieved Hatch, was, with five regiments, posted at Madison Court House, with his pickets along the line of the Rapidan from Barnett's Ford as far west as the Blue Ridge. These were supported by a brigade of infantry and a battery of artillery from Sigel's Corps, stationed where the road from Madison Court House to Sperryville crosses Robertson's River. Gen. Bayard, with four regiments of cavalry, was near Rapidan Station, the point where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses Rapidan River, with his pickets extended east to Raccoon Ford and connecting with Buford at Barnett's Ford. The Rapidan was lined with cavalry pickets from Raccoon Ford to the forks of the Rappahannock above Falmouth, and in addition thereto, on the top of Thoroughfare Mountain, about half-way between Bayard and Buford, there was a signal station, which overlooked the whole country as far south as Orange Court House.\*

On the morning of the 8th, Pope, who had in person arrived at Culpepper Court House, sent word to Banks to move his corps to that town, and at the same time notified Sigel at Sperryville, to which place he had marched from Luray, to move to the same point. The other important orders given by Pope this day were to Crawford to move forward and support Gen. Bayard,† in holding the enemy in check, and an

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\* Pope's Report.

† I received reports from Gen. Bayard, that the enemy was advancing upon him, and his cavalry forced to retire. (See Pope's Report.)

order to Gen. Ricketts, of McDowell's Corps, to move his division of three brigades two and a half or three miles south of Culpepper Court House. All these movements, save Sigel's, were executed as ordered.

It was two o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th when our corps received its orders. Tents, all we had, were struck, and we were ready; but Geary's Brigade was before us, and making such slow progress that we were delayed in a burning sun three hours before we got off, and then it was not much better, — a few steps forward, then a halt; then on, again to stop, motion alternating with rest and rest with motion. Our tired troops were more fatigued than if they had made a march of twice the distance. It was eleven o'clock at night when our division arrived at Culpepper, having made eight miles in eight hours.

Why Gen. Pope was hurrying his forces into and around Culpepper Court House will appear from a review of the movements of the enemy. On the 19th of July, Jackson, with two divisions of troops, commanded by Winder and Ewell, arrived near Gordonsville. Gen. Lee thought that important railroad place was in danger; and from what we have seen of the instructions given by Pope to Banks at Warrenton, well might he have thought so. Jackson, finding Pope strong in numbers, asked for reinforcements, and the whole of A. P. Hill's Division was added to his army.

On the 7th of August, Jackson moved his three divisions of troops from their respective encampments near Gordonsville, in the direction of Culpepper. His motive, as he says, was not to attack Pope's whole army, but only that part of it which he had been informed was at Culpepper,\* and this part, "through the blessing of Providence," he hoped to defeat. This force, as we have shown, was Rickett's Division, Crawford's Brigade of Banks's Corps, and Gen. Bayard, who had been stationed on the Rapidan, at Barnett's Ford,

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\* Jackson's Official Report.

about fifteen miles from Culpepper, with four regiments of cavalry.

Ample information was conveyed to Pope on the 7th, that Jackson was moving to attack him, and not only to attack, but the strength of his cavalry, infantry, and artillery was known or ought to have been. What did Pope know? On the 7th, while he was at Sperryville\* inspecting Sigel's Corps, he was informed that the enemy was crossing the Rapidan at several points between the railroad-crossing of that river and Liberty Mills. Rightly divining the enemy's purposes, so it seems, Pope left Sperryville at four o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded in person to Culpepper Court House, arriving there (a distance of twenty miles) on the 8th, as we have said.

In the mean time, Jackson, with his columns, was pushing our cavalry back, and Buford and Bayard were constantly sending Pope word to that effect,—the latter that he was falling back in the direction of Culpepper Court House, and the former that the enemy were advancing in heavy force upon Madison Court House. A glance at the map will show that these two forces could have had but one objective point, and that was Culpepper. If all the enemy were at Madison Court House, it might be doubted; but with Bayard's report that he was falling back on Culpepper, and the enemy following him, it was no longer doubtful. But during all day of the 8th Pope says he did consider it doubtful whether the enemy's movements were in the direction of Madison Court House and Culpepper, so he determined to keep himself between the enemy and the lower fords of the Rappahannock; in other words, he determined to hold on to Culpepper; and this was wise. Therefore on the 8th he sent Crawford with his brigade to support Bayard, and to assist him in determining the movements and forces of the enemy. Sigel did not obey his orders to march at once from Sperryville to

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\* I quote from Pope's Official Report.



Culpepper, but to Pope's surprise returned in reply a note, which, dated at the former place at 6.30 P. M., and received after night, asked by what road he should march to Culpepper Court House. "There was but one, and that a broad stone turnpike, between these points," says Pope; "how could he entertain any doubt as to the road?" And then Pope adds that this doubt delayed the arrival of his corps several hours, and rendered it impracticable for it to be pushed to the front, as he had designed, on the afternoon of the next day.

The morning of the 9th of August found Jackson, with his whole force, pursuing his way northerly on Bayard's line of retreat towards Culpepper. Crawford's Brigade then occupied a strong position north of Cedar Creek, with Bayard's cavalry in his front.

It was nearly ten o'clock on that morning, when, under the heat of an overpowering sun, our corps moved at a quick pace and with few halts (under orders which will be referred to hereafter) from Culpepper Court House over a shadeless, waterless road. We soon came to where Rickett's Division, of three brigades of McDowell's Corps, was watching the road which turns off from the Orange Court House and Culpepper road to Madison Court House. These troops were stripped of harness, and taking their ease under shelter tents. We passed them and pushed onward until, in our regiment, one recruit fell dead from exhaustion, and many veterans of a year were disabled; onward for about five miles, until before us, high in air, rose Slaughter Mountain,\* bearing southwest from Crawford's Brigade, which was drawn up in line of battle.

When I arrived at Cedar Creek, though all was quiet, I felt in the air the consciousness of an impending battle. The cavalry were still in our front, but not far; Crawford's skirmishers were deployed through the woods; and there was Gen. Roberts, a staff-officer sent by Pope to *designate the ground* Banks was to *hold*, and to give him instructions. It

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\* We call it Cedar Mountain.

was about twelve o'clock at noon when I approached Roberts, as he was pointing out positions for the troops. Off to the right of the road upon which we had been marching, I saw a strong position on the crest of a hill, in front of which the land was clear, and fell off by a gentle descent to Cedar Creek. "That should be held by our right," I said to Gen. Roberts; "shall I take it?" — "Yes," he replied, "do so." I moved my brigade there immediately. The distance from where Roberts then stood in the road to this position was about three fourths of a mile. When Banks came up, he said to Gen. Roberts, "Gen. Pope said you would indicate the line I am to occupy." — "I have been over this ground thoroughly," replied Roberts, "and I believe this line," meaning the one which Crawford's Brigade then held, "is the best that can be taken." — "In this opinion I concurred with him," says Banks,\* and placed my command there."

As you approach Cedar Creek, going south from Culpepper to Orange Court House, a gentle descent for half a mile leads to the low ground, through which the creek winds in a north-westerly and southeasterly course. As the road approaches the ridge from which the descent begins, a thick wood skirts it on either side for some four hundred yards. Turn to the north, and, leaving the road, follow the ridge for about twelve hundred yards, and you come to a house, with thick forest trees on the north and west. Here my brigade was stationed; it was the extreme right of our line of battle, and was the exact position designated by Gen. Roberts.

Return to the road, cross the creek, go on for nine hundred yards from it, and you will have passed a rise and crossed a plateau which is four hundred yards in depth. Just beyond the plateau, there was, on your left, on the 9th of August, 1862, a corn-field, and on your right, a growth of timber, which, touching the road at a point, widened out as it extended back, until in front of my station it was from four to

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\* Testimony before referred to, by Banks.

six hundred yards deep. In front of this timber there was a stubble-field, bounded on the opposite side by thick woods. This stubble or wheat field, cut out as it were from the forest, was somewhat in the form of a parallelogram, of which the two sides, at right angles to the road, were about eight hundred yards in length. One of the short sides of the field rested on the road, and was about six hundred yards long; while the other, skirted by brushwood the height of a man's head, was only about four hundred yards. Clearing the corn-field, which was of the same width on the road as the wheat-field, there was on your left a ridgy plain or pasture, which continued for a third of a mile, and then the timber began. On your right the timber lined the road as soon as you cleared the wheat-field, and continued for nearly a mile. The corn-field and the plain extend away towards the base of Cedar Mountain. From where the road divides the corn and wheat field to the base of the mountain it is about a mile, and it is the same distance to the base from where the wood again skirts both sides of the road. Going towards the Rapidan, from the crossing of the creek to the limit of the road I have described, the distance is not over two miles. From the position occupied by my brigade to the same crossing of the creek is, as stated, about twelve hundred yards, and to Cedar Mountain about two miles. I have endeavored to depict without tedious details the face of the country, that the movements of the troops may be intelligible, and that we may form an accurate judgment of the progress of the battle.

Gen. Roberts crossed Cedar Creek with Augur's Division of Banks's Corps, and formed it in line on and towards the rear of the plateau; Geary's Brigade, forming the right of this division, rested on the road; then in line came Prince's Brigade, and on the extreme left, thrown back, was Green's Brigade, which, reduced by detachments, numbered only four hundred and fifty-seven men. It was stationed here to support a battery. On the right of the road and covered by the

wood that skirted the wheat-field was Crawford's Brigade, moved there by Roberts in the morning from the wood on the ridge on the Culpepper side of the creek. In front of our troops, with an unobstructed fire over the corn-field and plain, and themselves commanded by the mountain, were our batteries.

On the crest of the hill, where the Second Massachusetts with the other regiments of my brigade were stationed, I have spoken of a little cottage. A pretty picture it was, with its green turf enclosed by a fence, and, behind, almost touching it, an inviting grove of forest trees. This cottage, occupied by women and children, was the central figure, about which clustered the infantry and artillery of my brigade. As out of that impending war-cloud we swarmed around this peaceful home, the women and children were startled at the strange and unusual sight. Nervously they asked me what they should do, and without waiting for a reply, again and again they inquired; and when told to move away at once, they paid no heed to my words. My position was a very strong one. I do not think Banks knew its capabilities for a defence; at all events, he did not think the right of his line of sufficient importance to visit it, either before or during the battle. I am sure he did not know where we were.\*

Although the consolidated report† of Banks's Corps, sent into Pope some days previous to the 9th of August, exhibited an effective force of something over 14,000 men, made up of

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\* This is fully confirmed by the chaplain of the Second Massachusetts, who, in an interview with Banks at Culpepper Court House, after the battle, when Banks accused my brigade of tardiness in going into the fight, replied that I "ran in." "Then why did he not get in with Crawford, or to support Crawford?" asked Banks. "Why, he was nowhere near Crawford," replied the chaplain. "Where was he, then?" asked the commander of the corps. "Upon the hill, near the cottage," replied the chaplain. "Who put him there?" asked the commander. "Gen. Roberts, Pope's chief-of-staff," was the answer. "I did not know it," said Banks. "I thought he was just behind the woods, on Crawford's right."

† Pope's Official Report.

infantry, 13,343, artillery, 1,224, cavalry, 4,104, total, 18,671, less infantry and artillery left at Front Royal and Winchester, 3,500; in his Official Report Pope distinctly states that it appeared after the battle, that when Banks led his forces to the front he had in all not more than 8,000 men,\* and that this discrepancy has never been explained, although "I have frequently called his attention to it; and I do not yet understand," writes Pope, "how Gen. Banks could have been so greatly mistaken as to the forces under his immediate command." Gen. Banks, in 1864, testified under oath that he had but about 6,000 men on the 9th of August, 1862, and before he concluded his testimony, he put his force at 5,000 and that of the enemy at 25,000.† My own brigade comprised less than 1,500 infantry. The Second Massachusetts, all told, commissioned and non-commissioned, numbered, as near as ever will be known, 497.

It was about twelve at noon when I made the following disposition of my infantry and batteries. On my right, skirmishers from the Twenty-Seventh Indiana penetrated the woods; in my front, over Cedar Creek, in the timber upon the edge of the stubble-field, six companies of the Third Wisconsin Regiment were deployed; while in the wood directly behind the cottage, to the north, my own Second Regiment was ready to respond to my call. My two batteries covered the hill, the valley, and the hillside fringed with its dark lining of thick forest trees. Beyond was the bloody wheat-field, over which, though we did not know it then, the old reaper, Death, was hovering to gather up a more precious harvest than was promised in the sheaves of grain that dotted the ground.

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\* Banks's force in the field was officially stated as 6,289 infantry and artillery, with 30 guns, and a brigade of cavalry, approximately stated as 1,000 or 1,200, making an aggregate force of nearly 7,500 men of all arms. Pope's Official Report declares that it did not exceed 8,000.

† Testimony of Banks before Committee on Conduct of the War, December 14, 1864, p. 44, vol. 3.

## CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE our troops were forming, Gen. Jackson was silently advancing. His leading division of three brigades was commanded by Gen. Ewell, our old antagonist at Winchester. Gen. Early commanded the foremost brigade of this division, and was therefore the first of all the enemy's infantry to encounter our cavalry under Bayard. In the morning the enemy's artillery opened on our cavalry, before Roberts had crossed Cedar Creek with infantry; but Knapp's Battery replied, and the enemy withdrew. After the main body of our infantry had crossed the creek and taken up the line designated, Bayard formed his line on a ridge in the plain that held the corn-field, and about two thirds of a mile in advance of the infantry. In this position he received for a time the enemy's fire from his field-guns, and then fell back, but in a few minutes advanced again to the ridge.

As Early came up with his skirmishers, he scoured the woods on our left, of the road beyond the plain, but found no enemy until he came in sight of the ridge, where, formed in daring array, he saw the fearless Bayard. Early then passed a short distance to his right of the road, and Bayard fell back before him to the crest of a second hill, which was in front of the rise or plateau containing our batteries and the infantry of Augur's Division. Although a large number of our cavalry remained in the wheat and corn field, many retired even to the creek, across which they came in a half-disordered state, as if some resistless power were brushing them back. At this time our batteries opened, and Early withdrew to a slight depres-



sion behind the crest of the foremost ridge between the wood and the corn-field. Here he brought up four guns and engaged our batteries. As yet none of our infantry were visible in his front.

Hardly had Early taken up his position, when suddenly the two remaining brigades of Ewell's Division appeared on the northwest face of the mountain, at an elevation several hundred feet above the plain, where the whole scene of action was unfolded beneath them. Here, two batteries, placed in position by Ewell, hurled shells upon our guns without molestation, as the enemy claim.

Winder now advanced his division along the Culpepper road as far as Early's left. His batteries were placed in echelon along the road, and his infantry stationed as follows: Campbell's\* Brigade was in the woods fronting the wheat-field and opposite Crawford's, which was concealed by the woods on our side of the same field; Taliaferro's Brigade was drawn up parallel to and facing the road, in rear of the batteries; while Winder's or the Stonewall Brigade was in reserve; Hill's Division of six brigades was still farther to the rear, but within supporting distance.

The fire from opposing batteries had been gradually growing warmer until about 3 P. M., when it perceptibly increased. Although the enemy's guns seemed to have the advantage of the highest ground, our artillery practice was admirable. Indeed it was so on both sides. From where my brigade was stationed we could see our shells bursting in every direction over the enemy. From the plateau near the corn-field we answered the enemy from his lofty station on Cedar Mountain, from Early's right, and from Winder's Brigade in the Culpepper road, just beyond the wheat-field. On our right my guns covered the wood in our front, and though silent, were ready to take part in the tragedy unfolding before us.

Between three and four o'clock, with a view of attacking,

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\* Commanded by Garnett.

Banks moved forward his whole line (excepting my brigade) about four hundred yards, saying to Gen. Roberts, Pope's chief-of-staff, that he thought he "should attack their batteries before night," that he did not "believe the enemy was in considerable force yet," that "his men were in the best fighting condition," and that he "believed he could carry the field." So far, there had been no opposition to our advance, and this, perhaps, caused Banks to believe that he was frightening Jackson. A battalion from the Eighth and Twelfth Regulars, under Capt. Pitcher, from Prince's Brigade, had advanced on our left through the corn to within thirty yards of the enemy's line, where, despite grape, canister, and musketry, they maintained their position until their commander and nearly all the company-officers were killed or disabled, until, indeed, the general advance of their brigade. Before five o'clock Banks had determined on a new aggressive movement. It was to attack the enemy with two regiments, one from the left and another from the right of his line of battle. It was a remarkable movement. We have the official correspondence from Banks to Pope, announcing what had been done and what was to follow.\*

"I have ordered a regiment from the right" (said Banks in his dispatch) "to advance." Crawford, peering across the wheat-field into the dark forest beyond, over which the smoke of Winder's batteries hung in thick clouds, aided Banks in giving form to the shapeless plans which had flitted through the latter's brain. Banks would have attempted with one regiment

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\* AUGUST 9, 1862, 4.50 P. M.

TO COL. RUGGLES,  
*Chief-of-Staff*: —

About four o'clock shots were exchanged with the skirmishers. Artillery opened fire on both sides in a few moments. One regiment of rebel infantry advancing, now deployed as skirmishers. I have ordered a regiment from the right (Williams's Division) and one from the left (Augur's) to advance on the left and in front.

5 P. M. — They are now approaching each other.

the capture of the enemy's batteries in the Culpepper road, had not Crawford persuaded him to increase his force to a brigade.\* At five o'clock in the afternoon Crawford was ordered to advance through the woods, preparatory to an attack upon the enemy's left flank.

Col. Ruger, commanding the six companies of the Third Wisconsin Regiment of my Brigade, had swept with his skirmishers through the woods between my position and the wheat-field, without finding the enemy, when Gen. Williams received orders from Banks to send these companies to report to Crawford. Before Williams received this order, Crawford himself, in violation of military law or etiquette, had ordered the Wisconsin companies to join his troops then filing into the woods for the general charge which Banks contemplated making all along his line. To Crawford's unlawful order Ruger replied that he was momentarily expecting orders from Gen. Gordon, his brigade-commander, and suggested that before taking his regiment from the brigade it would be better to have superior authority; † at the same time he advanced his command towards Crawford's right. Crawford's appeal to Banks was answered through an order to Williams, communicated to me; and thus six companies of the Third Wisconsin Regiment were detached from my brigade and placed on the right of Crawford's line.

As Crawford's Brigade, comprising the Fifth Connecticut, Twenty-Eighth New York, Forty-Sixth Pennsylvania, and Tenth Maine, will now claim our closest attention, we will cross over to the other side and look again upon our enemy's line of battle.

In front of the two brigades of Prince and Geary of Augur's Division was Early, reinforced by Thomas's Brigade of A. P.

\* " 'The enemy's line begins to appear here,' says Crawford to Banks; 'I must have more force.' I sent him a brigade." — *Banks before Committee on Conduct of the War*.

† Wisconsin in the War, p. 253.

Hill's Division, with their right resting on a clump of cedars and supported there by four batteries. This portion of the enemy's line extended to within half a mile of the mountain, upon the face of which and bearing upon the field were the two remaining brigades of Ewell with more batteries. Here, therefore, were four brigades opposed to two on the left of our line, with the further advantage that two of the four were in an almost unassailable position, and were supported by batteries having a plunging fire upon us. In the road and opposite our right was stationed Winder's Division of three brigades, one of which, the Second (Campbell's), commanded by Col. Garnett, was in line in the woods on the edge of the wheat-field and immediately opposite Crawford. Then came Taliaferro's Brigade, which closed the gap between Early's left and Garnett's right. The remaining brigade of Winder's Division, the Stonewall, was in reserve, as also were five of the six brigades of Hill's Division, which were successively formed on the enemy's left of the road. Winder's reserve brigade was formed a little to the left of Branch, who was followed by Archer, Pender, Stafford, and Field.\*

On our left we had two brigades preparing to charge through the corn-field upon three brigades† and four batteries in their front, while two brigades and more batteries of the enemy were ready to spring from the mountain-side upon their flank. On our right a single brigade confronted the enemy's left; but here the enemy had only a single brigade in line of battle. Our three brigades confronted six of the enemy's with the advantage to the latter of receiving our attack in positions strengthened by numerous batteries. These were the lines.

Now let us look at the reserves. On our side, on the extreme right, there yet remained my brigade of two regiments and the four companies of the Third Wisconsin that had not then been engaged; besides which there was the

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\* A. P. Hill's Report.

† Thomas, Early, Taliaferro.

Tenth Maine (our old Winchester associate), which for some unaccountable reason had been dropped out of Crawford's line when the regiments of his brigade moved forward, and was now destined, as we shall see, to wrestle alone with the enemy in a vain effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. On the left of our line there was absolutely no reserve: so that against the six entire brigades of the enemy held in reserve we could throw barely four small regiments;\* in numbers we could oppose the enemy's 8,000 by not over 2,500 men.

This was the military disposition made by Banks for an assault along his whole line, over the corn and wheat field; — these the numbers which he hurled against six entire and fresh brigades of the enemy, comprising at least twenty-four regiments, with six brigades in reserve.

We left the regiments of Crawford's Brigade filing into the woods. At about half-past five, these troops, in long line, with the six companies of my Third Wisconsin upon the right flank, burst with loud cries from the woods, swept like a torrent across the wheat-field, were arrested for a moment by a high rail-fence in the edge of the timber, and then disappeared in the thick forest, bearing before them the enemy's Second Brigade of Winder's Division, — broken, thrown back in masses from front to rear, and intermingled with their assailants. The storm burst suddenly upon the enemy. It came while they were deciding that there was no hostile infantry in their front, and gave them barely time to open fire. The enemy's line extending farther to our right than our own, the companies of the Wisconsin regiment received a deadly fire, which soon reached their rear but did not stop them. Unshrinkingly they dashed on, although the farther they advanced, the more withering the fire became. At last, with a loss of eighty killed and wounded out of the two hundred and

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\* The Second Massachusetts, Twenty-Seventh Indiana, and four companies Third Wisconsin, of my brigade, and the Tenth Maine.

sixty-seven that charged across the field, they fell back into the woods, to be re-formed and again to advance, as will appear hereafter.

While this attack was in progress, Banks threw forward his two brigades on the left of the Culpepper road.\* Prince on the extreme left moved his infantry against the right and front of Early's line, but without effect. Early stood "like a rampart," says the Southern historian, and "hurled back all efforts made against him." Geary's advance through the corn-field, with his right along the Culpepper road, uniting with the regiments assaulting across the wheat-field, forced back the enemy's line in their front and threw them in such confusion *that if there had been no reserve to the enemy, and no brigades on Cedar Mountain to rush in and take Prince in flank and rear, and if I had been ordered to move forward simultaneously with my brigade as a support*, the chances are that we would have whipped Jackson.

But notwithstanding the defiance with which our fellows braved death in that heroic charge, the destiny of overpowering numbers was against us. Campbell's† Brigade had been thrown, helpless and confused, into a disordered mass, over which, with cries of exultation, our troops poured, while field and woods were filled with clamor and horrid rout, — poured like an all-destroying torrent, until the left of Jackson's line was turned and its rear gained. Then, while the left of Taliaferro's Brigade gave way, Geary's blows upon its right and upon the left of Early began to tell.‡ As Campbell had been overthrown, so next was Taliaferro, and then came the left of Early's Brigade, which, first wavering, then fell back, until, on both sides of the road, a vast irruption had been made,

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\* "Simultaneously with Crawford's advance, Geary in centre and Prince on left moved against the enemy with vigor." — *Strother, in Harper's Monthly for August, 1871.*

† Commanded by Garnett.

‡ Almost the language used by Dabney and Cooke in their histories.



which involved the whole of the enemy's line even as far towards the right as one half of the latter brigade.\*

That this success was achieved without a desperate resistance, Southern writers will not admit. It is claimed that the Twenty-First Virginia, which was on the extreme right of the left brigade, "fought like lions, until the invading lines had penetrated within twenty yards of their rear," and that, owing to the "terrific din of the musketry, the smoke, and the dense foliage," this short distance only intervened when the foe was for the first time seen. Then, says the Southern historian,† "the orders of the officers were unheeded amid the vast uproar and shouts of the assailants. Col. Campbell was slain, but the survivors of the Second Brigade fought on without rank or method, with bayonet-thrust and musket clubbed, until borne back, like angry foam on mighty waves, towards the high road." Though the right of Early's Brigade still stood unmoved, we were gaining the rear of the enemy's line in the open field, when Jackson called upon his reserves. He threw forward the old Stonewall Brigade of Winder's Division, with Branch's of Hill's Division, and these, with the newly-formed lines of those that had been broken, arrested our progress, and compelled our hitherto victorious troops to fly back through the bloody timber over the fatal wheat and corn fields. Jackson says † the two brigades of his reserves "drove our troops back with terrible slaughter," while Hill ‡ says, "The pursuit was checked and the enemy driven back."

But to Dabney must we turn for Jackson's achievements in heroic measure. As contrasting the laconic despatch of Jackson himself, from the actual field of his prowess, with the gorgeous word-painting of his Boswellian Dabney, the quotation is pertinent:—

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\* That the enemy's lines were thus forced back by the regiments of Crawford's Brigade alone, as claimed by Major Gould, in the History of the Tenth Maine, is utterly without foundation. — AUTHOR.

† Dabney.

‡ Official Reports, Gens. Jackson and Hill. Moore's Rebellion Record.

“It was at this fearful moment that the genius of the storm reared his head amidst the tumultuous billows, and in an instant the threatening tide was turned. Jackson appeared in the mad torrent of the highway, his figure instinct with majesty, and his face flaming with the inspiration of battle. He ordered Winder’s batteries to be instantly withdrawn, to protect them from capture, issued his summons for his reserves, drew his own sabre for the first time in the war, and shouted to his broken troops, with a voice which pealed higher than the roar of battle, ‘Rally, brave men, and press forward! Your general will lead you. Jackson will lead you. Follow me!’ Fugitives, with a general shame, gathered around their adored general, who, rushing with a few score of them to the front, placed them behind the fence which bordered the roadside, and received the pursuers with a deadly volley. They recoiled in surprise, while officers of every grade, catching the general fervor of their commander, flew among their men, and in a moment restored the failing battle. Fragments of Early and Taliaferro returned to their places, forming around that heroic nucleus, the Thirteenth Virginia, and swept the field clear of the enemy. The Stonewall Brigade had already come up and changed the tide of battle in the bloody woodlands; for some of the regiments, sweeping far around to the left through the field of brushwood, had taken the Federalists in turn upon their flank, and were driving them back with a fearful slaughter into the stubble-field. Scarcely was this Titanic blow delivered when the fine brigade of Branch, from the division of A. P. Hill, hardly allowing itself time to form, rushed forward to second them and complete the repulse. The Federal commander now brought forward a magnificent column of cavalry, and hurled it along the highway full against the Confederate centre. No cannon was there to ravage their ranks; but as they pressed back the line for a little space, the infantry of Branch closed in upon their right, Taliaferro and Early upon their left, and opened fire, when it fled to the rear, scattered

and dissipated. So Jackson delivered blow after blow upon his insulted left wing."

It was between half-past five and six o'clock when our assault was made. Although at least one half of Banks's command must have succeeded in gaining the enemy's rear, in the Stonewall Brigade, which, with Branch's, has received the praise of checking our pursuit, the loss was light, being only ten killed and fifteen wounded.

It now becomes necessary to take up the history of the Tenth Maine, which, for some unaccountable reason as I have said, was dropped out of Crawford's Brigade when the charge was made. After a little delay it was moved into the woods in its front by one of Banks's staff-officers; ordered to halt and lie down, with its left resting near the road, where a United States battery, under Capt. Best, was receiving two for every one of its solid compliments sent the enemy. In the road and near the regiment was Banks and staff.

From where the Tenth Maine were stationed, a movement of troops on the enemy's side was perceived; and Banks's reply, when this was pointed out to him,—"Thank you, sir; this is provided for," was heard, although it was soon found that Banks was simply indulging in tragic metaphor, and had not provided for that or anything else. And from this point shells and shot could be seen coming faster and faster from Ewell's batteries on Cedar Mountain; from Early's right, near the clump of cedars; from Winder in the road, and from every point in the more than a mile of circumference occupied by the enemy. While the Tenth Maine were lying in these woods, the battle began with the crash, which came to our ears as we rested on the right, awaiting orders from Gen. Williams; began in volleys so terrible that the sound of artillery was unnoticed or a relief. From where the Tenth Maine were, the enemy could be seen planting new batteries, nearer and nearer to ours, over there on the plateau from whence our

guns had not been moved during the day. Then Geary's skirmishers came into view, following up those of the enemy who were retiring through the corn-field; while riderless horses were running around between opposing fires. The roar that met the assault of our troops as the new brigades of the enemy turned upon them, was borne to the ears of the Tenth Maine, as they laid there idle in the northern edge of the woods, their hearts beating with an excitement and an apprehension which one must feel, to depict. One of the officers\* of this regiment went forward through the woods and saw part of Geary's Brigade of Ohio troops in the road advancing by flank. Before this officer was the wheat-field, the shocks, and the opposite belt, as described. The firing was then still farther to the front, but out of sight.

When the assault we have described had been checked, and our troops were being driven back in confusion, Major Perkins, of Banks's staff, ordered Col. Beal, commanding the Tenth Maine, to advance through the woods,† telling him it was Banks's order. Accordingly his regiment moved out into the wheat-field, first passing down a slight hill, then over a ridge at right angles to the road, then down again. Col. Beal knew only that his brigade was far ahead, not in sight, and he was told that an Ohio regiment on the left of the road was also advancing. The prospect that confronted the regiment as they entered upon this murderous pathway was this: The distance from the woods to those opposite was less than six hundred yards; in the edge of the woods the enemy's musketry was both heard and seen; the Ohio troops (Geary's Brigade) were retreating along the road slowly, turning often to fire upon the increasing numbers of the enemy. Yet the Tenth Maine pressed on until they came to the ridge which has been described. Then they saw the remnant of their brigade coming back to their right, leaving a clear way

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\* Major Gould. See History of Tenth Maine in the War.

† Col. Beal, in the History of Tenth Maine in the War.

for them to fire. The enemy now rapidly filled the woods in their front and opened on the Maine regiment, who pressed on, though the fire was most murderous, until they found themselves the only regiment visible on the field. The woods opposite was still filling up with the enemy; the fugitive officers and men of their brigade were returning singly and in squads, calling out to the colonel as they passed, that there were too many of them for him to handle.

Alone, of all that had preceded, with brigade after brigade of the enemy pouring into the thick forest in their front, surrounded with the broken and defeated fragments that disheartened them by their cries, this plucky regiment "gave three cheers, in that narrow valley of death, between those belts of timber."\* No wonder that Col. Beal, who had received no other order than to advance through the woods, was "strongly impressed with the conviction that Banks could not expect his single regiment to advance unsupported upon the whole of Jackson's army." But he was mistaken; for no sooner had Col. Beal, with a view of regaining the woods to continue the fight under such cover as the enemy had, and such as it was proper for him to seek, faced his regiment about and moved a few steps, than Banks, who saw that Col. Beal was not advancing, asked Major Pelouse, his adjutant-general, "why that regiment did not advance," and ordered him to "direct it to do so."† Major Pelouse galloped forward and delivered the order, saying that Banks "forbade this backward movement." Col. Beal persisted, and the regiment kept on. A furious altercation, with angry gesticulations, arose, during which Major Pelouse proceeded to the rear of the regimental colors and ordered the regiment to advance, crying out in loud tones that "Sigel was in the rear," or "was coming," and also informing Col. Beal that Banks "wished him to know that there was only a small

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\* Major Gould, Tenth Maine.

† Major Pelouse to Major Gould (letter), in History of the Tenth Maine.

force of the enemy in front of him." Major Pelouse was with the regiment five minutes, when he was disabled, and then Col. Beal placed his command behind the ridge to secure so much of protection.

It was while fighting behind this ridge, "and when they had not been firing long," that skirmishers from the Second Massachusetts Regiment were seen to the right, on a run,\* followed by the regiment and the remainder of the brigade. The time then, says Major Gould, was about sunset, and the enemy's fire so severe that soon the line of the Tenth Maine began to melt away. The enemy's skirmishers could be seen, darting around in the woods on the right of this regiment; also the front of the enemy's line, at least three times longer than that of the Tenth Maine was visible,† and there was a flank fire from the Culpepper road on their left, where the Ohio troops under Geary had been driven back, and this fire crossed at right angles that from the woods opposite — the one into which my brigade had just come and formed in line of battle. For a description of the "huge gaps" and dreadful carnage; of the reeling and plunging of the wounded, the shock of the falling of the dead; the excitement of the men, the conceivable and inconceivable positions they took in loading, their swearing and jibing at the enemy, intermingled with the din of musketry, while the bright sunset streamed in their eyes over the dark and smoky woods which covered the superior numbers of the foe and greatly gave them the advantage; and for an account of the charge of Federal cavalry‡ with which Banks sought to retrieve his fortunes, and which the grandiloquent Dabney speaks of as "a magnificent column

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\* Major Gould, in Tenth Maine.

† History of Maine in the War.

‡ "Some one sent a very small force of cavalry into the Hell we had just left: we won't criticise it. They charged down the Orange Court House road, and without stopping to say or do much, they turned around and came back, leaving a number of dead horses on the field. The enemy said it was a plucky act." — *Major Gould, in Tenth Maine in the War.*



of cavalry," reference is made to the full details in Major Gould's history.

The events that transpired here serve to fix for us the fact, that when I came up with my brigade the Tenth Maine was contending alone with the whole reinforcements (at least three brigades) that Jackson had thrown in to sustain his left; they show, too, not only the severity of the fire of the enemy from the protection of the woods, but that their advance along the Culpepper road enabled them to deliver a flank fire down the whole length of the wheat-field. As my brigade appeared, the Tenth Maine fell back into the woods, passed through them, and retired from the action. The time they were under fire behind the ridge is variously estimated from thirty minutes to five;\* their loss was one hundred and seventy killed and wounded. Our position, as given by Major Gould, was a little to the rear of that regiment and about three hundred yards to its right.

Now we are prepared to examine the details of our own movements. We have seen the condition of Banks's line when skirmishers from the Second Massachusetts of my brigade were seen coming into action, and we can, from the official reports of Jackson and Branch, Archer and Pender, know exactly the force of the enemy that confronted us.

It was about half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, when Gen. Williams, our division commander, sent me an order to observe him, and when he made a signal by waving his handkerchief to throw forward my whole command to support Crawford. Gen. Williams with his staff was on the hillside, in rear of the woods through which Crawford's Brigade had passed; he was plainly in sight from where I stood. That there might be no delay, I withdrew my command from the wood to the rear and flank of my position; formed my brigade-line; then fixed my field-glass upon Gen. Williams and awaited his summons. Moments passed; the fire of the

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\* Major Gould thinks the latter most probable.

artillery, now falling off for a moment and again resumed, mingled with the pitiless crash of musketry that rose from the assaulting column I was to support, — and yet no signal; but instead thereof a messenger dashing up from Gen. Banks, the first from him that day: “Gen. Banks directs that you send the Second Massachusetts Regiment down the pike to him.” Before I could do more than give the order, before the regiment could take a step on its course, a horseman, spurring in furious haste, dashed to my side. It was Capt. Pittman, aid to Gen. Williams: “Gen. Williams directs you to move your whole command to the support of Gen. Crawford.”

If Gen. Williams had waved his handkerchief (engaged in moving the Second Regiment in compliance with Banks’s order), I did not see him; but the delay was only momentary. The Second sprang forward; so did the remaining companies of the Third Wisconsin; so did the Twenty-Seventh Indiana. It was now a little before six o’clock. The rattle and roar of musketry had given place to a dreadful, an ominous silence. A thick smoke curling through the tree-tops, as it arose in clouds from corn and wheat fields, marked the place to which we were ordered, the place where the narrow valley was strewn with dead. “Double-quick!” I gave the order, and my brigade responded. Down the slope from Brown’s house at a run, through the marshy land at its base, over Cedar Creek to the steep hill and up its sides into the woods, I pressed my troops with speed unabated, despite remonstrances from some of the officers that the men could not hold out at this pace. At the edge of the woods I rallied and gathered up the six companies of the Third Wisconsin, part of the broken fragments of Crawford’s Brigade, a second time to be baptized in the fiery flood of Cedar Mountain. So we went until we had penetrated the woods, and stood in line of battle on the very edge of the wheat-field. We had come at topmost speed to support Crawford, but his whole line had

melted away. We had come to sustain, but we remained alone to bear the brunt of the fight, ourselves unsupported. The whole distance we had passed over, in an incredibly short period of time, was about one thousand five hundred yards, of which nearly four hundred\* was through the woods.

When I gained the timber I looked for Crawford's regiments, but so broken had they been by their repulse that I could find, of all, only what remained of the six Wisconsin companies. Of the Twenty-Eighth New York, the Fifth Connecticut, or the Forty-Sixth Pennsylvania, not a vestige met my eyes. There was, however, one relic of Crawford's Brigade, and that was Crawford himself. I saw him back in the woods sitting quietly on his horse, with a musket across his saddle, although at about this time the only regiment of his brigade then in action, the Tenth Maine, was out in the wheat-field where an officer from Banks's staff was then or had been urging it forward. As soon as the firing upon my line began, Crawford disappeared, and this was about the time the Tenth Maine fell back, thus making the last appearance of Crawford and his brigade simultaneous with our first movement upon the scene.

My line of battle was quickly formed, — the Second on the left, then the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, and on the right the Third Wisconsin. From the edge of the wood we looked across the wheat-field, not over four hundred yards, at the long lines of the enemy, who, having now advanced into cleared ground, opened upon us a heavy fire, which was immediately responded to by the Twenty-Seventh Indiana and Third Wisconsin Regiments.

As I rode up to the Second Massachusetts, I was amazed that no firing was going on. There sat Col. Andrews, rather complacently, on the left flank of his regiment, and in line with it. "Why don't you order your men to fire?" I shouted. "Don't see anything to fire at," was the cool response. "Move

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\* Col. Colgrove, of the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, puts it at two hundred.

by the right flank and join on with the Twenty-Seventh, and you will soon find enough to fire at," I replied. The regiment was moved where the field was a little more exposed to Col. Andrews's vision, and I heard no further complaint that he could find "nothing to fire at."

## CHAPTER IX.

FROM the most authentic sources\* we now know the movements of the enemy at the time I was ordered into action. In addition to the reserve brigade of Winder's Division, and Branch's Brigade of A. P. Hill's Division, both of which had united with the restored fragments of the two that had been driven back by Banks's assault as described, Gen. Jackson threw two fresh brigades, those of Archer and Pender of Hill's Division, into the woods opposite the wheat-field, not only extending them far to the left, but ordering them also to throw their left continually forward and attack the enemy in the opposite woods. Before the two brigades of Archer and Pender were added to this force, the Third or Stonewall Brigade of Winder's Division, on the left of Branch, was prolonged so far into the timber that its fire took the repulsed regiments in flank as they were retreating across the wheat-field, after which, in connection with Branch's, the two brigades poured a united fire into the Tenth Maine, until, as related, it was driven back into the woods.

In the woods upon which Jackson now directed his attack, nothing but my three small regiments was left to confront not less than five† entire brigades of the enemy, of which four

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\* Official Report, Battle of Cedar Mountain, by Lieut.-Gen. Jackson, Generals Hill, Archer, Pender, and others. (See also Dabney's History.)

† Brigades of Branch, Archer, and Pender of Hill's Division, the Stonewall Brigade and Taliaferro's, with what was left of Garnett's, of Jackson's own division.

were in line when we came upon the field, and one reaching far around to envelop our right. Of the ten brigades which Jackson threw (out of the twelve in his army) \* into the fight at Cedar Mountain, one half of them awaited our attack on the right of the road across that deadly wheat-field. My force was less than 1,500 men ; the enemy's could not have fallen short of 8,000 out of his whole force, of from 20,000 to 25,000 men. It will be seen that the woods opposite must have been literally packed with the enemy, and that they must have extended far beyond our right to have enabled even one third of them to have got to the front.

This was the situation, as we alone, of all Banks's Corps, when the light was growing dim on that fatal August night, opened fire from the right of the road on the long lines of Archer's Brigade, as they, disdaining cover, stood boldly out amid the wheat-stacks in front of the timber. As may be imagined, our position was an exposed one. It is almost in vain to attempt to convey an impression of the fierceness of that fire ; there was no intermission ; the crackling of musketry was incessant. To Col. Colgrove, commanding the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, on the right of the Second Massachusetts, the enemy seemed to be all around him, in his front, on his right, in a dense growth of underbrush, and on his left, in line extending nearly across the wheat-field. From front and flank, direct and cross, came this terrible fire upon the Twenty-Seventh Indiana. Then signs of panic began to show themselves in this regiment. "We are firing upon our own men !" cried those who saw, in the wooded thicket at the end of the wheat-field, large bodies of troops endeavoring to approach, under cover, nearer to our flank. "We are firing upon our own men !" shouted Col. Colgrove to me, as he pointed to what seemed to him to be the blue uniforms of our troops in the dense brushwood on our right. "We have no men there," I replied, "the enemy is there. Order your men to open fire

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\* Stafford's and Fields's, of Hill's Division, were not engaged at all.



upon them."\* The colonel still hesitating, to convince him of his error I rode forward to the right of his regiment, up to the fence that skirted the brushwood, and was received with a fire that settled the matter at once.† Then the firing of the enemy became heavier along our whole line, and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, after giving many symptoms of disorder, broke, and fled through the woods to the open ground, a distance which Col. Colgrove gives as two hundred yards.

The fortunes of the Third Wisconsin were involved with those of the Twenty-Seventh. This regiment, on the extreme right of my line, stood, with six of its companies, bearing, for a second time within an hour, this baptism of blood. When the Twenty-Seventh fell back I could not censure because the Third Wisconsin did not stand. I know of no other regiment in Banks's entire corps that twice on that day, in different brigades and in different parts of the field, stood so unflinchingly before numbers and fire so overwhelming.

And how was it with the officers and men of the Second Massachusetts? Before them, too, appeared the enemy, with his long lines far outflanking the right of our brigade, and pouring upon them a hail-storm of musketry from lines open and concealed. Steady! they replied to the enemy's fire, in the face of the continual flashing of muskets,—an undiminished flame,—from which bullets hissed with sound more terrible than ever heard by them before. They also saw, unmoved, the enemy advancing in line, throwing forward his left as ordered, and thus approaching obliquely their right flank; and they received him with a fire so severe that his

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\* The Indiana Regiment had almost ceased firing, the colonel giving this as an excuse.

† "I saw you on the right of my regiment ride forward to the fence, and immediately a very heavy fire was opened upon that part of the line by the enemy, upon you. I cannot conceive how you possibly escaped it without injury."—*Col. Colgrove's Official Report, Battle of Cedar Mountain.*

shattered line could easily have been driven back,\* had this been all. The Second stood there for some time, of all my brigade alone, for the right regiments had fallen back. Of course, when they, too, would be compelled to retire was only a question of moments; but the moment had not yet come, and it was not anticipated.

The Twenty-Seventh Indiana, which had retreated through the woods, was rallied, re-formed,† and moved to the right of the Second Massachusetts, where again it opened fire upon the enemy. By this time, Pender with his brigade, who until now had kept carefully out of sight, had gained our rear. In the confusion, the roar and smoke, this force was not seen until after they had reached our side of the fence, and were within twenty paces of the right of Col. Colgrove's regiment‡ and a little in rear of our line. As they were marching deliberately towards us in columns of companies, the commander of the Twenty-Seventh Indiana saw them, and shouted instantly to his men to face and file to the right, but he was obeyed by his right company only. The enemy halted, wheeled into line, opened fire with that portion of his front that could reach us, and threw forward the remainder of his brigade full upon our flank and rear.§ But the Twenty-Seventh Indiana had again fled, leaving exposed to this new attack the flank and rear of the Second Massachusetts. On the extreme right of the Second was brave Capt. Goodwin, fighting Co. K most valiantly and fearlessly; and in front

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\* It was here that Archer's Brigade received such a severe punishment from the Second Massachusetts. His losses were reported as very heavy. See Jackson's, Hill's, and Archer's Official Reports. Vol. IX, Moore's "Rebel Records."

† "In rallying and re-forming the regiment at this point, and indeed during the whole action, I was aided by yourself and your staff, and particularly by Capt. Scott, your assistant adjutant-general, whose energy and bravery it is impossible to commend too highly." — *Col. Colgrove's Official Report, Battle of Cedar Mountain, to Gen. Geo. H. Gordon.*

‡ Col. Colgrove's Report.

§ When Pender's Brigade made its final charge, it was so much in our rear that its loss from our fire was only fifteen in all. (See Jackson's Official Report.)

was Capt. Abbott with his company, in the open field, where, upon our arrival, he had deployed his skirmishers, who were lying down and firing upon the enemy.

Now, in front and on flank, full and fierce the storm tore through and around us. The crash was terrific; it was indescribable. Capt. Goodwin fell dead, and with him over twenty of his men; fifteen more were missing. Major Savage, opposite the right and rear, in the very face of this deadly blast, fell grievously wounded, while his horse was shot dead upon the spot. I will not here name the dead, as I shall refer to them where, under a flag of truce, we were permitted to recover their bodies. But as I am speaking of that terrible, that dreadful and remorseless fire, that came like a whirlwind, and licked up with its fiery blast more lives than were lost to our regiment and my brigade in any battle of the war, I may upon this occasion be permitted to recall the name of one of our number, who, in the midst of all this carnage, in the very face and front of the enemy's fire, and almost within reach of their guns, himself unwounded, placed his own body and his own frail life between his friend and the enemy. Major Savage and Capt. Henry S. Russell were captured together; the former, lingering for a few weeks, died at Charlottesville, but the latter we greet rejoicingly as among the survivors of the officers of our regiment.\*

Flesh and blood could stand no longer; the last attack had been made; and now we, too, were driven the last from

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\* Nowhere can I find more fitting words to apply to this knightly act than those used by the aged father of Major Savage, under date of August 20, 1862, in reply to my letter of sympathy. "Much satisfaction," he says, "is derived by a parent from the proof of sympathy with the misfortunes of a child, expressed by his nearest companions, and it will seldom happen that more affectionate regard is shown by his fellow-officers to any one than my only son gained from those of your original regiment. Such evidence weighs more than is always furnished abundantly for mere courage, because bravery belongs to most of our race, and the want of it is a disgrace; but the overflow of genial sentiment is not an indispensable requisite of the most valued and honorable servant of the public, and in proportion to its rarity should be admired as a heavenly grace."

the field. While Col. Andrews was endeavoring to rally his regiment, his horse received two balls, one in the shoulder and one in the neck, the effect of which, the colonel says, was "to send him plunging among the branches and undergrowth and to bewilder his rider." My own horse, when that fire came, shook for a moment with terror, then bore me despite my will through the underbrush and woods to the left of the line of my brigade.

It was about half-past six o'clock in the evening, when, in the company of from thirty to fifty men (principally of the Wisconsin and Indiana regiments) whom I had rallied, I found myself out of the timber on its edge, at the foot of the hill up which we had scrambled, and not three hundred yards from the fatal field. The horror with which at first I contemplated the possibility that these were all that remained was soon relieved by the sight of the Second Massachusetts, led by Col. Andrews, emerging from the woods, farther towards the centre of our line than he went in, and moving, all that were not dead, wounded, or captured, in perfect order to the rear. I directed my shattered and broken command towards the point from whence, scarce an hour before, we had started. We arrived after dark, to sink down exhausted upon the ground. But what a change since our departure! The cottage, the yard, the grounds around were filled with our dead and dying. All who could be recovered from Crawford's Brigade, as well as all from mine, were here. My batteries were in position, as when I had left them, but there was nothing else to resist the momentarily expected forward movement of the enemy. In the midst of much confusion, a staff-officer from Gen. Williams brought me an order to fall back. But little did Gen. Williams know what I should have to abandon. I sent one of my staff to inform him. It was quite dark, and my pickets were extended to the front. Soon a message was received from Gen. Banks ordering me to fall back. On my way to enlighten him (he was near the

centre of our line on the pike) upon the condition of things around my station, I encountered one Clark, an aid of the general, who repeated to me an order from Banks to leave my present position when I should be relieved by troops from McDowell's Corps, and take up a position in the centre of our line. Replying that I would see Banks in person, I groped my way forward, and soon came upon Major-Generals Pope and Banks, standing together in the road nearly two miles in rear of the wheat-field, and about one mile on the Culpepper side, from Cedar Creek.

Gen. Pope had at last arrived on the field, and the following will explain how he happened there :—

The boom of artillery that echoed back to Culpepper Court House in the morning, and continued at intervals until it broke out into the heavy cannonade which I have described, made it at last no longer doubtful to Pope, and some officers of his staff, that a battle between our corps and Jackson's army was impending or in progress. Until four o'clock in the afternoon Pope sat quietly reading and smoking, at his tent-door in Culpepper. At this hour, as peal after peal from our artillery fell upon his ears, he sprang into his saddle, and calling upon his staff to follow, galloped rapidly through the village in the direction of Cedar Mountain, followed by glances of terror from the citizens, who, during the day, had listened with anxiety to the combat. Gen. McDowell, who accompanied Pope, gave to Rickett's Division of his corps, as he came up to it, orders to form and move forward immediately. As Pope neared the battle-field, the cannonade becoming more and more furious, the troops of McDowell were pushed on through road and fields in separate columns and with increased rapidity. Soon a column of wounded with assistants was met, some on foot, some on horseback or in ambulances, whom Pope's staff, mistaking for stragglers, valiantly set upon, and thus endeavored for a time to force back men, whose bloody bandages and stout countenances and

arms, to which they still clung, denoted, upon a closer inspection, that there were no cowards among them. And now the sound of cannon ceased, and that piteous roll of musketry which I have described, was borne to Pope's ears, "while the long procession of bandaged and bloody soldiers and dripping ambulances continued." \* Then came silence, for Banks had been overpowered.

Alone, or attended by a single aid, in the twilight after our defeat, Banks encountered Pope. They met only a few minutes before I came upon them as I have narrated. Gen. Pope briefly inquired of me as to the condition of my command. "I do not think I have now," I said, "more than three or four hundred troops together; we have been very much cut up." "General Gordon," Gen. Pope replied, "you will move as soon as relieved to the right of the pike and form the centre of a new line of battle. I don't expect much of your troops to-morrow, but you will make a show and can support a battery. You will not have much to do. *I shall have twenty thousand fresh troops to-morrow morning.*"

This was the first appearance of the major-general commanding the Army of Virginia upon the disastrous battlefield of Cedar Mountain. He had come, when disaster could not be averted, to talk of his twenty thousand fresh troops, all of whom had been available to give us the victory, — at least, save us from defeat; he had come to propose supporting a battery with my brigade on the morrow, and I was angry withal. In an instant I rejoined, "General Pope, this battle should not have been fought, sir!" To which Pope as promptly replied, "I never ordered it fought, sir." And to this Gen. Banks made no reply, no retort or remonstrance, though he was standing by Pope's side.

Then turning to Banks, full of indignation at the crime, the blunder, of the battle, I exclaimed, "General Banks, I disobeyed your order, received during the fight"

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\* Strother, in Harper's Monthly.



"What was it, sir?" replied Banks.

"An order brought by an officer, purporting to come from you, to charge across the field, where my troops were then fighting."

"I never sent you such an order," retorted Banks.

"I am glad to know it," I replied; "it would have resulted in our total destruction."

So important an order, and so direct a denial, demand that the circumstances attending its reception should be given in full.

When Major Pelouse was attempting to move the Tenth Maine forward in the wheat-field, it will be remembered that an officer passed him, saying he had orders for Gordon's Brigade,\* then on the right.

In the midst of the struggle of my brigade with the enemy, an officer, representing himself as sent by Banks, coming through the woods, rode up to me, saying, "General Banks wishes you to charge across that field." With what had transpired already in my front, the astonishment this order caused may well be conceived.

"What field?" I asked in amazement.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I suppose this field."

"Well, sir," I retorted, "'suppose' won't do at such a time as this. Go back to General Banks and get explicit instructions as to what field he wishes me to charge over."

The officer (I had never seen him before) disappeared, and before he could have reported to Banks, the enemy solved all doubts as to where our commander wished me to charge, by doing all the charging himself, and gaining the flank and rear of my three regiments, with his five brigades. Into the open arms of the enemy, had I obeyed the order, I should most certainly have entered.

But other orders, unauthorized and fatal, uselessly fatal if obeyed, given to regiments of my brigade during that half

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\* Col Pelouse, letter to Major Gould, in Tenth Maine in the War.

hour of battle, swell into most unseemly proportions the huge blunders committed at Cedar Mountain.

While the enemy's fire was at its hottest, Major Perkins, of Banks's staff, coming from the wooded cover, rode up to Col. Andrews with an order to charge, with the Second Massachusetts, across the field. "In utter astonishment at such an order," writes Col. Andrews to me in a recent letter, "I exclaimed, 'Why, it will be the destruction of the regiment and will do no good!' Major Perkins (who was an educated soldier) made no reply, but shrugged his shoulders in a significant manner. Determined not to subject the regiment to such wanton destruction if I could avoid it, I reported to you, and you told me I need not obey the order. I met Major Perkins a day or two after, and he said to me he supposed I blamed him very much for bringing me such an order, but it was sent by signal, and, he had since found, under a misapprehension,\* it having been forgotten that the regiment had been sent to the right instead of the centre, as first ordered."

It is somewhat of an explanation that Major Perkins, while on the extreme right of our line of battle, in giving an order to one of my regiments that he did not communicate through me, imparted in an automatic way what was received by signal; but as an explanation, it is wholly inadequate to clear up why Major Perkins did not himself discover the error, and not put upon me the responsibility. Perkins knew, not only that Col. Andrews could not have made that movement without my orders, but that such a movement would have resulted in a most direful disaster; he knew, moreover, that Banks did not know where we were.

Most important is it here to consider whether Banks sent me the order imputed to him. I do not think it admits of doubt. Who would have taken such responsibility? Not the officer who brought me the order: I charged him with it in

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\* Col. Andrews's statement. Letter of June 14, 1875.

the presence and hearing of Banks a few days after, and he strongly and indignantly reiterated that he received the order from Gen. Banks ! And Banks made no reply.

If we seek for a solution in some of the well-proven facts of that battle, we shall find a management so inexplicable that the directions given me, and received by Col. Andrews, can be taken only as fitting parts of this abortive effort. Did not Banks, at five o'clock in the afternoon, in sending his last despatch from the field, speak of the skirmishers approaching each other, without indicating that he expected a general engagement, and without asking for any assistance ; \* although at four o'clock the cannonade which reached Pope's ears in Culpepper was so heavy and continuous that he feared a general engagement was going on, and so hurried forward ? Had not Banks, with an estimate of 6,000 troops as his own strength, undertaken to whip Jackson's 25,000 under an impression that he could carry the field ? Had he not, in entire ignorance of the numbers in his front, precipitated Geary's and Crawford's Brigades, and six companies of my Third Wisconsin Regiment, against two whole brigades in position, and five of Hill's Division in reserve ? Then had he not, when everything combined to inform him of the many thousands more than his own that were before him, attempted to whip them with the Tenth Maine, single-handed, on his right ? And when the enemy had poured into the woods in my front a brigade for each one of my small regiments, and two to spare, why should Banks, so long as he "feared the opinions of his friends" (as he conceived them) more than "the bayonets of his enemies," have hesitated to send me the order I received ?

There remains to tell, that when Jackson swung his forces around my brigade, he at the same time ordered Taliaferro's brigade to charge bearing towards their right (the position of the field of Indian corn), against our left and in front of

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\* Pope under oath before the McDowell Court of Inquiry.

Early's Brigade. At this time Gen. Prince, in ignorance of what had transpired, was riding to where Geary had been, to find out what had become of Banks's corps. In this laudable pursuit his bridle was suddenly seized, and himself summoned to surrender. He was captured when surrounded by the enemy, who were silently moving over the ground lately occupied by Geary, and enveloping his own troops, whom he could not warn of their danger, though his officers soon discovered it, and fell back, but not until four hundred of them were captured.\*

There are yet two brigades of the enemy to account for : those of Ewell's Division, which remained inactive upon the face of the mountain through the scenes we have described. Kept back from advancing by the incessant fire of their own batteries, which swept the valley through which they must pass,† they now advanced upon the right, to turn the left flank of our line, but found we were in full retreat.

The battle was over. On our left, Gen. Prince was a prisoner, Generals Geary and Augur wounded ; not a general officer left of those who formed that part of our line of battle. In the centre, out of a brigade numbering about 1,467 men, nearly every field-officer on the ground, and about half the company-officers and men, were killed or wounded.‡

Upon receiving Pope's orders, I returned to my brigade, and directed commanders to move out their regiments, while I proceeded to point out to Gen. Tower, of Rickett's Division, who had now come up to relieve me, the exact position I had held for so many hours. Although it was then after daylight, a bright moon made objects sufficiently prominent to enable me to discover that the enemy's pickets had greatly advanced towards the woods north of the creek on the Culpepper road, and that our own were falling back. I could also see that the enemy had moved his batteries to the positions occupied during the fight by our own. My description of positions to Gen.

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\* Dabney.

† Jackson's Report.

‡ Strother.

Tower concluded, ambulances sent with my command and scouts taken from my own escort recalled, I was ready to leave; but to my surprise my command did not join me where I had ordered: they had taken a shorter way to the pike, where they expected to meet me. Upon approaching the road, in moving with my staff to select our position, I perceived that our cavalry, which previously had been in line between the woods I was ordered to occupy and Cedar Creek, had now passed through the woods and were in line behind it on the Culpepper side, having fallen back before the approach of the enemy. As my orders from Pope were imperative, I headed my somewhat numerous retinue of staff-officers and orderlies (accompanied by Gen. Williams, who with his staff had joined me) for the woods, which I was about entering, when a hot fire, from what sounded like a regiment, was poured into our midst. In the darkness, aim was so uncertain that no greater damage followed than the killing of one of my orderlies, while Gen. Williams, myself, and our respective staffs were warned in time to escape inevitable capture. Moving quickly to the rear of the cavalry, I there found the Twelfth Massachusetts regiment drawn up in line. I halted for a moment to speak to its commander, when again the enemy opened fire, with more fatal effect; Capt. Shurtleff of the Twelfth falling dead with a bullet through his heart. This regiment returned the enemy's fire with vigor.

We will turn again to Pope. Believing that he could form his new line of battle in the woods I had just tried in vain to enter, Gen. Pope, with McDowell and Banks, their staffs and escorts, had, before my arrival, dismounted and seated themselves behind the shelter of a rocky ledge which rose to a gentle eminence. In the woods or through them, or somewhere towards Cedar Mountain, there had been heard at intervals a dropping fire of musketry, with occasional volleys and now and then a single shell. Sometimes a flight of shells, in coursing over the heads of Pope and his officers, had rendered night

hideous with their screams. The situation was picturesque, almost romantic — “As romantic as hell,”\* one of the staff ventured to remark, as attention was called to a full moon which disclosed the dark shadows of the woods and threw a dreamy light over the landscape. Three quarters of an hour passed; the moon had become obscured; stragglers and even organized companies seen in the moonlight moving from the woods and through the fields, to the rear along the Culpepper road, had dwindled into a dribbling stream. The fire from the batteries had ceased, when the cavalry (I found in my rear) emerged from the woods, and halted not over forty yards from where Pope and his general officers were reclining. When the fire broke out upon myself, Gen. Williams, and our staffs, and was continued upon the cavalry and the Twelfth Massachusetts, the bullets hissed through the bushes, sparkled in the darkness as they struck the flinty road, or singing through the tree-tops, covered Pope and his officers with leaves and twigs. The effect upon the conclave of romantic officers was as follows: Pope’s party of officers, staff, and escorts, numbering in all one hundred, rose suddenly to their feet, while the cavalry with pistols returned the enemy’s fire in a continuous fusilade. Mounting with undue gravity, the commander of the Army of Virginia and his officers moved to the rear at a trot, which soon broke into a gallop, while the Twelfth Massachusetts, which was lying as I have said in rear of the cavalry, on a slight elevation, rose and opened fire as I have described.†

It was sufficiently apparent that the enemy were in possession of the wood I had been ordered to hold. It was a change of Pope’s programme made by the enemy since I had received Pope’s orders. The only accident that had happened to the party of general officers or their staffs was a severe contusion suffered by Banks, who was struck by the forefoot

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\* Strother is responsible for the story, not the comparison.

† Strother gives these facts from his experience as one of Pope’s staff officers.



of an orderly's horse as the animal reared from fright. The rider of the horse, it was said, was killed.

In the darkness and confusion, I had not been able to find my command. The two regiments that were to join me at the pike were not to be seen. I pushed to the rear in search, and soon came up with the Second Massachusetts and Twenty-Seventh Indiana, but the Third Wisconsin was not in sight. While groping around to find it, the enemy advanced his batteries to the position we had just vacated, and sent a shower of shot and shell at short range, that shook our ears and the earth itself with the noise. To add to this confusion, a battery of ours, some half mile to the rear, opened upon the enemy's guns with such malevolent satisfaction that its shells for a few moments threatened to destroy what little life the enemy's guns might leave in our bodies.

Plump in our midst came the friendly shells; one exploding so nearly under my horse that I have never been able to tell whether it was to the right or left of a plumb-line through his belly. "Stop him! Stop that d—d ass!" with expletives stronger than refined, greeted this ambitious artillerist, who seemed bent, like the Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, to hit the first head he saw; and he was stopped by one of Pope's staff-officers before he had destroyed the commanding general of the Army of Virginia.

Hardly had the enemy opened with his battery when two Maine Batteries\* of Rickett's Division sent their compliments in such furious earnest and with such accurate aim, that the enemy retreated with a loss of nearly all his horses and many of his men. We found them where they fell when Jackson retreated.

While batteries were still passing farther to the rear, accompanied by straggling regiments of infantry and cavalry, I discovered Gen. Williams, commanding our division, by my side. I asked him whether, in view of the probable formation of a

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\* The Second and Fifth Maine.

new line of battle, I better move a little farther to the rear. To this he assented.

With the Second Massachusetts Regiment leading, followed by all that I could gather of my brigade, I had proceeded but a short distance when, out of the darkness of the night, I heard a voice scolding at the retreating troops which preceded me. "Where are you going? Halt, I will report you! Halt, I say!" etc. etc., was uttered with an accent not English, and with a volubility quite foreign. In the midst of his vehement exclamations, whom should the speaker next encounter but Col. Andrews, at the head of the Second Massachusetts Regiment. Him, therefore, the voice addressed with the same energy and almost in the same words used to others, ending with the threat of a report. Evidently the speaker fancied the whole army was going to the rear, and his duty it was to save it from disgrace. I doubt if Col. Andrews ever received such a blessing in a few moments in his life. It seemed to stagger him. I heard it, and rode forward, to find Andrews's march impeded by a little man, surrounded with a large staff. It was near midnight, and too dark to distinguish the person or rank of the speaker.

"Who are you," I angrily exclaimed, "who uses such language to this regiment, or any officer belonging to it?"

"Who am I?" slowly and emphatically uttered the voice.

"Yes! Who are you? What is your name?"

"My name?" again spoke the voice, in measured tones.

"Yes; your name,—if you have a name! Who are you?"

"I am General Sigel!" was the reply, with an emphasis as crushing as could be extracted from these words.

"You are General Sigel, are you? Well, General Sigel, you cannot address yourself to troops that I command, in this manner. This regiment is the Second Massachusetts, a regiment that never retreats until ordered. It is just out of the fight, has suffered a terrible loss in officers and men, and is now moving under orders to the rear to take up a new position."

In an instant Sigel, with softened tones, made the *amende honorable*. He had seen, he said, so many going to the rear, that he thought all were moving without orders. With many apologies he moved forward with his corps of fresh troops, whose presence a few hours earlier would have saved our corps, perhaps given us the victory.

And here we may pause in our narrative to ask,—Why, when Jackson threw from 20,000 to 25,000 troops upon our corps, Sigel was not there to help us?

Impressed by the furious cannonade with the belief that Banks might be about to fight alone the battle he intended to fight with the three corps of his army, we have narrated that Gen. Pope hurried, with McDowell's force, to the front. About the time Pope\* left Culpepper, Gen. Sigel, with his staff, entered it to report to him. The troops of this command, said to be much jaded by the heat and fatigue, were not yet in town.

It will be remembered that on the 8th Sigel received orders from Pope to march immediately from Sperryville to Culpepper, a distance of about twenty miles. Instead of obeying these orders, he sent a note (which the latter received after night on the 8th), dated at Sperryville at 6.30 P. M., asking by what road he should march to Culpepper Court House. This delay of Sigel's detained him until too late for the action,—“delayed him,” as Pope says, † “by the singular uncertainty of what road he ought to pursue.” Nor was this all. At this vital hour, at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th of August, Sigel's Corps had not yet arrived at Culpepper, and worse than that, when it did arrive, the men were hungry as well as jaded, for they were without rations. “I had given notice,” says Pope, “that the whole Army of Virginia should always be ready to move at the shortest notice, and should habitually keep two days' rations in their haversack”; and this Pope seems to have

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\* Pope's Report.

† Pope's Official Report.

thought sufficient to assure, beyond peradventure, the arrival of Sigel at Culpepper with food at all events on the day of the battle of Cedar Mountain. But not so Sigel. His corps had not a cracker nor a ration of pork ; and his men could not march without them. So provisions were procured from McDowell's command and cooked at Culpepper Court House. While Sigel's Corps, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, were getting their dinners to be in readiness to move forward between five and seven miles to aid in fighting the battle Pope intended to fight with his whole army, the principal events which I have recorded were transpiring. "It was intended," testifies McDowell, in the Court of Inquiry, where Sigel brought charges against him for not supporting Banks,— "it was intended that Sigel should follow and support Banks, and Sigel did not do so because of unnecessary delay in marching to Culpepper." But at last Sigel had found his road, and we had found Sigel. Had he moved when ordered, there would have been a very different history of the fight of Cedar Mountain. It is not probable that Banks would have assaulted Jackson's army at all, at least not single-handed and alone.

We left Pope, McDowell, and Banks, their staffs and escorts, making rapid time to the rear, while, from the woods where I was ordered to take up a position, the enemy poured into us a heavy fire of musketry. After my interview with Sigel, I halted my command about where I supposed a new line of battle would be formed by fresh troops and the remnant of Banks's Corps, when Pope suddenly came upon us.

"General, you have mistaken your position," he said.

"I have not taken the one you designated, because the enemy in large force occupy it," I replied.

"You are mistaken," said Pope ; "those are our own troops."

"No, sir," I urged, "I was there but just now, and we were fired at, by infantry, from the woods where you ordered me."

Again insisted Pope, "It is not so."

"Of course, then," I replied, "I will move there now, or as near there as I can, if you wish it."

"Do so," was the order.

Facing about, I moved my diminutive column, that some how or other had dwindled to less than two hundred men, over the ground from whence the whole of Banks's Corps had retreated. On my right, our troops, under Gen. Tower, still held their strong point at Brown's cottage, and held it through the night, as I had maintained it through the day, unmolested; but on my left and front I was alone. When within a reasonable distance of the woods I halted. Pope, with Banks, McDowell, and Sigel, had followed me, and now dismounted, were sitting under a tree by the road-side. It was after twelve at night.

An examination at the front convinced me of the truth of more than I had asserted to Pope, and I went to him to report that, save my small guard, there was nothing between him and the whole of Jackson's army.

"Not so," replied Pope. "Generals Green and Prince are there with their commands."

I denied it, affirming that they had fallen far back to the rear long before.

But Pope was persistent, and would not believe that I, alone of all Banks's Corps, was in his front. Soon, however, many members of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, groping about in the dark, began to make inquiries at my principal picket station whether we could inform them where their regiment was. Some dozen or so of them were thus silently taken into our arms, and immediately sent back to Pope.

Then again I sought the general commanding, and urged as confirming proof of my statement that we were alone, the fact that the enemy, unmolested, were wandering around in our front.

"But Col. Clark [Banks's detective aid] says Green and Prince are there on our left," urged Pope.

"Won't you send him out to find them?" I replied.

"Yes," replied Pope. "Give him an escort and let him go."

Clark, whose information was generally in the inverse ratio of his assumption, went doubtfully forth with a large escort; but he had not proceeded fifty yards across the pike towards my left, when he was met by a sharp musketry fire from the enemy's skirmish line. Tumultuously Clark returned, followed by the troops. The bullets pattered with such effect against the trees and fence-rails beneath which Pope and his generals were reposing, that a second time the whole body of officers and followers moved in an incredibly short time to the rear. It was rather a long chase before I could catch Pope, but when I did, I asked him if he was now satisfied of the truth of my assertions.

"Remove your men to the rear," replied Pope, who then with McDowell addressed himself to the work of forming a new line of battle (which about daylight was effected with fresh troops) for a resumption of our fight, which did not take place.

From where Gen. Jackson rested after his movement forward upon Banks's line, to where he halted again in doubt, the distance was one mile and a half. It was the intention of the enemy "to reach Culpepper that night"; but the vigorous attack upon his battery,\* the report of his "most reliable scout that the enemy was but a few hundred yards in advance," and the additional fact that Col. "Jones, of the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, reported that he had learned from some prisoners he had taken, that Federal reinforcements had arrived," induced Jackson to think it "prudent to halt."†

It was not until morning that Jackson added to this prudent resolve yet another, which was, not to fight Pope again on that ground. He gives as his reason "that he was convinced

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\* The enemy admit in Official Reports that the battery which opened upon us at midnight was silenced, causing Capt. Pegram severe loss and compelling him to withdraw.

† Jackson's Report.



that Pope would have 60,000 men before he could resume." \* When we consider that the whole force Pope could have had on the morning of the 10th was all on the ground before twelve at midnight of the 9th ; that this was sufficient to make Jackson doubt and waver ; and that with the addition of only King's Division of McDowell's Corps, it was sufficient to make Jackson retreat across the Rapidan on the night of the 11th, who can repress their indignation that this force was not united against Jackson on the 9th ? There is not a shadow of a doubt that it might have been. Why was Banks's Corps of 6,000 or 7,000 men allowed to stand mangled and bleeding in a useless assault against Jackson's entire army of at least 20,000 able-bodied and fresh troops ?

Pope answers, " Banks was not ordered to fight that battle, was not expected to fight it, until I could bring up the force which Jackson admits would have been too strong for him to have encountered." Banks answers with a denial of Pope's statements. I will endeavor to show, before I close, which of these conflicting statements is the true one.

When the sun rose on the morning of the 10th of August, our army held a new line of battle almost two miles in rear of the woods into which the enemy had passed during the night. Sigel, his corps strongly posted in the woods, with a wide space of open ground in its front, was on the left, while Ricketts, withdrawn from our old position to a corner of timber, and behind ridges, held the right of the line. The whole effective force thus in line is officially stated at 20,000 artillery and infantry, and about 2,000 cavalry.† This is exclusive of Banks's Corps which had been sent by Pope about two miles farther to the rear, with orders to Gen. Williams, who had succeeded to the command, to put it rapidly in condition for service. The day was intensely hot ; hour after hour passed, and the silence continued unbroken, while, in compact lines, our troops remained in constant readiness.

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\* Dabney.

† Pope's Official Report.

Early in the day or during the night of the 9th Jackson had withdrawn his lines back towards Cedar Mountain. The 10th passed; our dead were unburied, and our wounded were lying where they fell, all through the wheat and the corn field and in the surrounding forest.

Jackson did not attack Pope, and we have his reason: he was afraid of his numbers. Pope did not attack Jackson, and we have his reason: his "troops were too much fatigued to renew the action."\* But Pope's true reason for delay was that King might come up with the other division of McDowell's Corps. King arrived on the evening of the 11th, and Pope "made up his mind, though his force barely equalled Jackson's, to fall upon the enemy on the 12th."† Many such resolutions have been frustrated by the enemy not waiting to be fallen upon. So Jackson. He fled on the evening of the 11th, leaving many of his dead and wounded on the field and along the road from Cedar Mountain to Orange Court House.‡

On the morning of that day, Pope sent, by flag of truce, for permission to recover the wounded and bury the dead. This was granted; and thus we were permitted, by those over whom, according to Halleck's despatch|| to Pope, we had won a hard-earned and brilliant success, to succor our wounded, to recover our dead. All day of the 11th, the rank and file of the two armies met and talked, between hostile lines, without passion or resentment. On our left the corn-field was only sprinkled with dead, but on the wheat-field, and in the woods into which our regiments charged and by the fence

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\* Pope's Official Report.

† Pope's Official Report.

‡ "When Jackson went tumbling across the Rapidan, under cover of night, abandoning many wounded and stragglers by the way, and barely saving his baggage; calling for reinforcements, and thanking the Lord for the victory in the same breath; we are at a loss to imagine the grounds for his pious gratitude." — *Strother's Recollections of a Virginia Campaign*.

|| Halleck's order to Pope, War Department, August 14, 1862.

where my brigade fought in line of battle, there were ghastly piles of dead, with here and there a living sufferer, who had drawn his painful breath through more than thirty-six hours of exposure. The severest loss fell to the Second. The mortality among the officers was unusually heavy. One writer attributes this to their conspicuous dress, making them a mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters; but it can be better and more satisfactorily accounted for by the habit which our regiment had acquired of standing steadily where and when it was ordered, despite all attacks made upon it, even though, as at Cedar Mountain, it was overwhelmed on its front, flank, and rear.

Our total loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners in the Second Regiment was one hundred and seventy-four,—thirty-five per cent of all engaged. Out of the whole loss, but fifteen were prisoners unwounded. Twelve officers and one hundred and forty-seven non-commissioned officers and privates were killed and wounded out of the Second alone, and of this number, six of the officers and fifty-two of the non-commissioned officers and privates were instantly killed or mortally wounded.\* Surrounded by many of their men killed in the action, I saw dead upon the field, Captains Cary, Goodwin, Abbott, Williams, and Lieut. Perkins. Major Savage had been removed, to die at Charlottesville.

Never in the entire history of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, has its percentage of loss been so great. Not at Winchester, Antietam, Chancellorsville, not at Gettysburg, Resacca, the Atlanta campaign, or in the march to the sea, was the sacrifice so large. In my whole brigade, number-

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\* I can add nothing to Col. Andrews's letter, written after the battle, in which he said, "Tell the friends of the regiment that it has fully sustained its reputation, having fought bravely and with great coolness until forced back by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, losing of all it carried into action two thirds of its officers and more than one third of its non-commissioned officers and privates." For a complete list of all the wounded and prisoners, see Quint's Record of Second Massachusetts Regiment.

ing less than 1,500 men, the loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners was four hundred and sixty-six, — over thirty in every hundred of my command.

Jackson had won a complete victory. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Place the figures of the force I have given for Banks's Corps against the twelve brigades of Jackson's three divisions, against the 25,000 men of all arms which met the charge of our 7,500 men,\* and can there be a doubt how such a contest would terminate? Even Dabney, Jackson's Boswell, admits in his history of this action that Jackson had 20,000 men engaged, but he puts our force at 32,000 "engaged in the battle."† Claims for Jackson's prowess, based upon such figures, are grounded on air. Jackson admits a loss in killed and wounded of 1,314, and claims to have caused us a loss of twice that number.‡

"Jackson thought," says Dabney, "that Cedar Mountain was his most successful battle."§ Had Jackson known that he was fighting none other than Banks's Corps, would he have thought this battle so successful? Who shall say? Jackson was fallible, and oftentimes too stubborn to know or admit the truth. In his Official Report, he feels obliged to defend himself for not attacking, on the 10th, the army he thought he had whipped on the 9th, by assuming that Pope had received reinforcements, which, Dabney says, Jackson

\* The force under Jackson, according to our most authentic information, was 27,000 men of all arms and sixty guns, of which about 25,000 men were present in the action. Banks's force is officially stated at 6,289 men, with thirty guns and a brigade of cavalry, total, 7,500 men of all arms. See Strother's *Recollections of Virginia Campaign*.

† Dabney's *Life of Jackson*.

‡ "We captured four hundred prisoners, 5,302 small arms, one twelve-pounder Napoleon and its caisson, with two other caissons and a limber." — *Jackson's Report*.

§ "This field was remarkable for the narrowness of its front: a mile in width embracing the whole ground upon which centre and left wing had wrestled for half a day against 30,000 men, a number which would make a line of battle six miles long." — *Dabney*.

placed as high as 60,000. Jackson himself says that he fled on the 11th "to avoid being attacked by vastly superior forces in front."

The evidence we have given is conclusive that although Jackson shrank from an encounter with Pope when the two armies were evenly matched, his historians, clamorous in their falsehoods of the numbers overpowered, demanded that Cedar Mountain should be emblazoned on Jackson's shield. But the mills of Time at last grind out the truth, and before Dabney had exhausted even his endless vocabulary in coining loud-sounding words of praise, he felt obliged to defend Jackson, not only for retreating, but even for fighting where he did.

The reinforcements which caused Jackson to retreat were not present with Pope's army on the 10th, when the former refused to renew the fight; and when they came up, on the 11th, they gave us, as we have shown (King's Division only), a force no larger than Jackson's. Yet this made him retreat. Of the fight at Cedar Mountain, Dabney says, "Jackson meant to have fought at Culpepper Court House on the 8th. Had he done so, his victory would have been so much more complete as to silence every charge of fruitlessness; for we have seen that the supports which saved Pope from destruction only arrived at nightfall on the 9th."

To silence such criticism, to show what would have happened had something not interposed of which we are not informed, it is sufficient to refer to what we have said of Pope's dispositions on the 8th. Had Jackson marched to Culpepper Court House on that day, he would not only have saved Pope much time in concentration, but he would have met, in addition to Banks's Corps, the whole of Rickett's Division, and we may believe Sigel would have found a road upon which he could have arrived in time.

Jackson's battle of Cedar Mountain cannot be defended. It accomplished no purpose, it established no desirable end.

In three days from the time the last gun was fired our cavalry pickets were re-established upon the Rapidan.

In concluding this chapter, it seems proper to offer the following criticism upon the plan of this battle, and the causes which led to the peculiar efforts put forth. In Banks's testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he attempts to exculpate himself for attacking the enemy, by trying to make it appear that the enemy were coming down to attack him. He had seen the movement of Ewell's remaining regiments to the mountain-side, and the brigade of Thomas, of Hill's Division, reinforcing Early; and, in his own language, he "had gone down to the front with some officers, and been impressed with the idea that while they were moving on the other side (the left), they were coming down on the right," that is, across the wheat-field and through the woods, behind which all of Williams's Division were concealed. If Jackson ever thought of turning our right, it was not while Crawford and Banks were peering through the woods and trying to *guess* what was behind them.

The enemy could not have crossed that wheat-field and attacked Crawford without exposing their flank and rear to an attack from my whole brigade of infantry and batteries, nor could they have attempted it, without full warning to me from my skirmishers, who filled the woods in front of Crawford's right.

"Turning our right!" It would not have been attempted at that stage of the battle; or if it had, to swing his whole line backward on my position, as on a pivot, and cover his left by the woods on the ridge, on the northern side of Cedar Creek, where Crawford was the evening before, when we were sent out to establish ourselves at Crawford's position, would have been Banks's true movement to repel such an attack. As proof of this, I may refer to the fact that the remnant of Banks's Corps fell back behind a line of battle thus posted, when Pope came up, and with new troops established a new line, the right



of which was at the position I had occupied until I was ordered forward to the stubble-field.\*

Our right never was attacked, it was too strong; but alas! it was too evident that Banks did not know where the right of his line was. With all these facts (which cannot be disputed) before us, I read, with the same amazement that fills me whenever I investigate any of Banks's military efforts, that "the enemy had massed his forces on our right, and was moving forward and begun an attack upon us. My force encountered him about five o'clock, which is the usual time for them to make an attack. They made a desperate attack on our right: of course we had to strengthen that with all our force."† Now every one but Banks and Crawford knows that the enemy made, at this time (five o'clock), no attack at all on our right, the right of our line. If Banks had not sent four regiments over the wheat-field to attack Jackson, and then sent me from the right over half a mile to the front, *after* the enemy had used up these regiments, then this whole force would have been saved to meet Jackson's attack, if he had made one; and had it been upon the right, we could have held the enemy at bay until night or McDowell and Sigel had come. There is no room for controversy here: the weak and unhappy conference with Crawford is marked with blunders, which would be comedies if they were not crimes.

Bearing in mind that Banks moved his line forward at least four hundred yards from where Roberts stationed him, before he "sent Crawford a brigade"; that Crawford's regiments advanced six hundred yards in crossing the stubble-field before they entered the woods, and then that they totally surprised the enemy, driving him back some hundreds of

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\* This was the position I surrendered after dark to Gen. Tower, of Rickett's Division.

† Banks's testimony, Report of Committee on Conduct of the War, p. 44, Vol. III.

NOTE. — The whole of Banks's testimony, as to a probable attack upon him when he resolved to attack the enemy, is an afterthought. — AUTHOR.

yards farther, and almost capturing Winder's Battery, — the very thing which Banks told Roberts he thought he could do and should do, — we are forced to the conclusion that Banks, instead of fearing an attack, was determined to make one, because he thought he "could carry the field," and did not believe the enemy were there in force; and that for this purpose he advanced his troops until the regiments of Crawford's Brigade, when repulsed, were at least one mile from the position assigned him (Banks). Whether Jackson would or would not have attacked us is not the question. For Banks to give in sworn testimony, as he has, that the enemy "made a desperate attack upon our right," and that Crawford was thrown forward to repel it, is to pervert history; it is to substitute, with formal solemnity, fiction for fact.

## CHAPTER X.

"GENERAL BANKS was neither ordered nor expected to attack the enemy," says Gen. Pope. "I was both ordered and expected to attack the enemy," replies Gen. Banks.

Let us briefly examine the testimony. What were Gen. Pope's purposes and plans when he sent Banks's Corps forward on the morning of the 9th? There can be no doubt that he did not authorize or expect it to attack, single-handed, the *whole* of Jackson's army. Says Pope in his Official Report of that action, "My chief-of-staff, Gen. Roberts, whom I sent forward early on the 9th to report to Banks and to advise freely with him as to operations of his corps, as well as Banks himself, were both fully advised of my wishes; that I desired Banks merely to keep the enemy in check by occupying a strong position in his front until the whole disposable force of my command should be concentrated in the neighborhood."

Gen. Pope addressed, Jan. 12, 1865, a letter to the Chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, replying to testimony which Banks, in the absence of Pope and all others who had any interest in denying the statements there made, had volunteered before that committee. These *ex parte* statements were made at Washington, Dec. 14, 1864.

In Gen. Pope's letter, which may be found in the second volume of the committee's report, he says, "To make sure there could be no mistakes of my orders and intentions, at 9.30 A. M. I sent Gen. Roberts with full and precise orders that he (Banks) should take up a strong position near where

Crawford's Brigade of his corps was posted, and if the enemy advanced upon him, that he (Banks) should push his skirmishers well to the front, and attack the enemy with them ; explaining fully that the object was to keep back the enemy until Sigel's Corps and Rickett's Division could be concentrated and brought forward to his support. Roberts was directed to remain with Banks until further orders, and he accordingly did remain with him until I reached the field in person just before dark.\* The objects I had in view were so plain that no military man could fail to see it. Roberts was authorized to communicate them to Banks and every one else. I conferred freely with McDowell about it, and refer to his Official Report in corroboration."

And again, in the same letter: "The object in sending Banks's Corps to the front to take and hold a strong position against the advancing enemy until Sigel's Corps and Rickett's Division could be united in his rear, was so plain and so clearly understood by every man of ordinary intelligence, that I find it impossible to believe Banks did not understand it. It is clear to me that he did understand it."

And yet again, before the McDowell Court of Inquiry, Pope swears, "On the morning of August 9th, in a personal interview at my headquarters at Culpepper, I gave Banks instructions. I told him if the enemy advanced to attack him, he should push his skirmishers well to the front, and notify me immediately, it being my wish to gain all the time possible to concentrate our forces at Culpepper Court House."

It would seem as if there could be no doubt of Pope's *intentions*: let us see if there is any doubt that he communicated them to Banks.

First, we have the above verbal communication from Pope to Banks, which, if correctly given, and it is sworn to, seems to make it clear that Banks was not ordered to attack Jackson, save with his skirmishers.

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\* It was after dark.

Second, the order communicated at 9.45 in the morning of the 9th of August by Col. Lewis Marshal, Pope's adjutant-general, and reduced to writing by Major L. H. Pelouse, Banks's adjutant-general. This verbal order, as given by Banks before the committee, agrees in substance with Major Pelouse's version communicated to me under date of April 7, 1875, in reply to my letter, asking for the exact words. His answer is as follows :—

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 7, 1875.

GEN. GEO. H. GORDON,

*No. 7 Court Square, Boston.*

*My Dear General,*—In reply to yours of the 2d inst., I will state that I have examined my retained papers, and found a true copy of the verbal orders delivered by Col. L. H. Marshal to Gen. Banks on the morning of the day of the battle of Cedar Mountain, as follows :—

“CULPEPPER, 9.45 A. M., Aug. 9, '62.

“FROM COL. LEWIS MARSHAL.

“Gen. Banks to move to the front immediately, assume command of all forces in the front, deploy his skirmishers if the enemy advances and attack him immediately as he approaches, and be reinforced from here.”

I am, General, truly yours,

L. H. PELOUSE.

Though Pope denies that he sent Banks *this* order, I do not think the different version which Col. Marshal gave of it from memory, Dec. 26, 1864, embodied in Pope's letter to the committee, should be allowed to weigh against Major Pelouse's statement, based as it is upon words taken as they fell from Col. Marshal's lips when he communicated it. I therefore believe that Banks received this order from Pope.

Third, the orders communicated to Banks through Roberts, Pope's chief-of-staff, now available to us in the form of sworn testimony before the McDowell Court of Inquiry :—

Gen. Roberts testifies, “Early in the morning of the 9th of August I was sent to the front of the army with directions, when Banks should reach a position where the night before I had posted Crawford's Brigade, that I should show to Banks

positions for him to take to hold the enemy in check if he attempted to advance towards Culpepper. I had been to the front on the 7th and 8th, and had reported to Pope my impressions that a large force of Gen. Jackson's would be at Cedar Mountain, or near there, on the 9th. . . . Gen. Pope authorized me, before going to the front, to give any orders in his name in relation to holding the enemy there until his (Pope's) forces could come up, to any of the officers that might be in the field senior to me. I understood his object was to hold the enemy in check there that day, and not to attack until the other troops of his command should arrive and join General Banks." \*

And again : "When I first came on the field, I met and went to the front with him (Banks), showing him positions where the enemy had batteries already posted, and showed him positions which his corps should take, to their advantage, and hold these positions, as I thought, if attacked. *I then told him that General Pope wanted him to hold the enemy in check there until Sigel's forces could be brought up, which were expected that day, and all his other forces united to fight Jackson's forces.*" †

In the light of the subsequent orders from Pope, communicated through Gen. Roberts to Banks while on the field, can the latter defend his interpretation of the written order, received through Col. Marshall in Culpepper at 9.45 in the morning, — his interpretation given to the committee, "that he was ordered to attack Jackson's army with his corps"? If that written order and Pope's verbal instructions to Banks, and the information which a corps commander ought to have of the intentions of the commanding general, and which the latter says Banks did have, — if these were not enough to instruct him as to his duty, could he not comprehend Gen.

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\* Testimony, Gen. B. S. Roberts, McDowell Court of Inquiry, Battle of Cedar Mountain, p. 51.

† The italics are mine. — AUTHOR.



Roberts's orders? I say nothing now of the exercise of that prudence which the most inexperienced of men, intrusted with the lives of his fellow-creatures, is bound to employ; I ask only, Did Banks know what he was ordered to do? Of this there is no doubt. The answer is plain, the proof irrefutable. It is found in the conferences, while on the field, between Banks and Roberts, and in the subsequent action of Banks, and the reasons he gave for such action; it is found in the words that fell from Banks's lips in his sworn testimony before the committee, when he says that "within an hour from 9.45 A. M. (the date of the order from Col. Marshall), as his troops were on the march, he left the head of his column, went to Pope's headquarters, and asked him if he had any other orders, to which he said, 'I have sent an officer acquainted with the country, who will designate the ground you are to hold, and will give you any instructions he may deem necessary'" ; and if this is not enough to show that Roberts was authorized to act for Pope, and that Banks was to *hold* a position, and that Roberts would show him the one he was to hold, we have the additional evidence, given by Banks himself before the committee, once before quoted, that upon his arrival at the field he "(I) saw Gen. Roberts, told him General Pope said he would indicate the line I was to occupy. Said he, 'I have been over this ground thoroughly, and I believe this line [meaning the one which Crawford's Brigade then held] is the best that can be taken.' I concurred with him, and placed my command of about 6,000 men there."

Can any one doubt what would have been Banks's reply at that time to the question, "Are you ordered, sir, to advance your whole line from this position and attack the enemy?" Would it not have been, "No, sir; my orders, reduced to writing from Gen. Pope through Col. Marshall, are to attack the enemy with my skirmishers, if he advances, and send for reinforcements. These orders were repeated to me by Gen.

Pope an hour later in a personal interview at his headquarters, in which, after telling me of his desire to concentrate his forces before fighting, he said he had sent an officer to designate the ground I am to hold, and also to give me instructions; and this line where I am now stationed has been designated by Gen. Pope's chief-of-staff as the one I am to hold"?

If, then, after his attack and defeat, at the time I addressed Pope in Banks's presence with "This battle should not have been fought, sir," Banks had attempted to defend himself, what would he have uttered? Could he have replied, "I was to obey General Roberts, your chief-of-staff, General Pope! and he ordered me to leave my strong position and attack the enemy"?

Turning to the sworn testimony of Gen. Roberts, given before the McDowell Court of Inquiry, we find the following as his answer to this question from the court:—

*"Question.* Was the battle of Cedar Mountain brought on by Banks or the enemy?

*"Answer.* In the early part of the day the artillery battle was brought on by the enemy's batteries opening from new positions on Crawford's artillery. I had been directed by Gen. Pope to send information to him hourly of what was going on, and I had expressed my opinion about three o'clock in the afternoon to Banks that Jackson had arrived. The forces were very large. Gen. Banks expressed a different opinion, saying that he thought he should attack the batteries before night. I stated to Banks then my reasons for believing that an attack would be dangerous, that I was convinced that the batteries on Cedar or Slaughter Mountains were supported by heavy forces of infantry massed in the woods. He expressed a different opinion; he told me he believed he could carry the field; his men were in the best fighting condition and that he should undertake it.

*"Question.* Why did Banks advance to make a division movement upon the enemy, without aid of McDowell's troops?

*Answer.* After Banks was in position I went to the extreme right (position of Gordon's Brigade), and was gone an hour or more. On returning I found Banks had advanced his lines in order of battle considerably towards the enemy, so that very sharp musketry firing had already commenced. It was about 3.30 P. M. I expressed my opinion that the enemy was in very large force, and massed in the woods on his right. Banks replied that he did not believe the enemy was in any considerable force yet, and said he had resolved to attack their batteries or to attack their main force. It was either one or the other. I immediately sent a dispatch to Gen. Pope (I think my dispatch was dated 4.30 P. M.), telling him that a general battle would be fought before night, and that it was of the utmost importance, in my opinion, that Gen. McDowell's Corps should be at once sent to the field."

With such testimony of the instructions given by Roberts to Banks on the field, surely Pope would have replied, "General Roberts gave you no order to attack, but on the contrary endeavored to dissuade you from so doing."

"Well, sir," Banks might have retorted, in the language used by him before the committee, "General Roberts, when he indicated the position, said to me, in a tone that was hardly proper for one officer to use to another, 'There must be no backing out this day.' He said this to me from six to twelve times. I made no reply to him at all, but I felt it keenly, because I knew that my command did not want to back out. We had backed out enough. He repeated this declaration a great many times,—'There must be no backing out this day.' At the crisis of the battle he left."

Had Gen. Pope then asked, "Did you think this justified you in disobeying my orders?"

"I was a little desperate, because I supposed that General Pope thought we did not want to fight," Banks swore before the committee, and might, therefore, have returned it for an answer.

And had Pope continued, "Did you think your desperation justified you in precipitating a force, which you number as 6,000, upon an enemy whose strength you now affirm to have been 23,000, when, by waiting a few hours, I could have brought up a fresh corps and a division to your aid?"

"I did n't know the enemy was in force, and I sent to you (Pope) every hour information of what was transpiring," Banks swore before the committee, and might, therefore, have replied.

Gen. Pope's retort, in this attempt to put the responsibility of Banks's conduct upon him, may be found in his Official Report, as follows:—

"He (Banks) was in easy communication with me all day, and all day I received regular reports from him, and he on every occasion expressed the belief that the enemy did not intend to attack him, and he at no time intimated to me that he intended to attack the enemy. At no time did he ask for reinforcements, nor intimate that he needed them. His last report, at 4.50 P. M., announced the artillery firing, that shots were exchanged by skirmishers, and that, at 5 P. M., opposing skirmishers were now approaching each other.\* This was the last despatch from Banks, and before I received it I was half-way to the field with Rickett's Division, believing, from rapid artillery firing, that an engagement was going on or might be brought on."

What excuse, then, is left for Banks? This is what he offers, — all there is to offer; and it only adds to our heavy grief (without justifying him), that either to add the warrior's to the politician's fame, or to retrieve at Cedar Mountain what, in his ignorance, Banks fancied he had lost at Winchester, such sacrifices should have been made.

A writer, once on Banks's staff,† echoes him in these words: "There was another motive underlying and probably controlling Banks's judgment: neither he nor the troops under

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\* See ante.

† Strother, in *Harper's Monthly* for August, 1867.

his command were at all satisfied with the verdict of an exacting and ungenerous public upon the actions in the valley of the Shenandoah ; they felt the injustice of that judgment, which, without regard to circumstances or contingencies, accepted success as the only test of merit, and were burning for an opportunity to wipe away unmerited opprobrium. They were, consequently, in no mood to discuss discretionary forms or prudential suggestions, and upon the first explicit order to attack they burst upon the foe with a valor so splendid and devoted that cavilling criticism is silenced in admiration, and History will mark the day of Cedar Mountain as one of the proudest upon her illustrious record." In Banks's words to the committee, "Our troops never fought better ; they had been retreating up to that time and panted for a fight. Alexander's troops never fought better."

In these lines, all but praise for the fighting is balderdash and nonsense. But one of the five brigades constituting Banks's Corps at Cedar Mountain, and a part of another, composed the force that fought against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy in the valley of the Shenandoah. Our conduct in that fight everywhere met, as it merited, public approbation. The troops, therefore, that were with Banks did not "burn to wipe away unmerited opprobrium." But did Banks burn for fame, and did he seek, by throwing his troops against the bayonets of Jackson's army at Cedar Mountain, to wipe out an opprobrium which he imagined his friends might feel for him because he did not achieve impossibilities at Winchester ? This is much more probable. All of this rubbish, as well as Banks's defence for fighting this battle, was an afterthought. Banks was ignorant of the numbers of the enemy in his front ; he hoped to win, but he lost ; then he set about finding excuses, and they are such that it had been better for him to have been impaled on the "bayonets of his enemies," than to have submitted them to the world.

Says Pope, "I regret that Banks thought it expedient to

depart from my instructions. He left the strong position which he had taken up, and advanced two miles to assault the enemy, believing they were not in considerable force, and that he would be able to crush their advance before their main body could come up. He accordingly threw forward his whole corps into action against superior forces of the enemy, strongly posted and sheltered by woods and ridges. His advance led him over the open ground, which was everywhere swept by the fire of the enemy concealed in woods and ravines beyond." \*

On the 13th of August, only four days after the action, Gen. Pope telegraphed to Halleck precisely what is stated in this quotation from the former's Official Report, and this, Pope says, "Banks must have seen, for it was published in all the newspapers; and now," adds Pope, "at the end of two years, while he is on leave of absence, Gen. Banks procures himself and one or two of his staff-officers, to be taken before your committee in relation to verbal orders which he says he received early in the morning of the 9th of August, 1862, before his corps had ever gone to the front. He seems to have interpreted this alleged order in the light of afterthought, without alluding to other orders received. . . . I leave your committee to characterize such transaction as it merits." † And again says Pope in the same letter, "Banks's interpretation of my orders is an afterthought, ingenious, but not creditable to his judgment, is absurd, and on its face is a contradiction, and requires strong personal motives to understand it as Banks says he did." This is in reply to Banks's testimony, in which he says, "This battle was fought under orders. I am sorry Gen. Pope says it was not."

There can be no other conclusion in disinterested minds, than that Banks, knowing he was not ordered to attack, ran the risk, hoping for a victory, which he believed would silence

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\* Pope's Official Report.

† Pope's letter to Chairman of Committee, Jan. 12, 1865.



criticism. As he failed, he has endeavored to impute to others the fault which belongs to him.

One word more may be added to the manner in which Banks fought that battle, — “his remarkable arrangement,” as Pope calls it. To enlighten the committee upon this point, Gen. Pope wished a number of officers to be called, whose names he gives, my own among the number. My testimony is found in these pages. Others have spoken. Says Strother in his “Recollections of a Virginia Campaign,” before referred to: “A Confederate officer said to me, ‘Your attack under the circumstances was rash and meaningless.’” And again, “With his feeble column,” \* says the same writer, “Banks advanced upon an enemy 25,000 strong, judiciously posted, and assailed him with a fury which, for a brief moment, seemed about to triumph over all odds and advantages, but which, without support or reserves, presently expended itself and fell back from the unequal contest exhausted and impotent.”

Says an officer † of the Tenth Maine, in his history of that regiment at Cedar Mountain, “The fact still remains, that it was a shockingly mismanaged battle, and every man of us knows now, what Gen. Gordon and Col. Beals believed then, that the woods was our best position. The enemy poured regiment after regiment upon our lines. Gen. Banks evidently had no idea of the immense number of rebels in his front. They had a continuous line from the road up to Gordon’s right, which they overlapped so far that it would seem as if Pender’s (rebel) Brigade was out of musket-range.”

As further evidence of Banks’s ignorance of the field, the forces, and the management of his troops, we find in Gen. Pope’s letter to the committee, that when he was hastening to the field, “supposing of course that the enemy had attacked

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\* Officially stated at 7,500 men of all arms, of which infantry and artillery numbered only 6,289.

† Major Gould.

Banks, and that he was still holding his position, I received, when near the field, word from him that *he was driving the enemy*, which information I at once communicated to Rickett's Division." Instead of a victorious Banks, Pope found a thoroughly whipped and beaten corps, — not demoralized, it is true : no route, no panic. "Sullen and defiant they retired," says Strother, "leaving nothing on the field but their dead, the graver cases of wounded, a couple of empty caissons, of which the horses had been killed, and a disabled gun spiked and overthrown."

Of the engagement, Pope says in his Official Report, "Notwithstanding these disadvantages [all the mistakes enumerated in this paper, that means] his (Banks's) corps gallantly responded to his orders, and assailed the enemy with great fury and determination. The action lasted about an hour and a half, and during that time our forces suffered heavy loss,\* and were gradually driven back to their former position, at which point Ricketts came up." And again, "The Massachusetts † regiments behaved with especial gallantry, and although I regret that Banks thought it expedient to depart from my instructions, it gives me pleasure to bear testimony to his gallant and intrepid conduct." And again, "Williams, Geary, Augur, Caroll, Gordon, Crawford, and Green behaved with distinguished gallantry."

It may be asked why, after the severe language we have quoted from Pope, upon Banks's disobedience of his orders, there should have been so much mildness about it in Pope's first despatches to Halleck and in the former's Official Report upon this subject. Pope has answered the question, in his letter to the committee, saying, "I endeavored in my Official Report to avoid the censure justly chargeable upon Banks for his management of that battle, though I was warned at the

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\* Officially given as 1,661 killed and wounded, and 732 missing, — total, 2,393. Enemy, 1,300 killed and wounded.

† There was but one, the Second.

time, by officers of high rank, that it was misplaced generosity, and that my forbearance would assuredly be used against me therefor. I did not believe it possible, and felt disposed to deal with Banks with the utmost tenderness"; . . . but from the course he has pursued, it is now due that the whole subject should be fully and fairly presented to the country, and the measure of praise or censure be correctly fixed upon the parties concerned."

To give Banks all the measure of praise we can, I am willing to admit to this paper the following from Crawford,\* in his attempt to defend Banks against Pope: "My positive orders were, when ordered out of Culpepper on the 8th, to resist the approach of the enemy at all hazards, and this with one brigade of infantry, two batteries, and Bayard's cavalry." It is apparent that this order does not justify Banks directly nor inferentially: for on the 8th, Jackson's army was not at Cedar Mountain; on the 8th, Banks had not gone to the front with orders to hold a position and be reinforced if attacked, nor had Roberts, as Pope's chief-of-staff, imparted to Banks the instructions given to him on the 9th. That Crawford, who says he was to resist the approach of the enemy on the 8th, should think and urge that Banks was therefore justified on the 9th in assuming the offensive, and attacking an enemy whom he believed not to be in full force, contrary to the expectations of the commander-in-chief, who had ordered him to act on the defensive and hold the enemy in check until the army could be concentrated, will not occasion comment or create surprise among the survivors of the Army of the Potomac.

The battle of Cedar Mountain was quickly known to the public through correspondents from the field, through private letters and Pope's despatches. Everywhere there was praise for the fighting, and it was deserved. As was to be expected, a few newspaper-generals puffed themselves at the expense of others. Banks, as usual, sought salvation through condemna-

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\* Letter from Crawford to Major Gould, in Tenth Maine in the War.

tion. Conceive my astonishment at the announcement in our first paper from the North, that "Gen. Banks attributed his loss of the battle of Cedar Mountain to Gen. Gordon's failure to obey his orders." The moment I saw this article I carried it to Banks's headquarters.

"General Banks, I do not know that you are responsible for this : newspaper correspondents publish much that is not authentic. Did you authorize it?" handing him the paper.

Banks looked at the paper, and returned it, remarking, "'T is true, sir, I did say I thought you were late in getting into action at Cedar Mountain."

"Ah! did you? I am very glad, then, that this has become known to me now, while the evidence is at hand to show the absolute falseness of such a charge. Will you remain in your room, sir, for fifteen minutes?"

"I will," replied Banks.

Galloping rapidly to the headquarters of Gen. Williams, I greeted him with a brief extract from my conversation with Banks, the purport of which was that the latter accused me of not moving into the fight when ordered.

"Did he say that?" asked Williams.

"He did."

"Why ——, \* you ran into the fight the moment you received the order," uttered Williams in a breath.

"I know it," I responded.

"I waved my handkerchief," continued Williams, "and at the same time told Pittman to gallop to you with the order to move forward and support Crawford."

"I know it, and I was ready, and moved instantly at the double-quick; and that is what I want you to go and tell Banks," I replied.

"I'll send Pittman," answered Williams.

"I prefer you should go," I urged. "It was your order I obeyed."

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\* This dash will be understood by those who know Williams.

But Williams for some reason or other did not seem to wish to meet Banks upon this subject, and ended the matter by calling Pittman, and directing him to return with me and tell Banks what he saw.

With Pittman, I again sought Banks, whom I addressed as follows : —

“General Banks, I have seen General Williams, who, as division commander, gave me the order to move my brigade to Crawford’s support. General Williams knows and acknowledges that I obeyed the instant I received the order ; he saw me run my troops into the fight ; and he prefers, instead of coming himself to tell you this, to send Captain Pittman, his aid, who has all the information that he has.”

“Yes !” said the Captain ; “General Banks, I carried General Gordon the order to move forward his brigade into action. He moved instantly on the double-quick ; when I returned to Gen. Williams I said, See how quick General Gordon has got into the fight.”\*

“I am very glad to hear it,” was Banks’s reply.

“Then, sir,” I said, “I presume you will correct the false impression you have given.”

Banks muttered that he would ; at least such was my understanding as I left him.

But not only did Banks fail to correct then what he knew to be false, but he has repeated the untruth, until impressed upon some of his followers, they too have spread the report. Even Crawford has repeated it, in a letter in Gould’s “History of the Tenth Maine,” but with added blunders and misstatements.

If I repeat here what will be found in another part of this paper, namely, that my command moved to support Crawford the instant the order was given, it being then in perfect readiness ; that human effort could not have trans-

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\* I presume by the time Pittman had returned to Williams, I must have disappeared in the woods skirting the wheat-field. My men arrived there quite blown.

ferred it with more celerity to the edge of the field, across which and on our flank there was a larger force than was assailed by the regiments of Crawford's Brigade; that some hundreds of yards before I got to this field, the assault I was to support had failed, and the assaulting troops were retiring far to my left; that I picked up the broken companies of my Third Wisconsin Regiment, who had been in the assault, and carried them again into the fight; and finally that Crawford (who complains that I did not support him) was found and marked by me as being alone in the woods quite a distance from the front, to which we were hastening, while the single regiment of his own brigade, that Banks had sent against Jackson's reserves, after manfully fighting in the open field, was about retiring into the woods: if I repeat this again here and in this connection, it is that I may challenge proof to the contrary.

There is a mystery, which perhaps Gen. Williams can explain. I was to support Crawford when Williams gave me the signal, and Williams did not give me the signal until the assault had been made and repulsed; but had it been otherwise, we now see that the two small regiments and four companies I should have added to the assaulting column would have been nothing to the six brigades of the enemy in reserve — could not have given us the victory; and that Banks knows now: possibly Crawford understands it.

The fight we made against the overpowering numbers of the enemy was far more useful to Pope's army in the events that followed the night than had we been ordered up in time, to dash ourselves, with Crawford's Brigade, uselessly against those of Winder's and Hill's Division. This is the first time I have publicly noticed this accusation by Banks: and should not now (believing it unworthy of notice) but for the part it bears in our history. In dismissing it, I should add that Banks affirms that he *sent* me "half a dozen times" an order to move to support Crawford. In his behalf I think it should be stated



that Gen. Banks honestly thinks that if he *sent* me such orders, I am entirely responsible whether I received them or not. Did he send them? I challenge him to name a person other than Gen. Williams's aid, who brought me an order to move to Crawford's support on the 9th of August, 1862. It cannot be done, it never has been; and the accusation of not moving when ordered, finally substituted for not moving quickly as first reported, must be regarded as an unworthy effort to escape merited censure. And in Crawford's behalf, there should be urged in extenuation his inexperience in the duties of a general officer.\*

In conclusion, there can be among intelligent men, among fair-minded men, but one opinion of the disaster, of the crime of Cedar Mountain. Censure and condemnation must fall upon the commander who, in the presence of all that transpired in his front from the morning of the 9th of August until his final fatal assault upon the enemy, made that assault, with the knowledge that in his rear, a distance of less than three miles, there was a whole division of troops, resting leisurely by the road-side, that he could have for the asking; and if that was not enough, a corps, that had probably found the road to Culpepper, could be added. When Banks, with this knowledge, plunged into that abyss of horrors without calling for these reinforcements, he committed a blunder that even a politician might shudder at,—a crime that he cannot transfer to Pope.

On the 11th of August we returned to the same spot, near Culpepper, from whence, on the 9th, we went out to fight the battle of Cedar Mountain. After a few days (on the 14th), my brigade, with reduced numbers, moved out of Culpepper,

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\* Crawford, who a short time before the war was a physician from Pennsylvania, happened to be attached to the garrison that occupied Fort Sumter during the bombardment. Though a non-combatant, Dr. Crawford became somewhat notorious, at a period when an excited public placed a false value upon every exposure, however involuntary, in defence of the flag. This accident, however, gave success to Crawford's efforts for a brigadier-general's appointment.

hurrying to confront the march of Lee's victorious army. From the Peninsula and from North Carolina new divisions and corps were marching to our aid. The music of the band of the Second echoed as gayly through the streets, as we turned our backs on the town, as if no lives had been extinguished in our regiment, and no grief pressed heavily on our hearts. We marched onward to Alexandria, to the grave of the Army of Virginia.

I have endeavored to portray to you, from my own notes written on the field, from my own memory of what I saw and did, from contemporaneous papers and from official reports the facts that make up the battle of Cedar Mountain. In carefully and candidly dealing with all these facts, I have so endeavored to enlighten you, as I would the world, upon the matters herein set forth, that truth, which is said to be mighty, shall at last prevail.



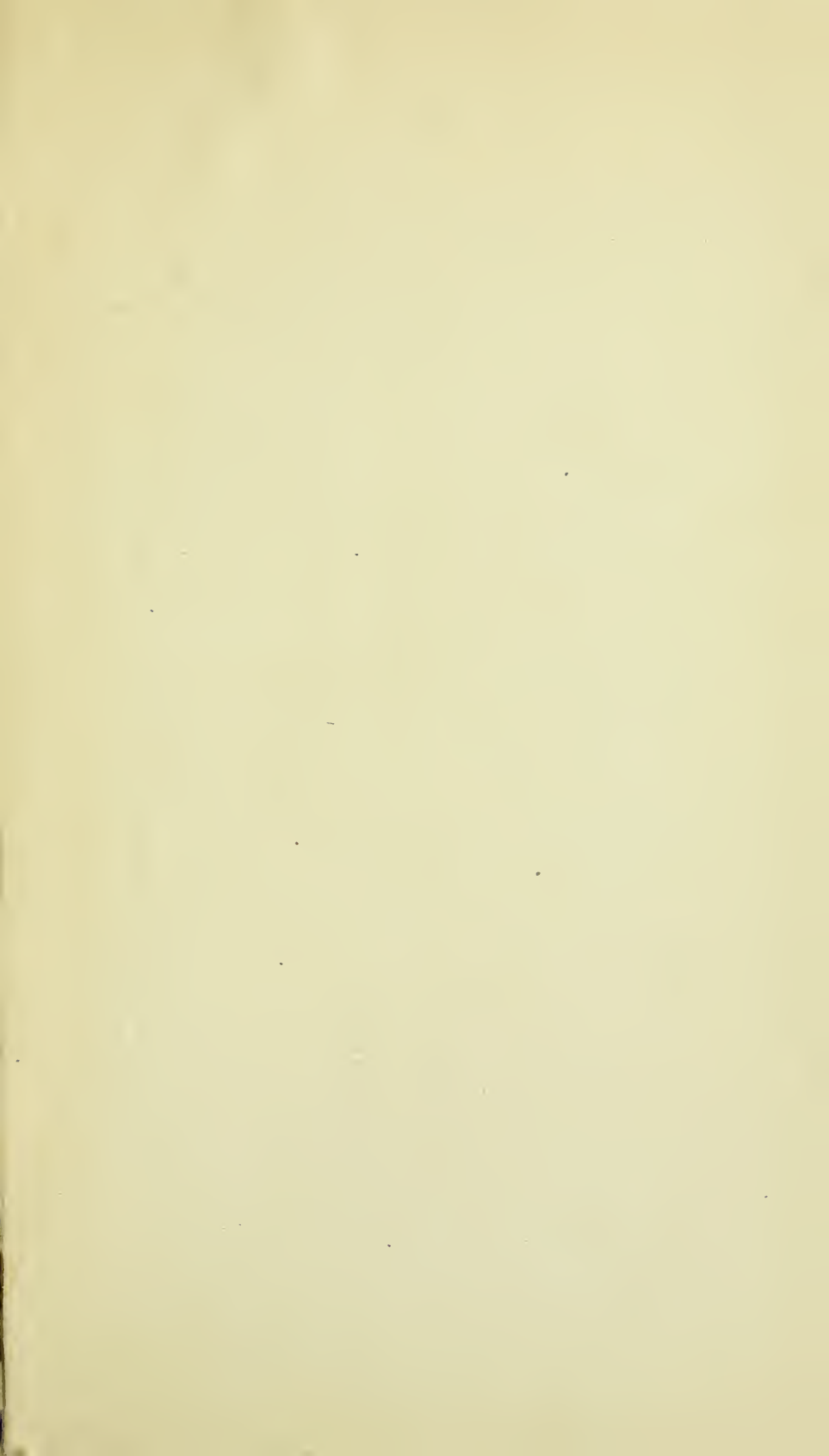












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